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EDITORIAL.

Now that we are all well started in our new school year, our duties and pleasures are so engrossing that we hardly realize that there is a terrible war going on in Europe, with all its attendant horror, misery, and suffering. Although in the isolation of our school life, we are rarely confronted with problems which require our service, this year we are given an opportunity as never before for social service through the Red Cross Fund.

The essentials for the social service which we wish to give are sympathy, sociability, or the sense of social responsibility, and justice. These, truly, seem to be the secret of natural goodness.

Sympathy is the first sensation which leads people to generosity. In this case it binds us of Rogers Hall together more closely through our effort to help the great suffering abroad. Sympathy has its weakness as well as its strength. Our regard for others extends more easily to our friends and kindred; but it is not as easily given to those whom we neither know nor care for personally. It is one thing to extend ready sympathy to some case brought to our notice here at home; quite another when the need seems vague and far away.

Besides sympathy, a social sense or common interest is needed to further the cause of social service. In order to have our desire to help reach more than one individual case we must combine with many people having the same desire to do good. Sociability and sympathy, and with them justice, must work together before anyone can perform any true service.

Sympathy is very often an instinct, an inclination, and it sometimes needs control. Justice, on the other hand, implies a capacity for reflection, and is a habit of thought that should control inclination. It is far more intellectual than is sympathy, for, if it were not for our sense of justice, we might be led astray by our sympathy.

We must have intelligence to make these three, sympathy, sociability and justice, work together, and it is for this that we are being educated. We too often think of education as a process of acquiring information, but we are wrong in thinking that it is only made up of knowledge of facts; a real education should broaden our sympathies or it has little social value. Is it not evident that to be educated in the true sense we should be conscious of the ideals of sympathy, sociability and justice?

EDITH STEVENS.

SIR GALAHAD'S BLUNDER.

The train stopped at last—for the fortieth time, I am sure—at my destination, and, as I wearily stepped upon the platform, trying to get an idea of my surroundings, I could just distinguish, with great difficulty, the station veiled in darkness, and only a few dim lights testified to the presence of the town. I felt as if I were the only one at the station, or in the town, for that matter, for, had I landed on Robinson Crusoe's Isle at midnight, it would not have been more desolate. The only sound which broke the quiet of the night was the shrill whistle of the swiftly vanishing train. I was becoming very uneasy, because Aunt Jane Cobb had written that she would send one of the men from her farm, "Maplewood," to meet me. Suddenly my meditations were interrupted by a man's voice, which fairly boomed out of the darkness:

"Be you the person goin' up to the Farm?"

"Yes," answered a weak voice, which I recognized as my own, for I was, by this time, particularly anxious to see the Farm or any friendly shelter other than this forlorn station. Thereupon, after slowly lighting his lantern, the man held it toward me, and, by its light, thoroughly inspected me. I was about to turn around so that he could admire me from all sides, when he drawled, "Wall—you'll have to walk. 'Taint far, but it's bin rainin' here a spell, and everything's all wet up." How very true his words were I was only too soon to discover. "This here lantern will show out the puddles, though," he added, knowingly; and it did,—for him.

My crude country gentleman, with his charming manner of welcome, rather surprised me. Do not think, dear reader, that I expected a chariot or anything of the sort, yet—well, seeing my escort had no intention of taking my bag (I forgot to mention that he was a weak-looking person of about two hundred pounds, hardly strong enough to carry such a burden), I, myself, picked up my suit case, and obediently followed him.

The lantern afforded me about as much light as a firefly would have given, but it lit up the path for "Sir Galahad," so it little

mattered if I splashed about, my patent leather pumps never missing a puddle.

After walking and wading by turns for at least half a mile, I ventured to inquire how much further we had to go.

"Can't you see we're makin' for that house t'other end o' the field?" my guide replied scornfully, and I naturally felt very guilty for not having noticed the prominent structure (on close inspection, I found it to be one-story high), and thanked him graciously for the information.

I can never tell how very tired I was when we finally reached the door. Sir Galahad pushed it open, and I trudged in after him, little caring what happened to me now. I was somewhat blinded by the light, and opened my mouth to inquire of the room in general for Aunt Jane, when the largest woman I have ever seen loomed up in front of me, and a terrible voice actually bellowed, "Are you the girl that Intelligence Office sent me?"

"There must be some mistake," I mumbled, faintly, "I'm Aunt Jane's niece, no, I mean Miss—Miss—," then I guess I even began to cry, when a loud knock at the door interrupted my broken confession, and, somehow, when it had been opened, I found myself in Aunt Jane's arms.

I am sure I about squeezed her to death, and when I finally let her go, she turned toward my accuser and said in her sweet and gentle way, "Mrs. Perkins, it was very kind of your husband to bring my poor niece here until we could come for her." Then looking at me, she continued, "You know, dear, we did not receive your telegram until just a few minutes ago, too late to meet the train."

"I'm sorry, Miss Cobb," answered Mrs. Perkins, who, by this time was somewhat recovered from her recent surprise, "that we didn't know the young lady to be your niece,—truth is, ma'm, Mr. Perkins, there, thought she was—" and she stopped short, realizing, no doubt, that it would hardly be polite to confess that her husband had taken me for the new servant.

"Oh! Auntie," I cried, having enjoyed Mrs. Perkins' embarrassment for fully thirty seconds, "it certainly was splendid of Mr. Perkins to take such good care of me." Then I fairly beamed on the confused Sir Galahad, who awkwardly offered to carry my bag to the carriage.

POLLY PIPER.

FROM COSWELL TO PORTALES.

"You can't do it," was the prediction of some of the natives of the little New Mexico town, when my father spoke of going from Coswell to Portales in an automobile, a distance of about one hundred miles across a veritable desert. But we decided to go and find out for ourselves whether the trip was an impossibility.

Tuesday morning, well stocked with food, water, gasoline, oil and all the other necessities, we started out just at dawn, and, oh, such a cold dawn it was! It took but a short time to get out of the town, and then we were driving right into the sunrise. First, the light formed just a golden background for the mountains, and then, when the sun gained the top of them, a wonderful glow shone over the sand, turning it rose color.

Soon we were out of the town, riding over the salt bumps. On and on we went in the glaring sun, while the sand became softer and softer. The road in some places was lost to view, and in others it was necessary to follow the rough bumps or sink to the hubs. For thirty miles at a stretch we would see no one, then we would come upon a deserted shack that had belonged, perhaps, to some eastern farmer, who had sold good land "back home" to come to this end of the world, thinking to "dry farm."

Looking about on all sides, one saw a turbulent sea of sand, with now and then small groups of yucca and cactus huddled forlornly together. Dusty, rusty, green and brown was the coloring of the landscape, save where the bleached bones of unfortunate cattle lay about. For a stretch of three miles we all had to help push the machine. First we gathered leaves from the yucca plants and put them in bunches before each wheel, and then combined thirty horse-power and four man-power in order to progress even a short distance. In some places we took all the robes and put them down to run the machine over.

At noon we sat on the running board and ate our lunch, under a sun so hot that we wondered how we had even needed all the wraps now piled in the seats. We reached Portales about

five-thirty, and spent the night in the hotel—one of those indescribable places found only in those treeless, western towns. As father had completed his business, early the next morning we started back, making this trip in two hours' less time.

"It could be done," and, though it may seem incredible, we had enjoyed the trip. The next day was Thanksgiving, and when I thought of that vast, treacherous waste of land and those deserted shacks, silent testimonies of many tragedies, I was truly thankful that I was not compelled to live in those cheerless regions.

DOROTHY WOODS.

MY FIRST VEIL.

Ever since I can remember, I had longed for the day when I could wear a veil. One of those mysterious nothings from which you can see perfectly all things about you, but at the same time, as I thought, are in absolute seclusion from the outside world. Mother said firmly that I could never have one until I reached the grand age of sixteen, and now that my birthday was already one day in the background, I decided not to delay the matter another minute.

After school that memorable day, I walked down street, attired in my first suit, and, what was vastly more important—high heels! I could plainly hear Father saying, as he viewed his daughter, "Well, we have a young lady now." At the thought of my new dignity, I could feel myself grow several inches taller.

I finally reached the store and found the veil counter with no difficulty, for had I not looked at and admired the sheer things upon it for many long years? I decided on a very heavy, white one, which I thought would look extremely well, and then carefully proceeded to drape my precious purchase around my hat. Oh, how grown up I began to feel! To be sure, I could not see as well as I wished, but then, no doubt, this was due to my excitement, and so I hurried on to the street.

My progress home was very slow indeed, for when the sun struck those white meshes, it almost blinded me. But I strode on with assurance in every step, and counted on meeting Father, as I so wanted to show him the wonderful addition to my costume. Perhaps he wouldn't recognize me, but, when I had spoken, then he would think I was grown up! The very words made me happy, and then—I could feel those horrid high heels slipping off the curb, and myself suddenly sinking in a heap on the street. My hat fell to one side, but what was far worse, the treasured veil was dripping with mud! Then to my consternation, I felt some one bending over me, "Well, it's our own little girl," and Father's voice rang out in a hearty laugh.

MARION HUFFMAN.

THE CALL OF THE GYPSY TRAIL.

The soft summer wind blew the leaves of the trees lightly to and fro, while from the swamps came the faint chirping of crickets. Lights began to twinkle in the nearby towns, and at the gypsy camp all was astir. The Romany men were busy tending the huge fires which lighted the camp, while the women sat before their tents, dingy cards in their hands, waiting for the country people, who, as twilight came, sought the camp to have their fortunes told. A young moon, slowly rising, shone down upon the bright dresses and beads of the women and made the rows of white tents gleam ghost-like in the half-darkness. Under the trees, tightly strapped in hammocks, were the gypsy babies, from whom, occasionally, came a low whimper.

Sitting a little apart from the rest of the group, who were joking and even half quarreling with one another, was a young gypsy girl. Her dark eyes were luminous, but her small head was half bent, and her mouth drooped wistfully. Her dress was gaudy, yellows, reds and greens mingled crudely, but the whole

was harmonious when set off by her dark beauty. Ornaments covered her neck and arms. They were of many kinds, and tinkled as she idly shuffled the cards she held loosely in her hands. She took no part in the conversation going on about her, but sat gazing ahead, lost in thought. She was tired of the life of the gypsies, of the continual moving, dirt and work. As she sat musing, she thought of the time, only four days before, when the camp had been outside of a large city, and she and Pete had gone through the streets with their tambourines. When they went to a large store, asking for money in return for their music and dancing, a kind old gentleman, interested in her intelligent, dark little face, had stopped to speak to her. Her answers to his questions had been frank and amusing and in unusually good English for a gypsy. Being badly pressed for help, he offered her a position in his store, for he was, as the street urchins had told her, the owner of that wonderful place. She had refused, thanking him brokenly, for Pete had hurriedly dragged her out.

"Baba, Baba!" a harsh voice and a rough hand roused her.

"Yes, Granny, I'm ready," Baba answered wearily.

The country people were flocking into the camp now, young girls and awkward boys, farmers with their wives and children.

All during the hot evening, Baba told fortunes, for her tent was always thronged with eager people, and often at the end of an evening's work, her small, dark hand held more than twice as much silver as the other gypsy women's. Tonight, Baba found it hard work to keep her tired mind on the cards. Fortune after fortune she told, bringing smiles or gasps of half-terror to the intent faces before her. For her, it was not fanciful and alluring, but hideous, tiring reality. She wanted to leave it all soon—soon. Why couldn't she slip away in the morning?

"Yesah, sir, Baba, she tellah fine, good fortune." Granny's yellow, wrinkled face leered in the direction of Baba, and she pointed with one crooked finger.

Baba looked up in surprise. Nearly all of the country folk had left, and she had hoped no more would come, for she was so tired—tired. There before her stood the old gentleman who had been so kind to her several days before in the big city.

In answer to her astonished look, he said, "Glad to see you, little gypsy friend, unexpected pleasure, too. My car is broken, the chauffeur is fixing it now, and I wandered over here. And so you've decided not to come and work in my store, have you? Well! well!" and he looked amusedly down at her small, eager face.

"Yesah, sir, oh, yesah," stammered Baba, scarlet-faced.

"Here comes my chauffeur now; car must be fixed. Well, my little friend, any time you would like work, come to me." He handed her his card, and, with a smile, left her.

The sun was just rising over the distant hills when Baba started out with all her possessions wrapped tightly in a large, bright-colored handkerchief. The only sounds were the faint twittering of the birds and the occasional chatter of a squirrel. The air was fresh and cool, and Baba took deep breaths as she walked lightly on. She was happy, very happy, for she was leaving the old drudgery far behind and going to the city of her desire, the city that she had so often dreamed about. She walked steadily on. In spite of her happiness there was a queer little tugging at her heart. Pete would be gathering huge sticks for the campfires already started, and Granny would be putting the coffee on to boil.

Baba turned at the top of a high hill for a last glimpse of the camp. There it was, a tiny speck in the distance, faint wreaths of smoke rising from it, about the tops of the green pine trees. Baba hesitated, then, with a half sob, turned back—the call of the Romany was in her blood, and hers was the gypsy trail.

ISABEL NORTON.

GRAN'MA'S STORY.

"Gran'ma, oh, Gran'ma! won't you please tell us a story?"

Dick and I slid down to the floor by her side and looked up at her eagerly. The light from the fire flickered softly across the dear old face, smoothing out the wrinkles until she looked like a girl.

"A story?" she asked, peering at us over her glasses. "Oh! dearie me, what kind of a story?"

"Something exciting," cried Dick, "something you did when you were little. I'll bet you weren't any gooder'n we are, were you, honest?"

Gran'ma tried to look shocked, but the corners of her mouth twitched just as if she wanted to laugh.

"Well, one day, a very long time ago," she began, "a little girl, tired of washing dishes every day, sweeping floors and tending the baby, thought she was treated cruelly, and decided to run away.

"So, early one morning, she slipped out of the garden gate and skipped away down the long, dusty stage road. It was very cool then, and she munched contentedly on a hard, green apple—not a thing to do but just play for weeks and maybe months! Presently, turning a bend in the road, she came upon a small boy, lying full length on the ground, sobbing loudly.

"What's the matter?" she asked in amazement. 'I thought little boys never cried.'

"The boy wiped his dirty face on the sleeve of his coat. 'Well, I ain't never done it before,' he sniffed. 'You don't know what it is to be all alone, no home, no friends, no nothing—and—and I just wish I was dead. so there!'

"The little girl looked at him thoughtfully, then laughed. 'Why, I'm all alone, too. Come on with me. I'm running away, you know, so I can always have a good time.'

"Say!" the boy sat up quickly, 'you ain't runnin' away from home, are you? Don'tcha do it. Gosh! I'd be almost willin'

to go back to the 'sylum, only they killed Buttons, my dog, and I hate 'em, oh! I hate 'em! But what you runnin' away for? Did they whip you, too, till you couldn't sit down or hardly stand up?"

"The girl's blue eyes opened wide. 'Well, I just guess not. Father and Mother wouldn't do such a thing—why, I think you're awful. But I just have to run away, I'm so tired of washing old dishes and tending the baby, he's so cross, and he scratches, too.'

"The boy grinned. 'Gee, what a cinch! I wouldn't mind bein' just scratched. In the 'sylum I never sat down from five in the morning till nine at night. They kept me a goin' from one thing to another, choppin' wood, washin' windows, and even shinglin' the old roof. If I ever had a minute, they sent me on errands, and one day when I came back, I found my dog killed 'cause he chased an old lady's cat 'up a tree. I ran away then, and I ain't had anythin' to eat since yesterday, an' I don't know where I am.' Then, with a loud wail, he finished, 'I wish I was dead.'

"The little girl jumped up suddenly. 'Do you think they'll put me in a 'sylum if they find me?' she asked, fearfully.

"'Sure,' he answered with conviction. 'I 'spect I'll land there again, only I think I'll starve to death.'

"'Well, I'm going back home,'—she turned decidedly. 'I guess I'd just as soon take care of the baby. You come, too, and help wash the dishes, and we'll have more fun!'"

Dick and I cuddled closer. "Is that all, Gran'ma?" we asked, and when she nodded, "Say, who was the little girl?"

There was silence in the room except for the click of Gran'ma's needles. Dick gazed absently at the fire, a deep frown wrinkling his forehead. Suddenly he jumped up. "Betcha that little girl was you, Gran'ma," he cried excitedly, "and—"

"Sure," I interrupted, "'course, and the little boy was grandpa, now wasn't it?"

Gran'ma only smiled. "Run along in the other room and ask Grandpa, you curious children," she said, but we didn't do it, because, somehow, we knew we had guessed right.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

MARIA ANN.

The over-hanging lilacs nodded and murmured to themselves as, two by two, up the narrow gravel path, came Benville's Sewing Circle. Skirts held gingerly out of the way of dirt, while over each arm hung a bag of black silk, bulging with red flannel garments for the heathen. Conversation was subdued to an occasional whisper, for it was considered a formal affair, this arriving at the Circle. One always made sure that one's hat was at the most precise angle, and that one's coat was carefully fastened to the last button.

The large, brass knocker rang out noisily, and ten pairs of eyes watched expectantly for Mrs. James Montgomery Stone to open the door with a flourish and stand majestically in all the glory of her second best black silk, as she had done every Wednesday afternoon for going on nine years. The Circle always met with Mrs. Stone. It was as much a custom as going to church on Easter or having five kinds of pie at Thanksgiving.

Having removed their hats and coats and fixed their pompadours, for it was the style in Benville to have a stiff pompadour, the stiffer, the better, the Circle now seated itself in the "front parlor" and opened its sewing bags. Always at first, conversation was dull, for an air of gloom pervaded, as the "front parlor" was an awe-inspiring place, used only for the minister's call, funerals and the Circle. As one became used to the mustiness and the large crayon portrait of the deceased Mr. Stone on an easel draped in black in the center of the room, the atmosphere brightened.

"What say, yes, real economical, I calls it, and Mr. Brown, he says—"

"Tilda, you cert'nly are gettin' fleshy, but, as I says, what's—"

"Them children are always into somethin', no sense—"

"Maria Ann's got a headache, you say?"

"Mrs. White, did 'yah' hear that?" Yes, she's laid up with a 'turrible' headache."

"What say, Mrs. Lathrop? Maria Ann's got a slight fever, just took today."

"Mrs. Johnson, was you speakin'? It begun with a headache, one of them slow fevers like 'Liza was so bad with come two years this April."

"Yes, it's real sad, Mrs. Wills, settled on her lungs, they say. My great-aunt was took that way, couldn't throw it off."

"High fever, Mrs. Burt, yes, pneumonia, and her so slight. Mebbe."

"Mrs. Sibley, I'm so 'upsot' I could 'jist' cry. No, I guess most of the ladies don't know. And her so young like."

"As I was sayin', Mrs. Hover, took sudden, doubt if she lives 'til mornin'. Always been kind of 'pindlin' at times, but—"

"Mrs. Wilder, ain't it sad, now? Yes, I think light brown would be real suitable for one as young as 'hearn' was. Now, my uncle, down Skyford way had ebony with handsome silver handles. 'Bout everybody around those parts said 'twas the handsomest coffin ever buried in the Chemsville Cemetery, but, as Pa says—"

The door opened, letting in a whiff of soft, spring air, and on the threshold stood a young girl, with shining eyes and wind-blown hair.

"Maria Ann!" Ten pairs of hands went up, and ten warm flannel nightgowns for the heathens fell to the floor unheeded.

ISABEL NORTON.

THE RIDE FOR THE DOCTOR.

Seven o'clock came and Mr. Langdon and Dick were not back at camp. The wind had risen steadily and was blowing so hard that my anxiety was fast getting the better of me. Shadows crept up the canyon until the entire camp was plunged in darkness; owls hooted in the timber, coyotes and wolves howled. Darker and darker it grew. I became worried lest something had happened to Dick. It was not only on Dick's account that

I was disturbed, but he was to be an important witness in a murder trial two weeks hence, and the life of the accused George Roberts depended on his testimony. Mrs. Libby tried to assure me, however, that there was nothing wrong, as Dick knew the country round the camp well, and she and Louise went to bed. But, realizing how easy it was to get lost, I decided to wait a little longer. At ten I saddled Goldseeker and rode round the camp in all directions, calling at the top of my voice; but, puzzled as to which way I should take, I waited, listening. Then the thought flashed upon me, I might guide them to camp by a fire, but, as Mrs. Libby was an eastern woman and not used to the mountains, she only laughed at me when I dismounted and began to pile brush and logs together. By that time the moon was rising, but still I could not see them coming. Then I took the shotgun and loaded it. Although it kicked like a mule, I knew something had to be done, so I fired it into the air. It fairly made the old canyon roar, and my shoulder was numb from the jolt. The echoes died away, and then a distant shot answered. To let them know their signal had been heard, I fired another shot. At last I touched a match to the heap of brush and logs and soon the flames blazed far above our teepees, and made them cast grotesque shadows. Luckily, the wind blew away from camp and forest. At intervals, I shot the old gun, until Mrs. Libby and Louise caught my anxiety and came out from their teepees to help me. When the answering shots came nearer, Louise and I went to meet the boys. At last we saw Mr. Langdon with Dick on his back, coming out of the timber,—a shudder ran through me at the sight.

“Get some water,” called Mr. Langdon, “and fix Dick’s teepee. He tripped over a log, his gun went off accidentally, the shot hit him in the shoulder.”

“Here’s a little whiskey,—perhaps that’ll bring him to!”

“Wait until I get my camphor,” cried Mrs. Libby, “that’ll restore him.”

All these things failed to restore Dick, however, and he groaned in his delirium.

“We’ve got to have a doctor,” exclaimed Mr. Langdon. “I’ll saddle a horse and go immediately.”

"But you can't ride," I said. "That would be ridiculous, and waste too much time. It's fifty miles to the nearest doctor, and you're stiff from riding only two yesterday."

"How could I let a girl ride fifty miles on a night like this?" Mr. Langdon asked excitedly.

"Well, you don't know the trail, and I've been over it so many times I could almost ride it blindfold. It's not only Dick's life, but George's, too. Why, he'll be hung if Dick doesn't give his evidence."

"Then I'll saddle your horse," offered Mr. Langdon.

"Goldseeker's saddled. You take care of Dick. I can get a horse for the Doctor at the foot of the mountains from that rancher, Hubbard. The Doctor can come from town as far as that in his machine."

When I jumped on my horse, it was a little before eleven. Goldseeker realized that it was not an ordinary ride and he started so fast that I had to hold him in to save his strength for the last part of the way. For a few miles the trail led over an open park, then through a dense forest. That was perfect torture, because, even with the moonlight, it was dark, and my horse had to pick his way carefully. Rocks of all sizes and shapes were in the trail, and huge boulders and fallen trees lay at the sides. It was like the rocky road to Dublin. The wind shrieked through the swaying pines; branches cracked and trees fell. Huge shadows were everywhere, and some looked as if they might be bears, and others mountain lions, but I did not heed them, for my only thought that night was to get the Doctor. It seemed as though the timber stretched out longer and longer, and the trees grew taller, and the shadows denser. At each turn of the trail I expected to see the end, but it was just one disappointment after another. At last the trees became smaller and thinner and the trail better. Finally I came out of the timber entirely, Goldseeker pricked up his ears, and, to make up lost time, we fairly raced over the first treeless park. Then there were stretches of timber alternating with open places where he quieted into a long, steady trot. The wind died down into a gentle breeze. Up one mountain and over another, each one a little lower than the last, we pressed on until we reached Biscuit Spring.

There I unsaddled and let Goldseeker rest for ten minutes, but I was impatient at any delay,—even my horse wanted to go on. It relieved us when we were once more trotting over the trail. The moon grew pale and the stars faded, black shadows became gray, a little pink line appeared on the horizon, then it turned orange, then very red. Now I was at the face of the mountain, commonly called Ladykiller Grade, where the trail had larger and many more boulders than before, so that we had to descend slowly and cautiously. The mountains took on a deep purple, and the hills in the valley changed to lavender and gray. Deep shadows filled the valleys, the sun rose a little higher and more shadows vanished, some hills turned purple, others red, and the long red rays gradually reached over the whole country. Water glistened in the ditches and creeks. We were now at the foot of the mountains, and the trail led through a clump of quaking asps to Hubbard's cabin, where I caught sight of the rancher chopping wood. I told him what I wanted, and he promised to have a horse ready when the Doctor should come. About fifteen miles from Red Lodge, I noticed a ranch house with a telephone wire leading to it, so I rode up, only to find that it was not connected. As I did not wish to lose any more time by such futile attempts, I did not try any other place. Although my horse was very tired he pushed doggedly on. Gray smoke rose in the distance, but still we were over five miles from town. Mile by mile we rode on until finally we got to the top of the last hill overlooking Red Lodge. Goldseeker gained new courage at the sight as a winning race horse does near the end of the race. Soon we were clattering over the pavement to the Doctor's. A sleepy maid opened the door, and I heard a clock strike six. Immediately the Doctor came.

"Dick's shot in the shoulder. If you don't get to him soon he'll die,—you know what his testimony means for George Roberts," I gasped.

"James, bring the car," called the Doctor. Then, turning to me, "How shall I get to him from the foot of the mountains?"

"There's a horse waiting for you at Hubbard's ranch,—from there take the South Piney trail,—you know it."

* * * *

Two weeks later I sat waiting eagerly in the crowded Red Lodge Court House for the verdict. At the words, "Not guilty," when I saw the look of joy and relief on the faces of Dick and the acquitted man, I felt proud that I had been able to play my part in it. With my eyes half-closed, I could imagine Goldseeker and myself treading our way through the timber, the cold wind rocking the trees to and fro, but each step bringing us a little nearer to Red Lodge.

DOROTHY MURRY BURNS.

SKETCH DEPARTMENT.

THROUGH THE FOG.

It was growing foggy on the lake and a party of canoeists were still out, somewhere in those deepening shadows. We stood on the narrow bridge and peered down into the misty stillness and waited, anxiously straining our ears to catch the slightest change in sound from out of the gray mass of night.

From time to time, in the far distance, the boom from the hoarse throat of the foghorn bellowed threateningly, and over on the mainland could be heard voices through the mist singing in a clear bell-like way.

Then, suddenly, in answer to our repeated calls, came a whistle, shrilled through the heavy air, cutting it like a knife, and, with a gentle swish, swish, of the paddles, the canoe glided under the bridge, and our anxiety was over.

DOROTHY CASTLE.

A WINDY DAY.

A strong puff of wind blew against me, and, as I straightened up to get my balance, a soft, round hat whizzed by. A moment later, a large, roly-poly man came lumbering after it. The wind stopped blowing for a minute, and the fat man was just stooping, with much effort, to pick up his hat, when another puff came along that set the hat free to dance merrily on its way again. At one corner the wind blew it up in the air, and it twisted and turned in a most fantastic way, seeming to enjoy every moment of its outing. By this time some little newsboys had joined the chase. They skipped along, laughing gleefully at the funny manœuvres of the fat man as he grabbed for his hat and got nothing but handfuls of air. At last one agile little fellow caught the hat as it was about to whisk around a corner, and, grinning up at the puffing, red-faced man, handed him his lost property.

JEANNETTE RODIER.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A TOMBOY.

One day a very small but important young person banged the front gate of her home and started down the street. A small pocketbook swung vigorously by the strap from her tightly-clenched hand as she hurried on.

Her beautiful, long curls bobbed nervously up and down. They reached way down to her waist,—the kind that always belong to a good little girl with clean, fluffy dresses, who always does just as she is told. Now, that was what worried this particular little girl. Her hair was the one torment of her life. She could never keep it smooth for more than five minutes at a time, and whenever she played tag or fox-and-geese, she was sure to be grabbed by those bothersome curls, and it hurt, too.

That morning she had been climbing the cherry tree behind the house, and it seemed to her that at every move she felt a tug on her curls. Yanking them free, she would just be reaching for a lovely cluster of cherries when those spiteful little twigs would catch in her hair again.

Finally she grew really angry, and, with a flushed, scowling face, slid down the tree, resolving to settle the matter once and for all.

And that is what we find her doing now. Straight to the barber shop she went, walked up to the fat, baldheaded man who always cut her brother's hair, and commanded him to do the same to hers, only not to leave even the least bit. She wanted it shaved. And shaved she got it, for the barber could not do otherwise when she repeatedly assured him that her mother had sent her.

After the operation, the barber very slowly placed the beautiful, shining curls in a paper bag, and handed them to her.

Grabbing them breathlessly, she darted out of the door, but her eagerness soon died away. She had caught a glimpse of herself in a shop window, and, what a sight she was! Her big blue eyes seemed twice their usual size, and her ears as large as elephants'. The awfulness of her crime suddenly flashed upon her, and for the first time she wondered what her mother might say when she handed her the paper bag with its shining curls.

HAZEL COFFIN.

IN HAY TIME.

On the farm next to ours there used to live a jolly old farmer, who was very fond of children.

Just as soon as the haying season began, he would find us at the foot of the lane, waiting for him to come bumping along in his hay rack. With a puff from his corn-cob pipe and a hearty good morning, he pulled us up into the cart, and we began our jarring, rattling ride up the mountain road.

Along the roadside the perfume of the wild roses and the smell of the new-mown hay put us into a feverish eagerness to have all that wonderful fresh hay piled around us.

We turned in at the opening in the old tumble-down stone wall, and soon were trampling about in the soft hay, hot with our exertions in the noonday sun.

But the best part of all was the ride home, especially when we were allowed to drive—drive those wonderful huge horses—just think of it! The fragrance of the hay, the gentle whiffs from the mint caught in with it, were added to the fresh coolness of the early evening hour. Then our hearts were filled with the happy songs of the birds and the splendor of the setting sun. It was not until a branch of our favorite apple tree brushed against us, as we passed the barn, that we realized that our happy day was over, and that we must say good night to our friend, the farmer.

HAZEL COFFIN.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A QUIET HOUR.

Pulling up his armchair to the fire and lighting the lamp, "Papa" settled down comfortably to read. Hearing cries and shrieks of laughter from his children, he glanced out of the window and saw his pigs, "the finest pigs for miles around," gamboling on the lawn. He smiled as he saw the children's efforts to drive them away, and then in perfect enjoyment he opened his book. But his happiness didn't last long, as you shall see.

Like a hurricane, his oldest boy rushed in. "Father," he cried, "the pigs are all over the lawn, and we're having the grandest time! Do come out."

"Not now! This is my first quiet hour today! Run out!" and the hurricane left. Just as the father was settling down to his book again, a whirlwind blew in, in the form of his next son.

"Papa! What do you 'spose has happened! The pigs are all over the lawn!"

"Edward told me! I am busy now," and the whirlwind disappeared.

"I hope those pigs will go away pretty soon," thought he, wondering if any more children would come.

Hardly had five minutes elapsed when he heard the door rattle. "Another one," he said, as he laid his book down with a sigh. A gentle wind, his oldest daughter, poked her head in the door.

"Oh, papa!—"

"Your brothers told me about it. Run along now, dear!" and the gentle wind retreated.

"There go the pigs! Now, at last I will have peace." You are mistaken. Merry little breezes came dancing in with the next one, the baby of the family. But before she was fairly in the room she was sent out again with a "Don't speak to me about those pigs again!" As he glanced up toward the clock, he sighed, "My hour is gone, it is supper time."

At supper his last child began, "Papa, the pigs—"

"Don't let me hear of those pigs again," he thundered. "That is the fifth one of you that has come and disturbed me today. If I hear one more word concerning those pigs, you will all be sent to bed with a whipping."

And that subject was hastily dropped.

HARRIET STEVENS.

THE FROZEN PIRATE.

There were six of us in the family—Father, Mother, John, Helen, Betty and myself. I, being the youngest, always had to be the most undesirable character when we played any game.

For instance, when we played Cowboys, I always had to be the cattle thief, and when we played Indians I was always the white man who was murdered in his bed. Whenever we played Soldiers—it was always in Colonial times—the others were all brilliant officers who performed marvellous feats of bravery. I, however, was obliged to be the traitor who was caught on the edge of camp or else a spy.

The day on which I was first allowed to play a fairly important part in Cowboys—our favorite game—was a month or so after the new governess from the East came on to "govern" us. This is the way it happened.

We hated the governess, Miss Brown, with all our strength. To us she seemed very unjust. To be called in from play on a day when the leaves were all red and yellow, and there was a snap and twang in the air was a preposterous outrage—in our opinion. We called Miss Brown “Firefly,” to ourselves, for her hair was a brilliant and beautiful flame color. When she tried to coax us into a trap she seemed to fly rather than walk. It was on one of these autumn days that I planned the downfall of Firefly—and it worked.

Father and Mother both said that she was the best governess we’d ever had. She seemed to know so much, and they were sure never read trashy novels. I did not agree with them on this point, but I said nothing.

Now in our bookcase on the top shelf, the sixth book from the corner, nearest the fireplace, was a book we were never allowed to read; namely, “The Frozen Pirate.” Whether we did or not is our secret not yours. Father said it was disgraceful to have such a book in the house; Mother said she knew it and she’d burn it up only Aunt ’Liza had given it to her for a wedding present, and asked for it whenever she came. Besides, it looked well on the shelf with the other red books.

This book was the instrument with which I decided the downfall of Firefly, the Ogress, should be planned. I had seen her look over those books on the top shelf. When she came to “The Frozen Pirate,” she stopped, took out the book, read bits here and there, and then took it away with her.

You could have knocked me over with a feather. I’d no idea she’d take it away with her. Her fall was much easier now, but when could I catch her reading it?

Thanksgiving drew nearer. In due time Aunt ’Liza arrived. In due time she asked Mother for the book. It was nowhere to be found.

“Bobby,” said Mother to me, a few days later, “will you ask Miss Brown to please sew the bows on these pumps?”

I nodded.

When I entered her room, Firefly was reading the F. P.! She laid it down when I came in, and sewed on the pump bows.

It was the next night at dinner. We were all there except John and Helen. The talk was on books.

"How do you like 'The Frozen Pirate,' Miss Brown?" I inquired.

"I think it is a very interesting book," she replied.

Father and Mother exchanged glances.

"I'd like to read it," I said, "but Mother thinks I'm not old enough."

Just then Father changed the subject.

"I wonder what started her off so quick," said John. It was a cool day a week later, and we were up in the hayloft. Miss Brown had left that morning.

"I know," I said, and told 'em about the F. P. I never played what I didn't want to again. ELLEN BURKE.

SCHOOL NEWS.

(SOME NOTES OF INTEREST CONCERNING ROGERS HALL.)

THE COUNCIL.

Last year Student Government was instituted at Rogers Hall. A charter drawn up by a committee of the girls was granted by Miss Parsons. By this charter the governing authority is vested in a Council of nine members, elected by the three houses in accordance with the most modern methods. Nominations are made by primary elections, and the ticket thus nominated is voted upon at a subsequent election. The constitution also includes provisions for initiative, referendum, and recall. The Council elects its president, who is counted the head of the school.

The Council is a legislative body and has enacted a code of laws under which the girls live. For the most part they are a summing up of house customs and traditions, now made formal. Infraction of laws meets with suitable penalty. A certain number of demerits does away with privilege. On the other hand, one may accumulate merit as well as demerit, and so gain additional favors.

The Council last year, under its two presidents, Helen Smith and Helen Towle, survived a good many ordeals and came out a stronger institution than when it first took office. This year's Council inherits much of the authority acquired by last year's body and starts with the advantage of being no longer an experiment.

The first Council of the year was made up of old girls nominated by last year's Council and members appointed by Miss Parsons to complete its numbers. This Council held office long enough to enable the girls to become acquainted with one another when the first regular Council was elected made up of the following girls:

Margaret Bigelow (House), President.
Marjorie Wilder (House), Treasurer.
Marion Huffman (Hall), Secretary.
Genevra Whitmore (Cottage).
Florence Mars (Cottage).
Polly Piper (Hall).
Cora Robertson (Hall).
Dorothy Castle (Hall).
Rachel Brown (House).

The present Council is a thoroughly representative one. It is made up of girls who lead in scholarship and athletics and other school activities. The school is to be congratulated that it sets so high a standard of office.

The Council has passed no new regulations of any great importance, but it has, in conjunction with the faculty, formulated the standard of scholarship necessary for eligibility to the teams. The standard accepted is stiff, but it is perfectly fair and definite and not beyond the reach of the average student.

SOME CHANGES IN THE SCHOOL.

Due to a rearrangement of class rooms, the Library is again reserved for its proper use as a reading room.

The old guest room in the Cottage is now used as a double room, and the Cottage now has ten girls. There has been an opening made between the two upper halls of the Cottage, so that the upper hall is now a very roomy and convenient meeting place.

All the buildings received a new coat of paint during the summer and looked very spick and span when we came back in the fall, and certainly no one could fail to be delighted by the beautiful orderliness of the school and the perfection with which all details are kept up.

THE RED CROSS WORK AT ROGERS HALL.

A committee consisting of Elizabeth McConkey, chairman; Constance Miller, secretary; Dorothy Burns, treasurer; Edith Ellis, Sara Stevens and Isabel Fisher was appointed to look after the Rogers Hall work in connection with the Red Cross Society. Forty-four dollars was collected from the Hall, fourteen dollars from the Cottage, and twelve dollars and fifty cents from the House, making a total of seventy dollars and fifty cents, of which the committee decided to use twenty dollars for materials to make night shirts and pajamas, and twenty dollars to buy underwear, mittens and stockings.

On Tuesday, November seventeenth, Miss Loring of Boston gave us a very interesting talk on the Red Cross, the organization, its work and present needs. She told us of the wonderful work this society has accomplished in previous wars, and how much the afflicted armies are dependent on the assistance of the Red Cross. She also warned us against believing most of the reports of the terrible atrocities committed on both sides, as they are greatly exaggerated.

At the conclusion of her talk, Miss Loring told us of a young doctor who sent a cable to United States, asking for five hundred dollars to buy anesthetics. "For," he said, "acres of men were undergoing the torture of operations without anesthetics." She said that, aside from the need of clothes for the soldiers, there is great demand for things for children and babies.

After Miss Loring's talk, Miss Burke, an alumna of Rogers Hall and President of the Lowell Red Cross committee, gave us some practical advice as to the kinds of material best fitted for the garments, and where to obtain them.

The committee attended to the buying of the materials, and on Saturday afternoon, November twentieth, all the girls, divided into groups of ten, began work. Miss Burke and two trained nurses taught one division to roll bandages, while the rest served under the direction of Miss Murray.

This is, of course, a mere beginning, but we hope before the end of the winter to have contributed our share in this work.

ELIZABETH MCCONKEY.

THE BACON BAT.

October 3rd—

"My dear! I simply can't get to the top of the hill, with this sweater, my roommate's camera, and this basket,—it can't be done."

We were all laboriously climbing Robin's Hill, with the sun pouring down, and every small stone seeming an impediment to our own especial progress. Many of us caught our hair and sweaters in the bushes and tall brambles, making our whole appearance rather bedraggled. At last we were at the top, and the glorious view certainly repaid us for the climb, while the cool breeze made us as full of vim as when we started.

Of course, at first, our curiosity being aroused, we had to climb with fear in our hearts to the top of the long, iron ladder

to examine the funny little house where forest fires are watched. We seemed far above the surrounding country, while the girls below looked like dwarfs. The mountains loomed up blue and misty, the woods nearby were masses of crimson and yellow, and a blue lake not far off gleamed in the sunlight. After looking at the view for a few minutes, we turned our attention to what was happening inside. The nicest sort of an old man, who had charge of the place, showed us how the fires are watched, although we had to keep very quiet at times, when he was telephoning. A large map of the surrounding country was under a glass slab on a table before him, and, as he saw smoke from the fires through his spy glass, he would look on the map to find the location of the places, and then telephone to the nearest towns, warning the people. Then came the dreaded part of descending, for the wind was blowing just enough to shake the ladder.

"Look out, you'll fall!" Our hearts were in our mouths, but finally we were on "terra firma" once again.

"Some of you girls get wood for the fires."

Many of us brought sticks and any other available wood, while others unpacked the lunch baskets.

Sizzle! Sizzle! The "dogs" and bacon were done at last, and never did anything taste quite so good. Put in between delicious "crispy" rolls, innumerable numbers could be eaten. On one fire was the pail of coffee, and that, too, although flavored with various small sticks, tasted marvelous.

"Thanks loads for the potato chips."

"Of course not, I've only had five already."

"What are those people doing with the marshmallows? Isn't Mary's (yes, that girl from Pennsylvania) face a sight! Don't you dare touch me."

Gorged at last, we sat around on sweaters and coats, talking and taking snapshots. It was time to go home before we knew it. We started down Robin's Hill far less laden than on our upward trip. At a small country store we waited for our car, in the meantime investing in soda and various choice confections.

A rush and scramble, we were on the car where "noses had to be counted" to be sure none of us were left by the roadside.

Back at Rogers Hall after a wonderful, cool ride, and, as we dashed in for our mail, we assured Miss Parsons and each other that we had had a most glorious "out-doorsy" day.

ISABEL NORTON.

On Tuesday afternoons in October, the Current Topics' classes attended a series of lectures given by Mrs. May Alden Ward. These lectures proved a valuable addition to the regular work of the course. The subjects of the four lectures—The Causes of the Great War, New Methods and Discoveries Employed in War, The Situation in England Preceding the War, and The Work of the Last Congress.

On Friday afternoons in October, Miss Mary Kellogg of Boston came out to school and taught us many new dances, the Fox Trot and the Lulu Fado among others. Miss Kellogg is a Rogers Hall graduate who has made a very enviable reputation as a teacher of dancing and a creator of ballets. She is at present engaged in directing a performance of "Pandora's Box" at the Madison Square Garden in New York, and we are appreciative of the fact that it is partially due to her loyalty of her Alma Mater that she comes to us every fall.

OUR CONCORD TRIP.

October 10th—

Our first sight-seeing trip of the year was to Concord. It was made in fine style, as we left the school in a special trolley car which took us directly to this little old town. New England people are proud of it, both because of its connection with the Revolution and because it has been the home of so many of our American writers.

The first place to which we went, after our arrival, was the little cemetery behind the ancient church in which our forefathers worshipped so reverently. A few of the graves were made even as early as the seventeenth century, but all were very old and bore strange inscriptions on the headstones. An especially odd one is this:

Affliction sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please and death did seize,
To ease me of my pain.

Across the street from the cemetery was Wright's Tavern, once used as the headquarters of the British, but now only a place in which to buy souvenirs.

In the afternoon we continued our exploring, and drove to the Statue of The Minute Man, which marks the place where

".....once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

It is a fine bronze statue by Daniel Chester French, of a man with a musket in his hand, and a look of determination on his face. Then, after retracing our way, we stopped for a long while at the Alcott home, and I am sure we saw every treasure that was dear to the author of "Little Women" and her sisters. Next door was the first home of the Alcotts where Hawthorne afterwards lived. This house is not open to the public, and it was only through the courtesy of Mrs. Lathrop, an acquaintance of our chaperon, that we were shown through the house. Hawthorne made it attractive and unique by putting gables above all the windows. The most curious of all his possessions was his desk. It was only a block of wood fastened to the wall in the attic, where he did all his writing, and it was placed at such a height that he had to stand up to it as he wrote.

Sleepy Hollow Cemetery was the last place at which we stopped. Hawthorne's grave is on the top of a little knoll, and the headstone is entirely overgrown with moss. The graves of Louisa May Alcott and Thoreau are nearby, and just a few steps away is the beautiful pink granite boulder which marks Ralph Waldo Emerson's resting-place.

SARA STEVENS.

October 10th—

Mrs. Corwin read us selections from Jean Webster's "Daddy Long Legs." It is a charming little book. The pathos of Judy's struggle to overcome the disadvantages of her bringing up in an orphan asylum, and her never-failing courage and humor made her a most delightful heroine, and we went to our rooms happier and more contented with our own everyday life.

THE TRIP TO MARBLEHEAD.

October 24th—

We all stood leaning on the rail overlooking the harbor, waiting for the little ferry boat that was to take us over to Marblehead Neck. In the harbor below us, many boats bobbed at anchor, and it was easy to realize what a gay picture this might be in summer.

When the ferry came we climbed in and went chugging across the water, the salt wind blowing in our faces. After landing, we walked up a road between deserted summer houses until we came to the shore line. It seemed hard for those of us who had never seen the ocean to realize that the water stretching before us was the sea, it lay so calm, with only an occasional swell against the smooth gray rocks. In leaving the shore, we again passed some of the summer homes, with their smooth lawns and inviting terraces.

Later we walked through the narrow, winding streets of Marblehead. It made us feel as though we had happened upon some little foreign town dropped down on our coast. The narrow streets wound in and out among old, old houses, set directly on the road. Finally we came to an old square Colonial house. This was the "Lee Mansion," which was built about the time of the American Revolution.

Inside was a large hall, with a broad and lofty staircase with a hand-carved banister. The walls were hand-painted scenes

in gray and white. The drawing room and banquet hall were on either side, and in each were some very handsome pieces of antique furniture, which had all come from the homes of interesting people.

Our last visit was to the old watchtower, from which we looked out over the town with the ocean beyond, and tried to imagine ourselves back in those exciting old times of which Marblehead so keenly reminds us. DOROTHY CASTLE.

THE HARVARD-PENN. STATE GAME.

October 24th—

After a luncheon in Boston, we boarded the subway. It was a gay crowd, for the car was loaded with football enthusiasts lugging heavy coats and rugs, all prepared to watch the game in comfort.

We found our seats without difficulty, and splendid ones they were, too, right in the center of the Stadium, and quite near the field.

The teams were on the field when we arrived, and, after a little more practice, the playing began. Harvard seemed to start off with a rush, but Penn. State was ready for them. They soon began a steady march down the field, and, when in a convenient position, kicked a goal. Great excitement and cheers came from the Penn. State side. Thus encouraged, they plowed steadily on and made another field goal.

The half was soon over, and, after a short period of rest, the players went at it again. The score soon stood 13—6 in favor of Penn. State, and Harvard seemed defeated, for, as the time passed on, it began to grow darker, and the playing could hardly be followed. But, look! who was that figure running around the end? Wild pandemonium burst from the Harvard side, and with shouts and cheers the player was urged on his stumbling way over the thirty yard line, twenty, ten, and, with one final bound, over the goal line.

13—12 was the score on the board. Could that be changed?

With breathless suspense we watched the fullback as he adjusted the ball for the final kick that would tie the score. It must be just right, and all this time we waited, standing on our toes in nervous suspense. Why didn't he hurry! Back again he went to turn it a mere eighth of an inch. And then! Well, there were two heroes that day on the Harvard side. The cheers were almost deafening, and nobody realized that the whistle had blown until the players had grabbed their blankets and started running off the field.

The game was over, the most thrilling game of the season. But no time for reflections; pushed on by the immense crowd, we struggled on towards the subway. HAZEL COFFIN.

BEATRICE HERFORD.

October 28th—

Nearly all of the girls went to Colonial Hall tonight to hear Beatrice Herford, and the few "grinds" who stayed at school missed a most amusing evening. Miss Herford was delightfully entertaining, the humor of all her monologues being so true to nature that they were fascinating. Some of the most interesting selections were:—"Wedding Invitations," "The Only Child" and "Train Friends."

THE HARVARD-MICHIGAN GAME.

October 31st—

On this Saturday a large crowd of our girls went to see the Harvard-Michigan game, and once more to shout ourselves hoarse. But we came back in a much quieter mood than the week before. The playing was just as clever, if not more so, but no thrilling moments occurred. Up and down the field plowed the two teams, neither gaining much advantage over the other.

The unusual feature of the afternoon was the Michigan band, which, between the halves, executed many brilliant manoeuvres on the field, and stirred us with its lively playing. The men were dressed in striking costumes of blue and yellow, and, after marching about the field, performing very clever figures, they formed themselves into the letter "M," and played the Michigan song.

The game ended with a score of 7—0 for Harvard.

HAZEL COFFIN.

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY.

October 31st—

The Halloween entertainment this year took the form of a vaudeville, in which most of the girls in the school were represented. We had engaged seats beforehand from Margaret Bigelow, the head waiter, and, as we entered the gymnasium at eight o'clock that evening, we were ushered to the tables scattered informally about the hall.

The first act, a demonstration of the dances of the last four seasons, by Dorothy Johnson and Mr. (Margaret) Wood, who made a capital man in correct evening dress, received loud applause. A burlesque on the dances by Mildred Daniels and Mr. (Sarah) Stevens was most amusing, owing to the fact that Mildred was at least twelve inches taller than her partner, and her costume of bright cerise and a Castle cap contrasted strangely with Sarah's ill-fitting suit and red, unkempt wig.

Polly Piper, Constance Miller and Rosamond Norris gave an original and laughable sketch, "The Tragedy of Gower Gulch," Rosamond taking the part of the ever-present villain. This picture was "passed up" by the "National Board of Nonsensors."

The younger girls gave a farce entitled "The Revolt," in which Marjorie Adams as Susan Jane Jones, an emissary of "The American Ladies' Association for the Promotion of Female Supremacy," attempted, without success, to interest the young ladies of Flushing Academy in her ideals.

There were several other very good acts, the "Chain Gang Dance," the "Hayseed Band," and the "Trained Horses" being among the best.

The waiters served ginger ale, which we drank from the bottles, and various kinds of sandwiches. Then we cleared the floor and danced until 10 o'clock. BEATRICE GREER.

November 2nd—

A lecture was given by Cecilia Beaux, the well-known portrait painter, at Colonial Hall, under the auspices of the Middlesex Women's Club. The lecture was on the principles of her art and was technical in nature.

THE ANDOVER-EXETER GAME.

November 14th—

What a jolly little party we made, starting off to the Andover-Exeter game. When our private car glided up we all piled gaily in, and dove for a seat. There proved to be altogether too few for all of us, and from all sides came such exclamations as: "Let me sit on your lap?" "Why don't you sit on the floor? You've got a big coat, and here's another you can use." "Oh, my dear," in a wailing voice from one corner, "You've absolutely spoiled the whole thing. To sit deliberately on my hat is beyond my endurance. I can never again get the same tilt to it that I had before."

By the time we were settled we were somewhat nearer Andover, and for the rest of the ride we gazed eagerly out of the windows at the machines spinning past on their way to the game.

The game was very disappointing, the score being 78 to 7 in favor of Exeter. There were a few good passes on the Exeter

side which were pretty to see, and to those who are football fiends, particularly interesting, as they were a sort of elementary lateral pass, such as Yale is using this year. I'm sure that the enthusiasm of the songs and cheering sent a thrill through us all, for I found myself yelling when everyone else had stopped. The now familiar Red Cross box was passed around between halves, and a boy with chocolate and other candies also put in an appearance, with the result that when we finally reached Lowell we were not only tired but penniless.

JEANNETTE RODIER.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

THE HALL-HOUSE HOCKEY GAME.

November 17th—

The score, 4—3 for the House, tells the story of a close, hard-fought game, which left the spectators uncertain as to the result until the last whistle blew.

In the early fall, it had generally been conceded that the House had the better material; but steady work made the Hall team a very formidable rival. In the last half of the game, the Hall line undoubtedly outplayed its rival, and the outcome might have been different if it had not been for the brilliant stops made by the House back field.

Fouls were few and far between, and there was very little interfering. The hitting of the ball was the cleanest and most accurate that has been seen on our field for some years. Credit for this, of course, is chiefly due to the faithfulness with which the teams have practised. Some of it also belongs to the weather, which has been unusually propitious all the fall, not one practice being omitted on account of rain.

The spirit of the two teams is worthy of all possible credit. They both played hard, fighting games, and the Hall took its defeat bravely, while the House proved modest winners.

In the evening the two teams had dinner, together, at a long table decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and red roses, these being the colors of the rival houses. The place cards were painted by Eloise Bixby and Beatrice Greer.

When the teams marched in, the two Captains, Polly Piper and Genevra Whitmore leading, the girls and Faculty lined up on both sides of the Hall to cheer them. Between courses, at dinner, Margaret Wood led the songs and cheers for the teams, the individual members, the Faculty, and for Rogers Hall. The Captains were called upon for speeches, and, after some natural hesitation, responded. Altogether, the evening was one grand success, and proved that, win or lose, we have learned to be good sportswomen.

The lineup for the game was as follows:

HALL.	POSITION.	HOUSE.
Marion Huffman	Right Wing	Genevra Whitmore (Capt.)
Constance Miller	Inside Forward	Rachel Hoyer
Polly Piper (Capt.)	Bully	Hazel Coffin
Hannah Benton	Left Wing	Rosamond Norris
Ruth Greene	Right Half Back	Ruth Allen
Anna Keith	Left Half Back	Marjorie Wilder
Kathryn Jennison	Right Full Back	Dorothy Burns
Katharine Nesmith	Left Full Back	Eleanore Lee
Edith Stevens	Goal	Marie Elston

AN ALUMNÆ GAME.

November.

Very keen was our disappointment when the hockey game between the Alumnæ and the School, to be played Friday, November 21st, had to be cancelled on account of the inopportune

arrival of the first snow. The game had promised to be a most exciting and interesting one, as the hockey material here has been unusually good this year, and the Alumnæ are fortunate enough to have several stars of last year's team to depend upon.

After the House-Hall game on Monday, the School team was picked as follows:

Genevra Whitmore,	R. F.	(House)
Rachel Hoyer,	C. F.	(House)
Polly Piper,	B.	(Hall)
Hannah Benton,	L. F.	(Hall)
Ruth Allen,	L. H. B.	(House)
Marjorie Wilder,	R. H. B.	(House)
Eleanor Lee,	R. F. B.	(House)
Ruth Green,	L. F. B.	(Hall)
Marie Elston,	G.	(House)

This team, unfortunately, will not have an opportunity to show its skill, but, like the mythical All America in Football, be a purely honorary affair, for, on Friday, there was at least three inches of snow and several more of slush. But as the Alumnæ of the immediate vicinity had been invited to luncheon, to a game and a swimming party, we hastily made up a basketball team to substitute on this occasion.

Promptly at one-thirty, the Alumnæ began to arrive, among whom were four of our most recent brides, Mrs. Spencer Kennard (Madeline White), Mrs. Horace Proctor (Marjorie Wadleigh), Mrs. Cyrus Woodman (Frances Billings), and Mrs. Matthew Mahoney (Julia Burke).

A short reception was held in the drawing room. Miss Parsons, Miss Mary Parsons and Margaret Bigelow, President of the Council received. This gave the new girls their first experience in ushering.

A Buffet luncheon was then served, after which the girls went to the gymnasium to dance while the teams prepared for the fray.

While the game could not compare with some that have been played at the school, owing to the fact that neither the under-

graduates nor the Alumnæ had had any recent practice, it was, on the whole, strenuously and cleanly played, and, judging from the cheers, it met with the approval of the audience. The final score was 10 to 3 in favor of the school. The lineup was as follows:

SCHOOL.	POSITION.	ALUMNÆ.
Wood	Forward	Smith, Helen
Wilder	Forward	Green (Undergraduate)
Stevens	Guard	Parker
Allen	Guard	White
Piper	Jumping Center	Hylan
Whitmore	Center	Harrison

There was no feature of the day which so appealed to the Alumnæ as the enthusiasm of the songs and cheers of the girls, under the leadership of Mary Weiser. There have been, during the year, a good many song practices, and they certainly are proving their value in creating school spirit. After the game, both teams cheered the other, and then came a general stampede for the swimming pool.

This is the first time that the Alumnæ have been generally asked back to the school in the Fall term for any athletic event, and, in spite of the untimely interference of the weather with our plans, the day was a most enjoyable one, and certain to create a greater interest in the school on the part of the Alumnæ.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

The first number of *SPLINTERS* always has a long list of announcements, so we are classifying them this year as far as possible, and hope that the old girls will approve the change.

ENGAGEMENTS:

In June Ruth Lowell announced her engagement to Mr. Frederick S. Youngs of Brooklyn, N. Y.

In July Beatrice Miller, '13, announced her engagement to Mr. Elmer J. Chambers of New York, and plans to be married during the Fall.

In July Frances Dana announced her engagement to Mr. David M. Russell of Memphis, Tenn. The wedding will take place in April, and Frances' new home will be on a plantation near Memphis; the bungalow is already started in a thirty acre holly grove.

In August Helen Easton announced her engagement to Dr. Davis Baker, and will be married within the year.

During the summer Corinne Dean announced her engagement to Mr. James H. Douglass, and plans to be married in the Spring. Harriet Hasty, '13, visited Corinne at Chautauqua after Commencement, so enjoyed some of the engagement festivities.

Nathalie Babcock, during the summer, announced her engagement to Mr. Silas S. Clark.

September 8th Mary Bard, '04, announced her engagement to Mr. Charles B. Erssentrom, a lawyer of Philadelphia, where they will make their future home. Mary visited Helen Robe Deal in Troy, N. H., during June, and writes that "Helen is the mother of two of the dearest, sweetest little girls." She spent the rest of the summer in Maine, and is now at home in Reading, Pa., busily preparing for her wedding in the Spring. She sees Mildred Wilson often, and her marriage will bring their homes nearer together.

October 27th Mildred Moses, '09, announced her engagement to Mr. Raymond W. Harris, and the cards are already out for her wedding on December 4th at the Copley-Plaza in Boston, when Helen Faulds, '09, will be one of the bridesmaids. The Alumnæ are glad to see that Mink is still to live in Somerville at her old home, so that we shall not lose our star pitcher from our baseball team.

MARRIAGES:

June 24th Miriam Pierce was married to Mr. Kenyon Y. Taylor at Sturgeon Point, Derby, N. Y.

July 11th Mildred Mansfield, '10, was married to Mr. Dana J. P. Wingate in Winchester, Mass. They will be at home after September 1st, at 28 Melrose St., Arlington, Mass.

July 18th Dorothy Benton, '12, was married to Mr. Edward E. Wood, Jr., and is at home now at 213 Terrace St., Muskegon, Mich.

August 19th Sylvia Doutney, '12, was married to Mr. Richard B. Kellogg in Burlington, Vt. They will be at home after November 1st, at 196 Fern St., Hartford, Conn.

August 26th Lucile Kemp was married at her home to Mr. Frank T. Quigley, and will be at home after October 1st, at Kemwell Place, Bexley, O.

September 2nd Julia Burke, '11, was married to Dr. Matthew Mahoney, in Lowell. The wedding was originally set for December, when Amy Condit, '11, was to be maid of honor, but Julia was not well, so decided to be quietly married at once. She is now settled in her new home on Huntington St., Lowell, so that she is a near neighbor of the school.

September 23rd Ruth Woodbury was married to Mr. Karl F. A. Hill, at Beverly, Mass.

October 1st Madeleine Potter was married to Mr. Isaac De Mallie, and they will be at home after December 1st, at 12 Chester St., Lowell, Mass.

October 10th Helen Brown was married to Mr. Cornelius H. Evans, in Springfield, Mass. They will be at home after May 1st, in Hudson, N. Y.

October 14th Emilie Ordway, '13, was married to Mr. Carroll R. Wentworth in Boston. They will be at home after November 10th, at Shaw House, Newport, Me.

October 15th Marjorie Wadleigh, '11, was married to Mr. Horace S. Proctor. This was very much of a Rogers Hall wedding, for Sallie Hobson, '10, was the maid of honor, and Meta Jefferson and Nathalie Conant, '08, were among the bridesmaids, while Dorothy Wadleigh, who is now at Rogers, was the flower girl. The Proctors will be at home after January 1st, at 142 Holyrood Ave., Lowell, Mass.

October 16th Madeleine White was married to Mr. Spencer P. Kennard. Madeleine gave everyone a great surprise, as she was at Marjorie's wedding the night before, and gave no hint of her plans. After December 1st the Kennards are to be at home, at 86 Belmont Ave., Lowell, Mass.

October 16th Marjorie Hamilton was married to Mr. Henry P. Hunter at Meadville, Pa., and will be at home after November 1st, at King Edward Apartments, Pittsburgh.

October 17th Miss Kate Puffer was married to Mr. Phillips Barry in Framingham, and will be at home after December 1st, at 83 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass. The old girls will remember Miss Puffer, who taught the mathematics for several years.

November 11th Helen Edlefson, '10, was married to Mr. Robert Barr in Winchester, and they will be at home on Wedgemere Ave., Winchester, Mass.

BIRTHS:

To Mr. and Mrs. Wescott Burlingame (Mary Easton), a son, Wescott, Jr., in March.

To Mr. and Mrs. Horace N. Stevens (Helen Coburn, '97), a son, Horace, Jr., on June 6th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John L. Way (Lillian Brown, '10), a son, John, Jr., on July 16th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Crumpacker (Cully Cooke, '10), a son, James Cooke, on July 13th.

To Dr. and Mrs. Oliver Clark (Carnzu Abbott), a daughter, Carnzu Abbott, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Beals (Bessie Ludlam), a son, Gardiner, Jr., in August.

DEATHS:

July 10th Beatrice Lyford Williams died suddenly at her home, leaving one son, two years old.

August 30th Theo Newton Sands died at the home of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, near Paris.

Harriet Parsons King, '05, is on the Board of the Women's Club in Jacksonville, Ill., and is devoting her energies this Fall to raising money for a Free Kindergarten.

Alice Billings, '11, has been elected Secretary of the Senior Class of Radcliffe.

Bonney Lilley, '11, has been chosen as one of the literary editors of the Senior Class Album at Wellesley. Tracy L'Engle and Helen Munroe are also back for their senior year at Wellesley. In October Bonney had a benefit performance of "Stop Thief," at one of the Lowell theatres for the Wellesley Fire Fund.

Anna Kuttner, '11, had an amusing month campaigning for Women's Suffrage in Connecticut during August, when she travelled through many country towns of her district, making speeches from her automobile. While she was visiting Bonney Lilley in September, Miss Parsons gave a small tea at the school for the college girls, most of whom were leaving that week for their different colleges. The dozen of us who were present represented eight colleges: Chicago University, Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, Barnard and Wheaton; and we had a jolly hour exchanging summer experiences, and afterwards danced in the gymnasium.

In October Ruth Newton was operated on for appendicitis, at the Fitchburg Hospital, but is now at home again, and feeling much stronger than for many years preceding.

A good many of the old girls were in Europe this summer, and later we hope to have accounts from some of them of their experiences. When the war broke out, Margaret Hall, '99, was

in Paris; Ethel Hockmeyer, '13, was touring with her family on the Continent; Carlotta Heath, '11, Bernice Everett, '02, and Dorothy Decker were on the Continent, while Grace Sherlock was in England, so contented herself with a trip through Devon instead of crossing to France. All of the girls eventually secured safe passage home.

Three members of the Faculty were in Europe: Miss Linthicum, Miss Glorvigen, who had a year's leave of absence in 1913-14 for study, and Miss Müller, who had returned in June to her home in Zurich. She fortunately secured a place on one of the last trains that left for Holland via Germany. Miss Müller had difficulty one day in identifying herself, and, as a supplement to her passports, showed the officials her copy of the catalogue, where her name appears on the list of the Faculty. Then their doubts disappeared, and the papers were promptly signed, while the catalogue bears mute evidence in its appearance of the many who examined it! Miss Glorvigen is back at her work this year and very cheerful, even if her trunk is still sitting in Amsterdam or somewhere on the other side.

Four of the girls entered Smith this Fall. Marian Aley is in the Albright House, Alice Baker in the Hatfield, Kathryn Redway in the Dickinson, and Edith Whittier in the Chapin.

Hilda Smith, '14, spent the Summer and early Fall visiting her uncle in Portland, Oregon. She reported a constant round of gaieties, many of which she enjoyed in company with Cornelia Cooke, '08. They went on one "hike" through the mountains to the Pacific, but this proved disastrous for Cornelia, as she promptly had to repair to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis. However, she has refused to stay quiet for this, so is back at her old round of duties and pleasures.

Susanna Rodier, '14, has entered a Kindergarten Training School in Lakewood, O.

Laura Pearson, '14, who entered Bryn Mawr as the holder of the New England Entrance Examinations' Scholarship, is a very enthusiastic Freshman. She has a room in Pembroke West.

Dorothy Decker, who was in Europe this summer, had an enjoyable trip in spite of the war, and, after her return, visited Katharine Magee for two weeks in Easton, Pa.

Kathryn Jerger, '14, has entered the Vesper George Art School in Boston, and is living with her aunt at 7 St. Luke's Road, Allston, Mass. Kathryn came out for a visit over Halloween.

Lorena De Vere, '14, has entered Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., where she can continue her music along with her regular course.

Mary Holden, '14, had to give up her plan of travelling and studying in Europe, owing to the war, so has entered Miss Bangs' and Miss Whiton's School in New York. Mary could not get back for the Alumnæ hockey game, but has promised to visit us later.

Dorothy Scott, '14, is teaching dancing in New York City, and writes glowing accounts of her work and her classes.

Katherine Steen spent an active summer entertaining some of the old girls and "rooting" for Rogers Hall, so that she is sponsor for several of the new girls, one of whom is her cousin, Sara Stevens. We have another cousin in Elouise Bixby, who will at once recall Clara to our minds, while the sisters this year are Dorothy Norton's sister Isabel, and Jeannette Rodier.

Helen Smith, '14, is taking the Domestic Science Course this year at the Garland School in Boston.

Ellen and Sarah Baxter, '10, spent the Summer in Walpole, N. H., where they were near neighbors of Dorathea Holland, '12.

Barbara Brown, '13, and Ethel Hockmeyer, '13, have returned respectively to Miss Wheeler's School and Miss Bennett's School, where they will be graduated in the Collegiate courses.

Besides Kathryn Jerger, other old girls who have been back this Fall are Agnes Kile and Kathrine Kidder in November, for whom Miss Parsons gave an informal tea to the Faculty and Council.

Helen Smith and Dorathea Holland were out for the Alumnæ-School Hockey game, November 20th, which had to be turned into a Basket Ball game, owing to the snowstorm. About fifteen of the Lowell girls were also over for the informal luncheon and the game, which was followed by a swimming party.

Rachel Jones, '11, Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, and Eleanor Bell, '14, came over for the Hall-House Hockey game, and added their cheers to the Hall-Day supporters.

Helen Gallup, '11, was back during October for a morning. Last year she had very successful classes in dancing in Sandusky, and came on this Fall to take lessons in Boston and later in New York from the Castles, before returning home to continue her teaching this Winter.

Mary Kellogg, '00, came out to school for a few Fridays to teach the girls the new dances, but in November she went on to New York to drill the girls for her Masque of "Pandora," which is to be given in December for the benefit of the Working Girls' Vacation Fund.

Joanna Carr, in November, visited Virginia Towle in Montpelier, Vt.

The cards are out for the wedding of Mabel La Vie to Mr. William L. Schultz, on December 12th, at St. Thomas' Church, New York City, a reception at home to follow the ceremony.

November 4th, came the announcement of the wedding of Ruth Lowell to Mr. Frederick S. Youngs in Bangor, Me.

Belle Shedd is "going to Honolulu for the Winter, faute de mieux, as the Kaiser upset our plans for returning to Europe." She will sail early in December from San Francisco.

Ethel Stark, '14, spent the Summer at Pine Lake, and visited Anita Graf at Cedar Lake. Anita is studying cooking at Downer College, while Ethel herself is taking the music course at Wisconsin College, and filling in two mornings a week with sewing lessons.

Ellen Lombard, '14, has entered the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston to continue the inspiration of "The Second Trial." She has promised to come out soon for a visit.

In September, Emily Ludlam was married to Mr. Arthur Ware in Boston, and they are making their home in Amherst, N. H.

Harriet Hasty, '13, has gone to Pratt Institute in Brooklyn.

Edith Nourse Rogers will be in Washington again this Winter, as her husband was re-elected to Congress. His majority was a very large one, and Rogers Hall feels very proud of her Trustee.

Florence Harrison, '02, was a councillor this Summer at Camp Runoia in North Belgrade, Me.

Alice Lang announced her engagement this Fall to Mr. Henry Bogardus of Chicago, Ill., who is a cousin of Miss Linthicum. The marriage will take place during the Spring or Summer.

Amy Condit, '11, visited Julia Burke Mahoney during the first week of December, and proved that she had not lost her old love for the game and proficiency in basket ball by playing one afternoon and assisting Miss Harrison in coaching the new girls.

In October Charlotte Allen Fenner spent a night at the school, but could not be persuaded to stay away from her husband for a longer visit.

Priscilla Howes Goethals is now living in West Point, N. Y., for her husband, Lieutenant Goethals, has been transferred to the Military Academy.

Marian Aley spent the Thanksgiving holiday at school, and finds that Rogers still holds first place in her affections. Kathryn Redway and Edith Whittier were also home for the holidays and came over to school.

Elizabeth Talbot, '12, is to have a coming out tea and dance on December 12th, to be given at the Talbot Memorial Hall in North Billerica.

Leslie Hylan, '14, is to come out at a tea on December 15th, to be given at her home on Nesmith Street.

The cards are out for the marriage of Frances Hamilton to Mr. John A. Byers, on December 15th, at her home, 235 Hazelcroft Avenue, New Castle, Pa.

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EDITORIAL.

"Oh dear! I feel so queer in this funny hat. I do believe everyone's looking at me," exclaimed the girl in the hat that was not the very latest thing in millinery. Her friends tried to soothe her, but they felt their superiority because their own hats were of the newest fashion. It is hard for us to get away from the fear of being thought odd. Can it make any real difference if we do not look like a copy of our next neighbor? To many of us

the idea of exercising our own individuality is appalling. We see one of our friends appear in a new dress, and merely because it is the latest style we are anxious to have one just like it. We do not take time to consider, however, whether the conventional style would become us as well as something that brought out our own personality. Certainly we need not be eccentric in dress, yet why fear to exercise independent good taste?

But it is easy to obtain freedom from every passing whim in dress, compared with the difficulty of achieving real independence of thought in more essential matters. Self-reliance in thought does not, however, mean obstinacy, for that is only a case of wanting one's own way; quite the contrary—independence of thought need not mean scorning others' points of view. We may at the same time be independent and sympathetic. We all have, of course, a right to our own opinions, but in forming them we should take care not to be narrow and shallow. We hear, perhaps, some little unkind remark about a girl, and without exercising any independence of thought as to its truth, we accept the speaker's opinion of that girl. Consequently she is neglected and becomes unhappy because of our readiness to be swayed by the opinions of others. Then, again, we docilely accept our neighbors' ideas because we fear to differ from what seems to be the accepted opinion. A group of girls, for instance, was discussing a lecture and came to the conclusion that they had been bored. Another girl joined them; she had enjoyed the lecture to the utmost, but hearing that some of her friends, whom she greatly admired, had been bored, she, too, found that the lecture had been extremely tiresome. To be of the same opinion as her friends she had deliberately deceived herself.

Independence should be shown in work. We should do the things that not only benefit us but make us of service to others, and not parasites. Such independence does not mean that we should work entirely alone, for it is the working together of individuals that brings forth the big gains in the world. Each one adding her own part helps to make the links in the chain.

Perhaps one of the hardest of all things is to be independent in the questions of right and wrong that come up in every day life. It is far easier to go in the same path that others have travelled.

But when it comes to a question of right and wrong—then is the time to assert our own individuality. If we take a stand and believe we are right, morally, why not stick to it?

Surely such independence of thought cannot fail to make us more interesting to our friends and more effective individuals.

DOROTHY CASTLE.

THE HAPPIEST PLACE.

A FAIRY TALE IN THREE ACTS.

The Littlest Girl (a runaway from home.)

The Littlest Girl's Mother.

The Prettiest Fairy.

The Ugliest Fairy.

Chorus of Fairies.

The Blackest Bear.

The Brownest Squirrel.

Mrs. Brownest Squirrel.

Queen of the Will O' Wisps.

Chorus of Will O' Wisps.

ACT I.

The Most Beautiful Forest.

(Morning.)

SCENE I. By the Brownest Squirrel's House.

SCENE II. The Fairy Dell.

ACT II.

The Most Beautiful Forest.

(Evening.)

ACT III.

The Littlest Girl's House.

(Same Evening.)

ACT I—SCENE 1.

The first scene is at the edge of the Most Beautiful Forest in the early summer morning. Dew is glistening on the flowers and grass; all is still except for the talk of the squirrels and the purring of the brook. The Littlest Girl, about eight years old, very naughty, with lovely curls and big blue eyes, is seated on a bank of moss under a large tree, looking eagerly about her. The Brownest Squirrel, a small brown person, sits opposite her on a tree trunk, eying her doubtfully.

The Littlest Girl (wriggling her toes in the cool moss)—Oh! Brownest Squirrel, you just can't 'magine how nice it is to be here in this Most Beautiful Forest. If I were home now, I'd be brushing my teeth and washing my face. Ugh! I just hate being good and "such a nice child."

(The Brownest Squirrel at this scampers up the tree to his own little home.)

The Littlest Girl (with a sigh)—Dear me! he's gone just when I was going to have such lots of fun talking to him. (Rests her chin in her hands and looks thoughtfully about her.)

The Brownest Squirrel (talking at the top of the tree to Mrs. Brownest Squirrel)—Such a child I never saw, she has run away from her nice home. Fancy our youngest Brownest Squirrel doing that!

Mrs. Brownest Squirrel (indignantly)—As if a child of ours would!

The Brownest Squirrel (excitedly)—Look, Mrs. Squirrel, she's walking away into the deep forest.

(Both Brownest Squirrels exchange startled glances but soon busy themselves with their work.)

SCENE 2.

The second scene is the Fairy Dell in the middle of the Most Beautiful Forest. Wonderful flowers of all colors, palest pink and deepest violet, fairest blue and dullest rose, are blooming everywhere. By the side of the sparkling little brook are velvety

banks of moss, and in the low, green-leaved trees bright-hued birds are sitting, pluming their feathers and twittering to one another. Far off a chorus of Fairies, with voices like the tinkling of silver bells, is singing. The Prettiest Fairy, a tiny creature in a dress of green leaves with a spider's web for lace, is sitting on a bank of moss, making a wreath of blue bells.

The Prettiest Fairy (suddenly looking up)—Oh! here comes a little girl!! (Hides quickly behind a huge toad stool and peers eagerly out.)

(Enter Littlest Girl, skipping gaily about and murmuring sing-songily)—I'm so happy—happy—won't Mother be sorry! What a darling place! No more going to school. I'm so happy.

(The Ugliest Fairy hops from behind a tree trunk and puts a stick in the Littlest Girl's path when her back is turned.)

The Ugliest Fairy (gleefully)—Aha! that will teach her a lesson, the naughty child!

(The Littlest Girl stumbles over the stick and falls on the stone.)

The Littlest Girl—Oh—oh—my knee! Why did I ever come here? I'm so sorry. No—no—I'm not, I'm glad. Mother will be so sorry—sorry.

(Picks herself up and goes on, rubbing her knee.)

The Prettiest Fairy (indignantly)—How could you, Ugliest Fairy! The poor child! I will teach her a lesson, but in a kinder way, and one she will never forget. (Runs after the Littlest Girl.)

The Littlest Girl (stopping before the little brook)—What a cunning brook, and I'm so hot too. I'm going to go in wading right away. (Takes off shoes and stockings and dabbles in the cool water.)

(Prettiest Fairy makes herself visible and stands by a huge sunflower near the brook.) (Merrily)—Hello! Littlest Girl.

The Littlest Girl (excitedly)—Oh—oh—my! Aren't you the darlinest little make-believe person I ever saw, and you're real too! I'm so very glad I was naughty. (Splashes joyfully.)

The Prettiest Fairy—What did you do? (Hopping on top of sunflower and swinging back and forth.)

The Littlest Girl (shaking her curls) — Well, Prettiest Fairy, you see I just hate school and my Mother most generally makes me go; so last night in bed I just planned to run away and not be a nice, neat child, as my Aunt Jane says, any more at all. I'm going to find the Happiest Place in all the big world. Don't you see, Prettiest Fairy? (Looks up at the Prettiest Fairy.)

The Prettiest Fairy (severely) — I wonder if you know where the Happiest Place is, Littlest Girl? Won't your Mother be frightened when she misses you?

The Littlest Girl (doubtfully) — Y—yes, I guess so, but you see then she'll be sorry she made me go to school and—and

The Prettiest Fairy (gaily) — Then let me show you the Happiest Place in all this world. Follow me, Littlest Girl. (The Prettiest Fairy flits away followed by the Littlest Girl.)

ACT II.

In the middle of the Most Beautiful Forest at night. All is black and gloomy, the wind is blowing the branches of the trees, making a mournful sound; faint growls of wild animals are heard in the distance. The Littlest Girl has been following the Prettiest Fairy all day through the forest, and worn out, is lying on a bed of pine needles. The Prettiest Fairy has been sitting under a tree not far from her.

(Prettiest Fairy, unseen by the Littlest Girl, flits away.)

The Littlest Girl (crossly) — Prettiest Fairy, I'm so tired and you've made me walk so far and—and I'm scared here.

(No sound is heard.)

The Littlest Girl (sitting up and gazing into the blackness) — Oh! Prettiest Fairy, where are you, where are you?

(The echo comes back.)

The Littlest Girl (standing, shiveringly) — Mother—M—Mother, I'm so—so scared,—I—I want to go home.

(A low growl is heard near by.)

The Littlest Girl (crying) — Oh! I want to see my Mother—and g—g—go home and to school and b—be good.

(Enter the Blackest Bear.)

The Blackest Bear (Growlingly)—Want to go home, do you, naughty child? I think we'll keep you here for awhile.

The Littlest Girl (with a sob)—Oh! Mr. Blackest Bear, please—p—p—please take me home.

The Blackest Bear—You want to go back home and to school and to be a nice, good little girl?

The Littlest Girl (eagerly)—Yes—yes, Mr. Blackest Bear, if you would be so kind.

(Blackest Bear growls three times.)

(Enter Queen of the Will O' Wisps followed by chorus singing, "Hail our most lovely queen," etc.)

The Blackest Bear—Queen of the Will O' Wisps, I pray you take this Littlest, very naughty Girl to the Happiest Place in the world by the order of the Prettiest Fairy.

(Queen bows and blows thrice on a silver whistle hanging on a chain about her neck.)

(A small white chariot appears drawn by eighty white rabbits.)

The Queen—This will take the Littlest Girl to the Happiest Place in the world in half an hour.

(Littlest Girl steps into chariot which immediately starts off.)

The Littlest Girl (looking back and waving her hand)—Good-bye, Blackest Bear and Sweet Queen of the Will O' Wisps, good-bye.

ACT III.

The library of the Littlest Girl's house, late in the evening. Before the open fire, the Littlest Girl's Mother sits looking sadly into the flames. The lights are dim and the fire makes fantastic shadows on the wall.

The Littlest Girl's Mother (sadly)—How could she be so naughty? What can have happened to her? My little girl!

(The Littlest Girl suddenly enters and runs to Mother.)

The Littlest Girl (excitedly)—Oh! Mother dear, here I am, I've come back to stay home always and to go to school and brush my teeth and—Mother, I've had a terribly—t—terribly scary time—I—I—

The Littlest Girl's Mother (soothingly)—Tell Mother all about it tomorrow, dear, and now I'll rock you to sleep.

(Sings a lullaby.)

The Littlest Girl, in Mother's arms (sleepily)—M—Mother, I know now where the Happiest Place in the world is.

The Littlest Girl's Mother—Where, dear?

The Littlest Girl—Just here.

(The End.)

ISABEL NORTON.

ARE HEIRLOOMS WORTH WHILE?

Wittlecomb is our family name, and there are seven of us who bravely bear it. Ours is an old, aristocratic family, so I am told by father and mother; being rather democratic myself, however, I pay little attention to the ancestral traditions or family heirlooms, but on a certain rainy day, my attention was particularly called to the latter.

It has always seemed to me that we had more than enough rare antiques—wobbly tables, musty books, and uncomfortable, straight-back chairs—without cherishing an umbrella, but as this one was an heirloom, it has been necessary to preserve it carefully with the other relics. You might doubt that an average umbrella would wear well enough to deserve such a title, but the one in question undoubtedly had the age and appearance of something truly ancient.

When I first caught sight of my sister descending the stairs, which led from the attic, proudly bearing in her arms grandfather's enormous, crook-handled, cotton umbrella, which had been in hiding many years (and no wonder, for it was, indeed, too bulky for any modern young gentleman to manage), I laughed appreciatively with the other members of the family. But when Bob, who, I hate to confess, is my worthless brother, turned to me and said, "There now, Miss, you can go and take that,"

pointing toward the umbrella, "and not a drop of water can possibly reach you," it did not appear half so funny, and my laugh suddenly sounded hollow.

"You can't expect me to carry that thing!" I cried unbelievably.

"I fail to see why not," replied Bob, with dignity; "If it was good enough for grandfather, why not for you?—and besides, now that our guests of last night have so kindly purloined the greater part of our ever-ready stock, and the kids took mother's Old Trusty, and you insist on meeting somebody, it's up to you to sport the family heirloom."

"Why, I'd be arrested for blocking the traffic!" I said, trying to be funny, and inwardly praying that a miracle would take place and stop the downpour of rain.

"I know 'he' would appreciate this precious antique," said my young sister Ann, who is also endowed with a large portion of the family wit, "and it will serve as a proof—that is, it'll show 'him' the age and durability of your honorable family."

Hesitating no longer, I snatched the only available umbrella from my sister, flew down the stairs, and out of the front door, while my entire family laughed uproariously.

It took all my will finally to open the horrid thing, and, with a do-or-die air, I started on my way.

Fortunately, I met but one unfeeling person on the road to the car, a little boy, who giggled and muttered as he passed, "Gee, see the awning!" Just one more such remark, and I would have given up all and fled to the quiet solitude of my apartment, but just about then a wonderful thing happened. The Kids, a portion of my family before referred to, got off the up-town car and started to raise mother's precious umbrella. With a few decidedly unladylike bounds, I splashed straight toward them, little regarding the intervening puddles, and unceremoniously snatched the umbrella from their uncertain grasp, handing them the heirloom in return, with the words, "To you from me with love," and, leaving them somewhat astonished, ran to catch my car.

Resolved: That heirlooms may be precious and greatly admired by some people, but, personally, I believe that a lot depends upon the kind of heirloom.

POLLY PIPER.

A VALENTINE TRAGEDY.

"Oh, Mother, look what the postman left for me!" and thrusting a little red paper heart under her Mother's nose, impulsive Jane squealed with delight. "Isn't it lovely? Lucy's having a regular Valentine party—a real, real party, with pink candles, only they'll prob'ly have to be red this time, and ice cream, and cake, and, oh! won't it be fun! I can go, can't I, Mother?"

"Yes, dear, but do run along or you will be late for school," replied the patient mother.

What fun it was in school that day! Twelve little girls produced simultaneously twelve little red hearts, and twelve little boys had received the same, but the latter were not so excited over the coming event. What fun was there in playing drop-the-handkerchief, and post-office, and such childish games as those? But they were sure to be there, if only for what came at the end of the party.

Jane was very busy the next week, cutting out big hearts and little hearts, and pasting colored papers covered with lace trimmings to make pretty valentines. When she had them all finished, she ran to her mother and displayed these fascinating bits of color.

"See, Mother," she cried, "this is for Lucy! The prettiest of them all, and didn't I write my name nicely on the back?"

Finally the morning of "The Fourteenth" arrived, and with a beaming face and happy heart, little Jane skipped out of the front gate, her pigtails flying in the air, and books swinging vigorously by the strap, all ready for a merry day at school.

"Oh, there's Lucy!" she exclaimed. "Lucy, wait, oh, Lu—cy!" but Lucy continued stolidly on her way. Just then she reached the corner, and Jane saw Bobby Billings come into sight, and raising his cap, offer to take Lucy's books. She said something to him, and after looking around at our panting Jane, who had almost reached them, they walked a little faster, evidently wishing to avoid her.

"What's the matter?" pondered Jane. "Lucy knows she always walks to school with me, and Bobby always did like me best; even his valentine said so jus' this mornin'."

Jane, forsaken, lagged farther and farther behind her two friends. Not wishing to meet them at the school door, she stopped at a little Italian shop and bought an apple. Then, assuming a cheerful face, she hurried on. "Maybe they didn't see me after all," she thought.

Entering the schoolroom, Jane received only a cold stare from Lucy, and curious glances from several of the children.

Not knowing the cause of this sudden coldness, all day Jane was a most forlorn little creature. At recess the girls walked about in groups, discussing furiously some recent excitement, but the talking was hushed whenever Jane approached, and she felt for the first time the bitterness of being an outcast.

It was a dejected, sorrowful little girl who ate her lunch alone in the big dining room; even the faces on the china seemed to turn up their noses at her. She went upstairs for one last look at her new party dress with its red paper hearts around the neck and sleeves and its wide red sash. She turned from it with a sigh. What good was it to her now? She couldn't go to the party. If she did, they would only glare at her and turn away—and what for? If she only knew what the trouble was.

Softly closing the big front door, she wandered down the desolate street; right past the party house she went with a wistful expression on her set face, but never a glance did she deign to cast at the brightly lighted windows.

Turning the corner, she was suddenly confronted by the breezy Mr. Applebee, their detested teacher.

"Why, Jane!" he wheezed from under his choppy mustache, "I thought—— Oh, dearie me, I forgot to thank you for the sweet, delightful valentine I received this morning. It was so thoughtful and kind of you, honey, to send an old man like me,—don't you know. Well, good-bye," and with this he trotted off, leaving a blushing and astonished child on the corner.

"What could he mean?" she thought. "Why, I sent him that picture of the horrible old maid with her cat an' parrot, 'cause he's always going to see the old maid Lucas and—— Oh! now I

know, now I know what's the matter," wailed Jane. Seized with a sudden inspiration she flew to the schoolhouse, to Lucy's desk, and inside under a pile of books, she discovered the awful picture.

"Oh, oh, what have I done! Oh, Lucy, no wonder you despise me. Oh!———" and bursting into tears she buried her face in her arms and sobbed as if her little heart would break.

Gradually the schoolroom grew darker, and steps were no longer heard downstairs. All was quiet except for an occasional snuffle from the corner of the room. There crouched in a miserable heap was the poor little offender. Of course she must explain the terrible mistake; that was easy enough. But to do it before all those people,—how they would stare at her!—and perhaps Lucy might be sitting by Bobbie Billings.

Something scratched in the closet, and with a shudder Jane jumped up and hurried downstairs and through the side door. The cold wind whistled down the street, and with a mighty resolution, she almost ran up Elm Street, turned in at the gate that she had so forlornly passed before, and gave the bell a smart pull.

How quiet it all seemed!—it hardly sounded as if there were any party at all. At the maid's request she stepped inside the large hall, which was prettily decorated with red candles, and paper arrows and cupids on the curtains and upholstery. But where were the children?

Glancing at the clock, she suddenly realized how late it was and that they must all have gone home.

All at once there was a little rustle behind her, and turning, she found herself face to face with Lucy. For a whole minute neither spoke, until with a sudden rush of tears, Jane threw her arms around her dearest friend, and with one overwhelming gulp, told the unfortunate story of the missent valentines.

It did not take long for the two little girls to make up again, and Jane was soon sitting by the fire, eating the remains of the pink ice cream, with a pretty valentine favor on her knee, and clutching in her hand a big, red-frosted cake cut in the shape of a heart.

Soon a solemn proceeding took place. The little girls mumbled a vow, never again to indulge in comic valentines, confirming their pledge by the gruesome words recited in chorus:

Honest and true,
Black and blue,
Lay me down
And cut me in two.

Then they thrust the valentine into the fire, which seemed to crackle with glee as it devoured the ugly mischief-maker.

HAZEL A. COFFIN.

A SONG OF SPRING.

The soft spring twilight settled over the little attic room, leaving only a pale glow from the embers in the small brick fireplace to light the figures of a girl and boy, sitting before it. Through the open window came the damp air with its fragrance of fresh green grass in the parks, of the violets and jonquils on the stalls of the street-venders, all mingled with the fog and a delicious smell of spring itself. As the fire glowed it lighted up the face of the girl—pale, delicate features made even paler by the long artist's apron of buff that she wore, and as the flames flickered brightly they showed the gold of the heavy hair wound about her well-shaped head, and deepened the brown of her wistful eyes. About her there hung a certain charm, hard to describe, as she sat with her chin in her hands, gazing intently into the fire. Sitting near her, in a low chair like her own, was the boy, with black hair and eyes, a dark skin, slender, restless hands with tapering fingers, which one instinctively knew could play the shabby violin on the floor beside him. The tiny room was still, both were lost in thought, when suddenly the girl asked in her low, musical voice, "Beppo, won't you play for me?"

Obediently the boy took the old violin in his hands and lovingly bent his chin over it. A song of spring he played, not

spring as it came in tantalizing whiffs to the poor attic room, but as it was in the country, in the green fields blooming with cowslips and violets, as it was in the cool woods where the wake-robins were lifting their red and white heads, and of spring in the care-free heart of a child. The song ended, his bow dropped, and Beppo looked eagerly at the girl to see if she had felt the beauty of it all as he had. She had not moved since the violin began and still sat silently gazing ahead.

"Sybil, did you like it, the song of spring?" he asked.

"Oh! Beppo, yes," answered the girl, looking eagerly up at him, "I hated to have it end and bring me back to all these work-a-day things we've been talking about. I tell you, Beppo, you are sure to succeed even with that old, old violin of yours—I could feel every note of your song of spring." Sybil's brown eyes were shining and her usually pale cheeks flushed.

Beppo leaned forward, "And you, Sybil, with your voice which is like those of the beautiful women we heard that night at the opera, are sure of success if you but had a chance."

"Yes, yes, Beppo, perhaps, but I haven't; I've tried and tried, you know that. Everyone who has ever been interested in my singing has always forgotten me after a short time, and nothing has been done. But you're a man, Beppo, you can go out into the world and do things." Sybil ended with a little sigh, her brown eyes sad with unshed tears. Ever since her father, a poor artist, had died three years before, she had been alone in London, doing her best to live on the meager income he had left her. Her only friend was Beppo, the son of an Italian music teacher who had rooms across the hall. As she was speaking, Beppo had sat motionless with clenched hands and a severe tightening of his frank mouth, which told Sybil better than words that he was angry.

"It's a shame, Sybil, if we could but go to America and be given a chance, for there are so many beginners of music here and all so poor—poor. Remember, Sybil, the stories your father used to tell us of how he would take us both when we were old enough?"

Sybil nodded eagerly, "Yes, Beppo, such a dear, funny father he was—we never saved any money, no matter how hard

we tried." A small bronze clock, a relic of better days, sounded the hour of five, and Beppo took his violin in hand, preparing to go, for he cooked the frugal meals he and his father had.

"But—Beppo, do not go this minute, wait just a little while, for I have thought of some words for your song of spring and we must try them—now," begged Sybil.

Mrs. Russell Wellman Moore stopped pantingly on the fourth landing, her full face flushed with the exertion of the climb.

"How could Mary ever send me to such a place, but she said only here in all London could I find an original etching of Robson's—and I must have it to complete my collection," she thought impatiently. Out of the stuffiness and stillness came suddenly the low sob of a violin and the clear, high voice of a girl. Mrs. Moore stood breathless, listening to the song, now plaintive and sad, now carefree and gay, while through it all ran spring, the feeling and smell of spring when one is a child. The violin and the beautiful voice stopped, and Mrs. Moore impulsively started up the stairs in the direction of the music.

"Beppo, someone rapped, I'm sure; it's probably Patsy with the milk." Sybil opened the door, and to her surprise, instead of the ragged urchin she had expected, a beautifully dressed woman stood before her.

"Were you two young people singing and playing just now?" asked Mrs. Moore impulsively.

"Yes, Madam," answered Beppo in his deep voice, before the blushing Sybil could speak.

"It was marvelous—glorious."

"Won't you sit down, Madam?" asked Sybil drawing a chair forward.

"What wonderful grace and poise to find in a London attic," thought Mrs. Moore as she seated herself, intensely interested and quite forgetting for the moment her search for the valuable etchings. Then in answer to their inquiring looks she hastened to explain.

"I'm looking for a Monsieur Rabino, a collector of etchings—"

"Oh! yes, Madam, Monsieur Rabino has rooms on the next floor," answered Beppo quickly.

"Thank you, and now before I go, as a very great favor, may I ask you both to sing and play the song I heard on the stairs?" asked Mrs. Moore.

"Yes, Madam," answered Sybil and Beppo graciously.

Mrs. Moore listened intently,—a vision of a crowded room came before her, of beautifully gowned people, of a sudden hush—then the clear sweet notes of a young girl's soprano and the throbs of a violin blended in a wonderful song of spring. Then would come a pause followed by a wild clapping of hands and the enthusiastic murmur of the people as they left, talking of the most successful musicale of the season.

So it happened that several months later, in a sunny morning-room, a light and dark head bent over a New York paper, with shining eyes and clasped hands, to read the following announcement, scarcely daring to realize that their dreams of the little attic room were true:

"Mrs. Russell Wellman Moore gave a musicale at her home on Fifth Avenue last evening. The assemblage was one of the most brilliant of the season, many well known society people being present. Two young musicians of exceptional talent were Miss Sybil Guenther, a promising young soprano, and Mr. Guiseppe Bastino, whose exquisite playing of the violin won much applause."

Sybil and Beppo had played their song brought from the poor attic room, with such sweetness and tenderness, that it drew tears to the eyes of the listeners and carried them back to their childhood, it made them see the English spring in all its beauty and freshness, the violets blooming in the cool woods, the stirring of all green things, the swift passing of a red-breasted bird; and most of all they felt the joy, the carefree joy of youth and the pain of that which is past. No sound was heard as the bow dropped and the beautiful voice was still—"A Song of Spring" was ended.

ISABEL NORTON.

MY EXPERIENCE AT LEICESTER HOUSE SCHOOL.

When we came back to London from Paris, in October, mother thought I had better go to school there and keep up with my classes at home. Mrs. Page, at whose house we were staying, had a daughter, Gladys, commonly known as Babs, who went to Leicester House School. There, through Mrs. Page, mother was able to enter me.

The first morning, when Babs took me to the school, we opened the front door and went into a long, narrow, rather dim hall; all you could see clearly was a strip of bright red carpet stretching from the front door to a door at the end of the hall. Over this gay carpet we walked to the other door, where the hall widened and was lighted by a dingy little window of ground glass. Opening a door opposite the window, Babs led the way down a dark, cement staircase to the cloakroom, where we put on slippers, without which no girl was allowed to go upstairs.

At the doorway of the cloakroom we met a girl whom Babs introduced to me as Rosamond Brown; then Babs went off with some friends. When Rosamond found I was an American, she looked at me curiously, probably wondering if I were intimate with any Indians, and tried to turn up her flat nose. Her nose, however, refused to turn up.

"Let's go upstairs," she suggested, and led the way.

Once there, with a bored air, she introduced me to a Miss Titt-Pratt, a flaxen-haired teacher enveloped in a bright blue apron with white dots. Miss Titt-Pratt introduced me to my form teacher, Miss Nightingale, who was tall, thin, and colorless. She had blue eyes and a lot of reddish hair, and she chewed her finger nails.

It was now time to begin school, and the teachers lined us up in rows: in the first row the kindergarten children, in the second row the first form girls, and so on. Then they called the roll, and it was all I could do to keep from laughing at the funny names. There were two Benkin sisters, one called Repsmaker and the other Shoeshaker. The girl who stood next to me was Muriel Lemon.

When your name was called, you had to answer, "Yes, please,"—of all crazy things! When they reached me, I had heard enough Muriels and Gladyses and Sybils to fill a book.

The teachers had been very much averse to taking me in, on account of my being an American, and when I answered, "Yes, please" (Babs had told me to on the way to school), I wish you could have seen their faces! One of the teachers, a rather stout woman, with her hair parted in the middle, and drawn tightly to the back of her head, where it looked like a door mat, gazed at me in surprise over her square, steel-rimmed spectacles.

After the roll call, we all sang a hymn, and then went to our class-rooms. Mine was at the head of the stairs on the top floor. Miss Nightingale gave me a seat in the front row by the door. Being in the front row abused my dignity, but later in the day I was transferred to the seat in the back row near the window. My view from the window was not very thrilling. I looked out on dull grey walls and brick chimneys. If I looked down into the yard, I saw the top of a forlorn maple tree trying to grow in the hard, packed ground. When I looked skyward, I generally saw nothing but smoke and cold, grey sky.

The next teacher I met was a Miss Mannville, assistant superintendent, and the buxom younger sister of the principal. Her sister, *the* Miss Mannville, was a thin, faded-looking person with almost snow-white hair. She generally wore a purple dress with grey figures on it. For some unknown reason, I used to stand in mortal terror of her. The assistant superintendent taught us history—about the "Hanoverian Period."

Miss Ely, the mathematics teacher, followed Miss Mannville. Those two sisters must have picked out all the queerly named teachers they could find. Miss Ely was immediately disgusted with me for not knowing about £ s. d. She was of medium height, and bony, with shiny black hair drawn tightly back from her forehead. Her forehead and her face always seemed to shine brilliantly.

After Miss Ely left, Miss Brown, teacher of geometry, rustled in. I say rustled, because Miss Brown did nothing but rustle all the time I was there. She always wore a stiff, rusty, black

taffeta dress, trimmed with little purple velvet bows. Miss Brown taught us the names of all the different angles, by means of sewing-cards and colored threads to sew with.

The door opened, Miss Nightingale entered and Miss Brown rustled out. For nearly half an hour we studied our different lessons, then Miss Nightingale discovered that an inkwell had tipped over on her desk. Great excitement! Rosemary Alliston, the girl who sat beside me, gave me a sly wink on her way up to the desk with her arms full of blotting paper. When we tried to take up the ink, we found it was only a make-believe blot, and Rosemary, after a short and sweet lecture on propriety, reclaimed her possession.

The door opened quietly, Mam'selle appeared, and Miss Nightingale sailed out. Mam'selle gave me a list of words to translate, which, thanks to the tutoring I had had in French before we sailed, I had almost all right.

Somewhere in the middle of the house a bell rang.

"Au revoir, mes enfants!"—Mam'selle was gone.

Recess! Down into the basement we trooped, our hands clasped behind us to keep our shoulders straight, where we fared on hot or cold milk or cocoa and crackers. For this refreshment we paid sixpence a week. After fifteen minutes of talking and giggling, we filed upstairs again.

Under Miss Titt-Pratt's guidance we spent an hour in basket-making, but all too soon Miss Nightingale put an end to this pleasant occupation. Taking command of the room, she gave us some bulbs and told us about the flowers that grew from them. Then she bade us draw the bulbs and write the names under them.

Again in that mysterious somewhere a bell rang. Five minutes later we marched downstairs.

"How did you like school?" asked Babs, as the front door banged behind us.

"Oh! all right," was my answer, "only don't some of the girls have queer names?"

ELLEN BURKE.

THE INDIAN OF BRULIE RIVER.

Way up in the mountains of northern Wisconsin runs a stretch of the Brulie River, which is nothing more than a narrow stream, full of whirlpools and rapids. For many miles on one side of the river, stretches a steep cliff of jagged rocks, mounting up and up in the air. On the other side are dense woods, uncut and wild. The narrow part of the stream winds in and out, making perfect S's for miles through the mountain district.

One afternoon we had wandered over from our camp, five miles away, and had had our supper on the wooded bank, where the stream narrowed. Then we all lolled around the smouldering fire, watching the darkness steal down upon the cliff that rose so sharply across the narrow stream, and the stars, one by one, come out and twinkle slyly. The only restless figure in the quiet group was Guddar, our old camp guide, who moved uneasily about, now throwing a dry twig on the fire, now listening intently to the ghost stories which we had begun to tell.

"Guddar," I called, "do come and tell us a really exciting story of the Indians that used to live around here."

"I dun no' wan' ter spile ye fun round these har wood. I cud tell ye a story ter make ye blood run cold. It be a true story of an Injun 'at still lives in these har reg'ons."

"Do come, Guddar," came a chorus of voices. "We should love to hear it."

This is what he told.

Long ago, when I was but a tiny scrap of a lad, our village was stirred with the news that there was a tribe of Indians in the northern mountains. Then they came down right into our town, but the people were soon quieted when they found the "copper colors" were peaceable.

There was a young brave, who, one night, got into a quarrel with another Indian of his tribe. In the blindness of his fury he killed the other and then escaped to his hut. On arriving home, he found that his wife and papoose had died, and thinking it was a punishment for what he had done, he fled in horror to

the mountains. Now he is an old, old man, and every night he paddles down this stream in hopes that he will find the spirit of the man he murdered, for he longs to ask his forgiveness. He seems always to hear his wife and papoose calling to him from the distance, but their calls are only in his imagination, because he is half-crazed by what he has done.

Guddar had finished, and no one spoke. The moon had come up in all its glory. The leaves rustled and an owl afar off hooted mournfully. Instinctively we drew closer to one another. My heart gave a bound and I clutched the girl next to me, as very faintly, but coming steadily on, we heard the dip of a paddle in the water, and then saw a shadowy form, old and bent, seated in a canoe that was rounding the bend of the river. On and on it came, nearer and nearer, till it was just opposite us. Then the canoe stopped and the man stood up! From where we sat spell-bound, we saw the dim, wavering reflections of the man in the canoe, with the sheer wall of the cliff behind him.

Not a sound—and then—a deep, guttural cry issued from the man in the boat: “The spirit of the moon’s forgiveness—I die!” Three times he bowed very low to our camp fire, now only a thick bed of glowing embers, then the canoe glided away as mysteriously as it had come.

In wonder, and sympathy for the poor old Indian, we gathered up our things and went silently home. CONSTANCE MILLER.

WHY HULDA LAUGHED.

From among her large pile of correspondence, Mrs. Gray selected an imposing-looking envelope, which she opened with great care.

“Well, at last I’m invited to the Royal Receptions,” she exclaimed, as a rather contented expression crept over her usually petulant, doll-like face. “Of course, I shall go directly to Mlle. Gilet and leave my entire costume to her—except my slippers. They shall come from Frank Bros., as usual.”

In a short time, Mrs. Gray stepped daintily into her chugging limousine and was whirled away to her modiste's. After a very brief consultation with this inspiring young person, who promised that her gown should be the most striking creation at the Reception, she hurried over to Frank's. Here were finally ordered extremely handsome slippers, just to match her gown, and then Mrs. Gray was entirely happy.

The eventful night finally arrived, and fearing lest she should not be ready in time, Mrs. Gray began very early the elaborate preparations of her toilette. At length the last hook of her gorgeous gown was fastened, and our lady was now ready for her slippers.

"Madame, I cannot find them!" cried Marie in dismay from the depths of the closet.

"They must be there, and kindly hurry," replied Mrs. Gray with decision.

But no amount of searching revealed the beautiful slippers, and Mrs. Gray declared that her costly creation simply should not be displayed without the proper slippers. Madame was in a rage, as might well be expected, and finally dissolved in tears. She was at last partly composed, and had to resort to wearing a gown that had been seen on one previous occasion. Oh! the mortification of such an expedient! To be seen at such a Reception without a new gown was simply intolerable.

But she went, with the firm resolution that she would not mingle in the throng, and all alone would spend most of her evening in the gardens. Even with such intentions she had a most miserable entertainment and hardly dared, in her humiliation, to budge from the gardens.

Next morning bright and early she hurried down to Frank's. No longer could her face be termed doll-like and petulant; quite the contrary, it was set and determined, and her big blue eyes fairly blazed! After storming several moments at her meek opponent she stopped to regain her breath.

"Madam, I am very positive that the slippers were delivered yesterday, for I attended to sending them myself but——"

Mrs. Gray, giving the poor man no time to finish, rushed from the store. Perhaps that new maid had done something with

them! Well, the person to see now was certainly Hulda, the little new Swedish maid. Her machine could not go fast enough now, and it had hardly stopped when Mrs. Gray was rushing up the huge steps. Hulda came in answer to her angry summons and stood gravely before her mistress.

"What did you do with my slippers that came from Frank Bros.?" demanded Mrs. Gray.

"Sleepers? Frank Brurthers? I no understand, madame," cried Hulda in dismay.

"Did no package come for me yesterday?" was Mrs. Gray's next question.

Suddenly a smile crept over the little maid's florid face and she broke into a hearty laugh.

"What is the matter, you stupid girl?" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, her temper thoroughly aroused by this laughter.

"Oh, sleepers—Frank Bros.—I thought ze man said 'Frank-furters' so I put zem in ze refrigerator!" cried Hulda between her peals of laughter.

MARION HUFFMAN.

THE LAND OF IDEAS.

The room was dark, except where the moon made a silver path across the floor and over the foot of the twins' bed. Billy woke first, with a feeling that something was about to happen. Just then the stillness was broken by the mellow boom of the grandfather's clock in the hall, striking twelve. Cautiously putting his little bare feet out of bed, Billy moved them along the rough carpet until his toes snuggled into his woolly slippers. Then putting on his bathrobe, he tip-toed over to Betty's crib, shook her gently, and soon they were sneaking down the broad hall stairs. It was too dark to see the way, but with Billy keeping one hand on the smooth banister and holding on to Betty with the other, they managed, with no mishap, to reach the front door. But here the trouble came. The key was very large, Billy was

very small, and when at last he managed to turn it, both twins were sure everyone in the house would hear the grating it made and the click of the lock.

At last they were out on the great lawn and had started for the woods on the other side of the road. The air was crisp and clear, the grass was covered with a sparkling frost, while the moon, shining in a sky banked with fleecy clouds, made each tree stand out in black relief. High above in the tree tops the wind moaned, and when an owl hooted, even Billy's staunch little heart beat a trifle faster. On and on they walked until they came to a hollow tree in front of which a little man was standing.

"Billy, see the queer little man," cried Betty, clutching her twin's arm. "I'm so scared, please let's go home."

But Billy, after a moment's hesitation, squared his shoulders and whispered, "Aw, don't be a scare-cat, Betty, I'll take care of you." Then advancing slowly towards the tree, he said boldly, "Please, Mister, who are you, and do you live in that tree?"

Without a word the gnome jumped nimbly into the tree, beckoning the children to follow. Then came a long slide in darkness. Down, down they went until they landed with a thud in a dimly lighted room. As their eyes grew accustomed to the half-light, they caught sight of many queer little men working at large tables. Drawing nearer, Billy and Betty saw that some of the brown-clad gnomes were spinning long silken threads, each of a different color, while others pushed the spun silk down the hall in little carts.

"Billy, please ask the Tree Man why the little men are pushing thread in those carts," whispered Betty.

Billy, scorning to show any curiosity, said in an unconcerned voice to their guide, "Mr. Tree Man, my sister wants to know why the gnomes are pushing those wagons."

Then for the first time the little man spoke, and it was in a queer squeaky voice that he said, "Children, this is the Land of Ideas, where all the thoughts in the world come from. In the first room you visited the ideas are spun, cut, separated, then taken in carts to the rooms where they belong and packed, ready to send to earth. Come, I will show you the packing rooms."

The children followed their guide down the hall until they came to a room labeled "College Professors' Ideas." This room seemed to be full of gnomes, some cutting the thread, others packing it in bundles. The ideas in this room were long, knotted threads which had no significance for Betty until Billy whispered that he s'posed this was what brother Jack meant when he talked about the knotty problems his teacher was always giving him. Across the hall was a room marked, "Children's Ideas," and it was into this that the twins and their guide next went. Here the threads were much shorter although gaily colored and very pleasant to look at. In the next room were the funny ideas.

"Do you see the needle attached to each thread? What do you s'pose that's for?" asked Billy, nudging Betty.

"I know," answered Betty, feeling very wise; "haven't you ever heard mother speak of getting a stitch in her side whenever she laughs?"

At the end of the hall was the "Bed time Idea" room, and here everything was quite dark. As soon as they entered the door, the children's eyelids began to grow heavy, objects became dimmer, and soon both sank down, fast asleep.

Mother and father, coming home from the theatre, stopped in the nursery to take a last peep at Billy and Betty, and finding them fast asleep, tip-toed out again; little suspecting the twins' long journey with the Tree Man to the Land of Ideas.

ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

SKETCH DEPARTMENT.

THE EASY TRAIL.

Over rocks and boulders and washouts we jolted along in the buckboard until we came to a place where the trail forked. The main trail led round the hill, and, ahead, looked even rougher and steeper than the part we had just ridden over. Everywhere rocks and stumps were strewn. The other trail was dim, but it crossed a beautiful green meadow unmarred by a single rock or stump. The faint traces across the flat looked as an abandoned, grass-grown road to a deserted house looks, much more inviting than the steep, rocky trail. We thought there must be something wrong because it appeared so perfect. There was not a sign of a log or anything else to hinder our going over it, but reason told us to take the harder road.

Our team labored up the trail and the saddle horses followed. After a stiff pull we let the horses stop for breath; as we did so, we heard a horse whinny, and looked back over the hill. There in the midst of the green meadow-trail was my thoroughbred mare, floundering and struggling in the quicksand. Just Tinker's head was above the slimy sand and grass, and she neighed frantically for help. Down the hill we rushed to try to save her. The cowboys took poles and their lariats. I held my breath, as Bud threw his rope, for fear he might miss, because she was sinking inch by inch into the horrible quicksand and every minute counted, but his nerve was steady and he lassoed her. Next they fastened long poles together and put them out as far as they could. Then Bud walked over the poles and pushed more out until he finally reached Tinker. He put a halter and rope on her, then went back for more poles. With these he built a network around her before he walked back to solid ground. Gradually by her struggles and the cowboys' pulling she got a foothold on the poles. Up and up she came out of the terrible death trap. At each lunge she raised herself on the poles a little farther; the more headway she

gained, the higher her courage rose. With one last plunge she was freed from the quicksand. Quivering in every muscle, Tinker followed the poles over the sand to safe ground and the rocky trail that she had scorned.

DOROTHY McMURRAY BURNS.

SUNDAY IN DALARNE.

One's first impression of Dalarne is gathered at Mora Strand. Here the red houses cluster about the grand old church like chickens near the protecting mother-hen. Farther on, the town of Leksand, too, can boast of its church, a colossal structure of Russian style, capable of seating five thousand people. It had been predicted that upon the completion of the church the Noret would be destroyed by fire and the church itself swallowed up by the lake. The people anxiously awaited the completion of this building, which was to be their pride. Unfortunately the first part of the prophecy came true, but the church still stands.

In order to realize why such a large structure was erected here it must be remembered that the Swedes have for ages been intensely religious, and for a long time the church at Leksand was the only one for miles around. Thither from all directions came the people, many walking ten and twelve miles, coming and going, while those living nearer the lake met at convenient points and went in their great church boats. For many years the arrival of these boats on the strand at Leksand was one of the sights of Dalarne. Although the number of church boats has decreased, the size has not. Frequently they are thirty or forty feet in length and seat from seventy to eighty people.

The best time for strangers to get a glimpse of the people of Dalarne is on a Sunday morning, when the church services bring the worshipers together from far and near. Many come from a distance in two-wheeled gigs or in the great church boats. The children, too, are there, and when they show signs of restlessness, they are given an apple or a bit of garlic, so that by the time the

preacher reaches his "few words in conclusion," there is, throughout the church, a decidedly strong odor of garlic.

After service those who come from a distance visit friends in the village or walk through the shady groves, but at a given hour they reassemble on the beach and start on the homeward journey. As they row up the lake, men and women bending rhythmically over the oars, the bright hues of their costumes flash in the sunlight, and the hills echo to their hymns.

THELMA BORG.

ANTON LANG, THE POTTER.

In a little workshop in Oberammergau sat Anton Lang, the potter. He was a man of middle height, with brown hair that reached nearly to his shoulders, and a brown beard. His face wore an expression of gentleness. His clothes were covered with an old ecru apron, much besmeared with clay and water. Beside him on a bench lay a great irregular lump of clay, all ready for use.

In front of Anton Lang was a long, narrow, revolving stone, the top of which was curved in like a saucer. Into this he put the clay, and then slowly turning the stone by pressing a lever with his foot, he began his work. As the stone went round and round, the clay took the form of a dish, the potter every now and then curving its sides with an instrument in his hand. When it was done, he examined it very carefully to see that there were no disfigurements, then set it up on a shelf to dry.

Next he made a vase on the same stone. It was wonderful to see how deftly he curved up the edges of the clay, until he had the form of a perfect vase. Sometimes a dish would be too small, or out of proportion, but Anton Lang always saw the error, quickly changed the object into clay again, and began once more. After the modelling process, the objects were, as a finishing touch, dipped into a dish of glazing. Sometimes they were painted and then glazed.

Here Anton Lang sat all day at his work, only stopping now and then to wait on a customer in his shop.

MARY P. GOODRICH.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FLORIDA COAST IN WINTER.

A gentle breeze blows across the heated sands. An old red fishing boat, under the lee of which I lie, casts over me a shadow that protects me from the winter sun, and the green sea sounds its everlasting roar on the beach. Far out, the ocean meets the sky in a long blue unbroken line. The clear waves bound on to the beach, break, and rush away. On the edge of some of them, a white curl of foam ripples and dances along. Other waves, instead of curling over, rise up and break on themselves with a roar, the water churning and boiling, the spray flying away with the wind. Through the clear green water of some of them, as they rise to break, fishes are seen swimming.

Beyond the breakers, three black points, floating along together, indicate the presence of a large shark. A timid crane, with long neck and legs, lights near me, and then in fear flies awkwardly away, his stem-like legs straight behind him. Seagulls, shrieking, fly back and forth, now with their wings touching the water, now high in air.

Feeling the heat of the sun, I look up and find it high in the heavens and shining down on me with all its force. As I walk away, the seagulls give a farewell cry, and the sea a deep roar that will stay in my ears until I come again.

HARRIET L. STEVENS.

SCHOOL NEWS.

MISS WHITTIER'S TALK.

December 4th—

Miss Helen Whittier gave us a very interesting talk about the Boston Art Museum, which she made more vivid by showing stereopticon slides to illustrate her subjects. First, she told us of the building itself, as it is now, and as they hope to have it, that is, with the new gallery for paintings and rooms for study. The

façade was the first picture shown, then the ground plans, which helped us a great deal to see just how the departments are arranged. Next, we saw many pictures of the collection of Greek vases, which is better than the Vatican can boast; then the Greek marbles, among which are more originals than are in the Louvre. The Japanese exhibit is unrivaled outside of Japan, and the oriental bronzes and textiles are also very beautiful. Among the Egyptian curios are a very interesting small gold seal and the largest scarab in the world.

In closing, Miss Whittier spoke of the valuable collection of prints owned by the Museum, and of the Turner etchings which it has recently acquired.

MARJORIE WILDER.

CABIRIA.

December 5th—

Nearly every girl in school went to see the motion pictures that told the story of Cabiria. In order to represent the story it was necessary to take photographs in five or six different countries, to obtain deserts, sea, cities, and other backgrounds needed. The pictures represented the adventures of the child, Cabiria, who escaped from her father's home, which had been destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Aetna. She was taken captive by the Carthaginians, who intended her for a burnt offering to their god Moloch. This peril she escaped through the aid of a Roman spy, and after many thrilling experiences, she was enabled, accompanied by the Roman Fulvius Axilla, to return to her father's home.

ANNA KEITH.

A VISIT TO THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM.

December 9th—

Miss Von Beyersdorff took the Art History classes into Boston to visit the Egyptian rooms of the Art Museum. Those of us who had never seen the building before were very much

impressed with its beauty and size. When we first arrived, Miss Whittier gave us a very interesting little talk, in one of the class rooms, on the decades of Egyptian art.

Then we started out, Egyptian paintings and relics from tombs being among the first things that we saw. One of the most delightful of the exhibits was the pottery, which was very graceful in design and beautiful in color. The statues were a study in themselves; several of Mycerinus and his queen of the fourth dynasty were of particular interest. The wonderful carvings of the reliefs taken from the tombs made us realize what an ingenious race the Egyptians must have been. The jewelry was lovely, of exquisite and intricate design, and we examined it with envy. The mummies were among the last things that we saw, and as we came out into the street again after our hour in ancient Egypt, we were thankful that we were alive and able to consume a fudge sundae at Huyler's before we went back to school.

ISABEL NORTON.

THE ANDOVER GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

December 12th—

Oh, the excitement of the preparations for the Andover Glee Club dance! The girls all began to get ready at 2.30, and such hair-curling and primping as went on! The Glee Club was expected to arrive at 5.30. Before that time all the girls from the House and Cottage had assembled in the Hall and were running back and forth through the different rooms, in wild confusion. It was funny to compare the tousled looking creatures who had been dashing through the hall at three o'clock with the dainty visions that now appeared in every room.

When the Glee Club arrived, the girls gathered in little groups, and after much whispering and giggling, entered the drawing room.

"I've lost track of my partner and I can't remember what he looks like and I didn't hear his name."

"Oh, well, go over and talk to that one. He's been roaming like a lost soul for the last ten minutes."

"Honestly, I'm so mixed up! Couldn't a few of you talk to half a dozen of those men while I get the partners straightened out?"

It was perfectly killing to hear the side-remarks that the girls addressed to their friends.

After everyone had found her partner, they all flocked over to the gymnasium to hear the concert. The boys walked onto the stage with Mr. Sanborn as their leader, and the concert began. One of the most popular songs was, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary"; a solo, "My Laddie," sung by Mr. Gleason, also won much applause.

When the concert was over we all rushed back to the school-room, where we had supper. Then we went to the gymnasium again, where we danced until ten o'clock. Just before they left, the boys gathered in a circle and cheered for Miss Parsons and Rogers Hall; lastly they gave the Andover cheer, which made the walls resound.

JEANNETTE RODIER.

MR. FERRIN'S BIBLE TALK.

December 16th—

Instead of having our regular Wednesday morning Bible lesson in the schoolroom, we all assembled on the stage of the gymnasium, where Mr. Ferrin showed us pictures with the stereopticon. Some of the pictures were colored, and they represented the various Old Testament stories that we had been studying, beginning with the Creation and ending with the story of Joseph. They were all very interesting, and helped to make more real and vivid to us the Old Testament history. ELEANOR GOODRICH.

OUR CHRISTMAS EXERCISES.

December 17th—

The last day of the term before Christmas vacation was a very busy one. During the first half of the morning we had our lessons as usual, but after recess we all gathered in the school-room to hear the members of various classes give examples of the work they had been doing during the term. The program was as follows:

1. Spelling Match.
2. French Poem.
3. "Knee Deep in June" Constance Miller
4. "Christmas Shoppers" (Theme) Polly Piper
5. Current Topics Report { Hazel Coffin
Rachel Brown
6. Modern History Report Marion Huffman
7. "Lochinvar" Virginia Thompson
8. "Mountain Echo" Blanche Thompson
9. "Little Joe" (Theme) Marion Huffman
10. "A Christmas Eve" (Theme) Isabel Norton
11. Lyric from "The Princess" Harriet Stevens
12. Selection from "As You Like It" Marie Elston

This exercise was a new idea and proved most successful.

In the afternoon Miss Glorvigen and Miss Ruggles gave an informal concert in the gymnasium. Among their many delightful selections we enjoyed especially a "Ballade" by Chopin played by Miss Glorvigen, and "Eyes of Irish Blue" and "My Laddie" sung by Miss Ruggles.

After the concert we went back to the Hall for an informal supper in the drawing room, which was most effectively decorated with flowers and Christmas greens. But the main object of the evening was to return to the gymnasium, where we were to have our Christmas tree; we formed in couples just outside the gymnasium door, and at a given signal marched in, singing "Come All Ye Faithful." The gymnasium was in darkness except for the lighted candles which twinkled on the tree in the center of the room, and as the girls walked in, they formed a large circle,

moving slowly around the tree. Then we sang some of the lovely old German songs, "Der Tannenbaum" and "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," which we had been practicing for weeks,—until all at once, we heard the jingle of sleigh bells, and in pranced Santa Claus.

The best fun of the day came then with the distribution of gifts. Santa Claus went dancing about, giving to each girl her present, which was in every case a take-off on one of her peculiarities. One of the girls, who is greatly terrified by the thought of burglars, was presented with a formidable watch dog; another, who has great difficulty in keeping her various appointments, was given a clock so that she need never be late in the future.

These gifts certainly gave us more enjoyment than some finer ones which came to us on Christmas Day. POLLY PIPER.

MISS REPPLIER'S TALK.

January 8th—

Miss Parsons selected about fifteen of the older girls to hear Miss Repplier lecture on "The Courageous Reader."

Miss Repplier told us in the first place what to read, and then how to read. She did not give us an arranged list, but told us the kind of books to read: books that are worth remembering, not, however, meaning by that dull ones; books that are well-known in the literary world, for their style, their author, or their contents.

We were very much interested in what she had to say as many of the books and authors that she mentioned were familiar to us because of their connection with our English course. The novels of Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, and other authors of the nineteenth century were highly recommended to us.

As to how to read and when, Miss Repplier would give us no definite directions. She did not believe in conscientiously sitting down to read for fifteen minutes every morning or at any other appointed times. "Reading should be a pleasure," said Miss Repplier, "not a duty." HAZEL A. COFFIN.

TANNHÄUSER.

January 8th—

All of the girls who study music enjoyed a rare treat when Mr. Havrah Hubbard gave, at Colonial Hall, one of his "Opera Talks" on Tannhäuser. Mr Hubbard first told us the story of the opera. Then he took it up by acts, and accompanied by Mr. Lloyd Baxter at the piano, recited several of the most beautiful parts with unusual feeling and expression.

DOROTHY WOODS.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

January 9th—

The Henry Jewett Players, who were presenting their repertoire of Shakespearean dramas at the Boston Opera House, gave "As You Like It" at a Saturday matinee. Mrs. Corwin's classes enjoyed the play and studied the characters with more than usual interest for the reason that they are expecting to present the comedy during Commencement week.

The character of Rosalind was charmingly interpreted by Viva Birkett, George Relph made an excellent Orlando, Max Montesole as Touchstone was extremely lively and interesting, and Leonard Mudie as Adam could only have attained such excellence through much study combined with no little skill.

BEATRICE GREER.

THE HOFFMAN QUARTETTE.

January 13th—

Miss Parsons chose the girls who take lessons on stringed instruments to go to a concert which was given by the Hoffman String Quartette. It was the second of a series arranged by the Lowell Teachers' Organization.

The most enjoyable piece played by the quartette was "Andante Cantabile" by Tschaikowsky. Mary Pumphrey-Tower, pianist, played the "Hungarian Rhapsodie" by Liszt with much technical skill and freedom. Perhaps the most interesting number on the program was the Schumann quintette.

ELENORE C. HUGHES.

PROFESSOR PHELPS'S LECTURE.

January 15th—

This afternoon at Colonial Hall we heard Professor Phelps of Yale University give a very entertaining lecture entitled, "A Literary Pilgrimage to England."

He told us of going to Devonshire, the scene of "Lorna Doone," where he visited the church in which Lorna was shot. He had often wondered how anyone could stand at the back of the church and shoot a person standing at the altar. After seeing the church, which was about ten feet long, he was unable to understand how she had escaped being literally blown to pieces.

Another place he insisted upon seeing was St. Ives because of the verses, "When I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives," etc. It was a pretty little place, and for seven months he took great pleasure in telling of his trip there and the story connected with it. At the end of that time someone told him that he was mistaken, that he had been to a different St. Ives from the one in the story. Even this did not spoil his pleasure, for he had already enjoyed the seven months during which time he believed he had been there.

He told us of many interesting people whom he had met, among them, Lady Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray, May Sinclair, James Barrie, De Morgan, and Henry James. He had something interesting to tell us of each one.

Professor Phelps had a most fascinating personality, and there was an undercurrent of humour throughout his lecture that

immediately won and held the hearts of his audience. Those of us who were fortunate enough to hear him, eagerly await his return in February, when he will talk on Browning.

FLORENCE MARS.

JULIA CULP'S RECITAL.

January 16th—

Five of the girls studying with Miss Ruggles had the pleasure of going to Boston to hear Julia Culp in her first recital of the season.

Her program consisted of several German songs by Brahms, some unfamiliar Indian songs by Thurlow Lieurance, two selections by James H. Rogers, S. de Lange's "Serenade," "Befreit" by Strauss, and four selections by Hugo Wolf.

The audience was very enthusiastic and Mme. Culp responded to four encores. Philip Hale says at the conclusion of his account of the recital: "Few singers with the aid of costume, scenery, action, and orchestra are so able to establish and maintain a mood, to make as definite and sure an impression as Mme. Culp relying on herself and a pianist. Her pianist is Coenraad V. Bas and it is not easy to think of the singer without his sympathetic, beautiful, poetic accompaniment."

BEATRICE GREER.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

January 16th—

About thirty of us girls went into Boston to see "Romeo and Juliet" at the Opera House. It was not a Sothern and Marlowe production, to be sure, and to be quite honest, I think not a few of the girls had some misgivings about seeing a Shakespearean production given at stock company prices; but it did not take many minutes to discover that it was not an ordinary stock

company we were seeing. The Jewett Players are a band of co-workers under the direction of Henry Jewett, who believe that the pleasure of seeing such plays as "As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet," should not demand the self-denial or sacrifice so often caused, and are therefore trying to make it possible for everyone to see them, by establishing a scale of prices that are within the reach of all.

Juliet won our hearts from the very first. She was particularly charming and girlish in the third act in her father's orchard, while she coaxed and pleaded with her old nurse, who had just returned from a meeting with Romeo, to tell her exactly what he had said, how he looked,—in fact, everything about him.

The Jewett Players handled admirably the many intense situations in the play. To me the most pathetic scene was in the last act, when Romeo, coming to the tomb, found Juliet dead, and clasped her in his arms for the last time.

The costumes were very artistic and in the best of taste, and the scenery of which so much is needed to make this play complete, was all that could be desired. If all of their work is as successful as "Romeo and Juliet" most certainly was, I think the Jewett Players may feel well satisfied with their attempt to build up an appropriate standard of interpretation and production for modern plays.

MARIE ELSTON.

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

January 19th—

The Harvard Glee Club came to Lowell under the auspices of the Men's Club of the First Universalist Church. The whole program was excellent; the audience seemed, however, to receive with most enthusiasm "Destiny" by the Mandolin Club, "Medley" by the Banjo Club, and the selections sung by the Quartet. The funniest number was a series of favorite old songs arranged as a medley with very comical and sudden changes from one to another. The concert ended with "Fair Harvard" and a rousing cheer for Harvard and Lowell.

ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

MRS. PARKE'S RECITAL.

January 20th—

Mrs. Parke, the violin teacher, gave to Rogers Hall a very delightful recital in the drawing room. Her first selection was quite dignified, but gradually the pieces worked up to those with many lively phrases. Every selection received hearty applause, and we were very sorry when Miss Parsons rose, for we knew that meant the end. We hope Mrs. Parke will continue her program at some time in the near future.

MARGARET G. WOOD.

January 24th—

On Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Billings very kindly invited Miss Parsons, the teachers, and all the girls who attend the Unitarian Church, to take tea with them. The living room looked very attractive with the wood fire snapping and blazing in the great fireplace.

Mr. Billings entertained us by reading a few of Tagore's poems. Most of them were of childhood and love. He read with special enthusiasm the poems of childhood; among them we liked best "The Hero," which tells in a very lively manner of the boasting of a small boy, who believes that he will dare to protect his mother in every danger.

Just before we left, Mrs. Billings served us with tea and delicious little cakes. We went home after a pleasant visit, eager to read more of Tagore's poems, which before that afternoon most of us had known only by name.

RACHEL B. HOYER.

"ELIJAH."

January 28th—

Mrs. Sundelius, a former music teacher at Rogers Hall, who came to Lowell to sing in the Oratorio, was the guest of Miss Parsons, and we were all very much complimented to find that she was to go to the Opera House in our special car.

"Elijah" was all and more than we expected. It was presented by the Lowell Choral Society, a group of people who sing together one night each week during the season. There are over three hundred honorary members, on whom the financial success of the society depends. The members of the chorus were led by a very skillful conductor, and the music, given by the Boston Festival Orchestra, was exceedingly good. The soloists were Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, as Elijah; George Boynton, tenor, as Obadiah, and also Ahab; Mrs. Marie Sundelius, soprano, as the Widow; Mrs. Child, contralto, as the Angel; and Master Roland Worth, who sings in our own Episcopal church here, as the Youth. The chorus was well balanced, not having as is often the case, the bass drowning the sopranos. Little Roland Worth, though he did not have much to do, sang with unusual self composure for a boy of his age. Mrs. Sundelius was charming, and the blending of her high, pure tones, with the deep clear ones of Mr. Werrenrath was exceptionally pleasing.

MARIE ELSTON.

THE PASSING FASHION OF NOVELS.

"There's going to be a man here at dinner tonight. Isn't that funny?"

This was my first real knowledge of Mr. MacBrayne's coming. "What for?" I asked, after recovering from my natural surprise.

"Why, he's going to talk to us afterwards about the passing fashion of novels."

"How perfectly lovely," I thought. "I wonder if there will be any study hour."

So on Friday night, Mr. MacBrayne came, and after dinner we all gathered in the schoolroom, anxious to know whether his "talk" would be interesting or not. It was, very. He told us that style in books changes just like the fashion of our clothes. When there is peace, stories of war are absolutely not acceptable; the stiff, proper writing of 1800 would be more than tiresome now.

Then, too, people should not try to write what they have never experienced. They generally think that a good story must be purely imaginative, about some impossible event supposed to be exciting. Whereas, had they only known, their own every-day life, worked up with touches of humor here and there, would be accepted far more quickly.

He told us many amusing experiences that he naturally would have had as an editor, and gave us a very delightful evening, with good, sound advice for those who might some day in the future attempt to write stories.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

During the last month many girls have been out for basket ball practice, and Miss Harrison is confident that there will be little difficulty in choosing two very strong teams. Our first important game will be School Team vs. Rogers Hall Alumnæ to be played some time in February. We also hope to have another game with the Smith Alumnæ, as all who saw that game last year pronounced it most exciting and well played, and if we succeed in securing a suitable date, it is to be hoped that the same can be said of our 1915 game.

When the girls left school for Christmas vacation, the weather was so promising for winter sports that everyone came back well supplied with skates, skis, and snowshoes, but owing to the

changing temperature since our return, it seems that such articles are doomed to idleness.

One Saturday morning some of the girls went to the Country Club and reported the skating and tobogganing there very good. Soon after this we had one of the school tennis courts flooded, and everyone was delighted with the idea of having our own private skating rink. But so far the weather man has been against our project, for the temperature has been only sufficiently cold to freeze our new pond in spots, a fact that interferes somewhat with satisfactory skating; nevertheless we have not given up hope, and by our next issue I trust that I can give a more favorable report.

POLLY PIPER.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

In January, Miss Parsons received the announcement of the marriage of Kathryn Hopson to Mr. John W. Stafford, in Massena, N. Y. After February they will make their home in Edgewater, N. J.

December 24th, Frances Dana was married at her home in Marietta, O., to Mr. David M. Russell, Jr. After the first of January they will be at home in their new bungalow, 620 Belvedere Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn. Frances hopes to have her sister-in-law enter Rogers Hall next year.

December 30th, at the church of the Ascension in Philadelphia, Ethel Forbes, '13, was married to Mr. William Marsh of Greensburg, Pa., a lieutenant of the State Constabulary.

December 17th, a daughter, Patience Sutro, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Symond Harris Koenig, and a week later the proud Mama wrote to say how well they were both doing.

January 12th, a daughter, Nancy Burton, was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Green (Ruth Wilder, '03), and admiring friends report that the baby is a very pretty one and fat as butter. Ruth and her family are living East again, and her address is 60 Lexington St., Waverley, Mass.

December 31st, Charlotte Greene, '12, announced her engagement to Mr. Herbert Wardwell Blaney.

Jan. 4th, Beatrice Walker, '13, announced her engagement to Mr. Richard Hyde Cutler of Montpelier, Vt., better known to fame as Beatrice's "Dartmouth Man"!

That some of the girls are very appreciative of *SPLINTERS* can be told from the following: Helen Brown Evans wrote, "I have just received *SPLINTERS*, and there was so much interesting gossip in it, that I am sending my check right now, before I forget it, for the rest of the year." Helen had Rachel Jones, '11, visiting her for two weeks last fall, and Helen Gallup, '11, also spent a night with her. Early in January, Helen and her family leave for a winter in Pasadena, Cal., and while there, her address will be Hotel Maryland.

Eileen Patterson is spending the winter in New York with her family. She is assisting mornings at a Settlement House in a Montessori class, and finds the work absorbing. She is living at 431 Riverside Drive, N. Y. City. It is good news to hear that Eileen expects to be back for Commencement and Reunion this June.

During the Christmas holidays Leslie Hylan, '14, had a small dance at the Vesper Boat House as a sequel to her coming out tea, and Helen Smith, '14, Kathrine Kidder, '14, and Doris Newton, as well as the Lowell girls, were present.

Kathryn Redway, '13, Laura Pearson and Edith Whittier of the class of 1914 were all home from college for the holidays, and Laura is as enthusiastic over Bryn Mawr as the other two girls are over Smith. We reprint from the December number of the Smith College Monthly a poem by Kathryn Redway.

THOUGHTS OF A FRESHMAN.

(Before her first visit home.)

I'm just a little Freshman,
 And I'm feeling very sad,
 I'm sorry that I came to Smith—
 I wish I never had.

For I detest my roommate,
She hasn't any sense,
She's pretty and she's dainty,
But what impertinence!

The meals are simply awful,
And at dinner every night,
We only have three courses,
While the salad is a fright.

Of course, I like my lessons,
But I never was a grind,
And here I have to study
Or else be left behind.

I want one glimpse of Boston
And the State House' gilded dome,
Oh, dear, I'm tired and lonely,
How I wish that I were home.

(After her first visit home.)

Hurrah! I'm back at college,
I'm so glad that I am here;
To visit home is wonderful,
And the people all are dear.

But Lowell is so stupid,
There's nothing there to do,
While here I'm always busy,
And there's always something new.

Now English A is finished,
To the Cider Mill I'll roam.
Oh, dear, I'm glad I came to Smith
Instead of staying home.

Helen Munroe, '11, saw Dorothy Benton Wood, '12, while she was home for the Christmas vacation in Muskegon, Mich., and they are planning many good times together the coming summer.

After receiving her copy of *SPLINTERS*, Emma Arnold Tompkins wrote to say how much it meant to her in bringing the news of the school and the old girls. Emma has moved from Haddonfield to Philadelphia, where her address is 2339 Lehigh Ave.

In January, Marguerite Weston is to take the Pennsylvania State examination for a kindergarten teacher. She has established a kindergarten and a day nursery in the slums of Philadelphia, and wants to be able to promote the children direct to the public schools. The settlement is called the Joy Settlement and Day Nursery, and is located at 516 Brown St., Philadelphia. Marguerite and a friend have built a small home in the woods, "Oakleigh," at Newfield, N. J., where they find a welcome change and rest from their work at the settlement in town. This is what she writes of her work: "I try to keep an eye on the day nursery, teach the girls to sew and crochet rag rugs, teach boys to make hammocks and cane chairs, and attend to the business end, too. . . . I'm just about twice as big as I was the last time I visited Rogers, and the harder I work, the fatter I grow! But I can send a hockey ball into nowhere almost, as I haven't wrestled with twelve year old boys for nothing these past few years."

Barbara Brown, '13, has been elected President of the Athletic Association of Miss Wheeler's School in Providence, R. I.

Alice Cone, '09, spent the winter of 1913-14 abroad and returned home to Hartford, Vt., in May. Since then she has been enjoying life greatly and finds much to occupy her in home and town so that she does "not feel the slightest desire to go out and preach the gospel or even to be anybody's secretary." Her group of friends are very enthusiastic over dramatics and have given one play already and hope to present a second by Washington's Birthday, the proceeds to swell the fund for the running expenses of the church. Alice is also very much absorbed in plans for a Community Celebration to be given this summer. Ever since its famous historical pageant of the Connecticut Valley, all Hartford has worked to do its share in another.

Through Alice, we learn that Katharine Carr, '09, expects this coming fall to go to China to be the Secretary to the Bishop of Shanghai.

Beginning with January 20th, Miss Parsons has invited the Alumnae to use the swimming pool on Wednesday afternoons and a large number of the girls have accepted and expect to come over as soon as the cold weather moderates.

Alice Mather Martin, '02, has moved from Lebanon to Brookline, Mass., since her husband is now in charge of a Mission church in town. Her address is 23 Netherlands Street.

January 23rd, Hilda Smith, '14, came out at a tea given for her by her grandmother, Mrs. Walter Blanchard, at her home in Concord. Although it was a very stormy day there were many guests present and Rogers Hall was well represented in its Alumnae, while Polly Piper and Genevra Whitmore of this year's class assisted in pouring. In the evening Hilda had a small dance for her younger friends.

In November when the Red Cross branch of Lowell was organized, Ruth Burke was elected President, and under her efficient direction the Lowell branch has finished and shipped a large amount of garments and hospital supplies. Ruth has also advanced to the fame of a speaker, making her debut in a talk to the girls at school, while since then she has spoken in some of the towns around Lowell when new branches of the Red Cross Society were being formed.

Tracy L'Engle, '11, spent the week end of January 16th at school. Miss Parsons had planned for a reunion of the 1911 college girls but only Alice Billings could accept her invitation to dinner on Sunday as the others were all busy with mid-years. Tracy had a long article recently in the Wellesley News which attracted much favorable notice in Wellesley circles.

Alice Baker, '14, and Margaret Clarke were visitors over another week end when Alice was visiting Margaret. Alice was so fortunate as to have five free days during the Smith mid-years by the arrangement of the examinations.

Hilda Smith was another visitor recently and Grace Lambden spent a Sunday with her cousin, Hazel Coffin, who is at school this year.

February 2nd at the Boston Opera House there is to be presented the "Ballet of Sylvia" of Delibes, under the auspices of the Equal Suffrage Association, the proceeds to be divided equally between the Association and the Red Cross Relief work. Blanche Ames, '95, is in charge of the Committee and Mary Kellogg, '00, is directing the dancing. Mary made a special study of this ballet the last time she was in Paris and made the translation of it which will be used. Its presentation will be the most important work she has done. A large number of the girls are going in to see "Sylvia" so an account will appear later in School News.

January 29th a daughter, Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Scarritt (Louise Parker, '06).

February 5th a son, Jack Clemenza, was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Clem. Thompson (Hilda Baxter, '11.)

February 15th Grace Coleman, '13, announced her engagement to Frank Smith at a tea given by her mother. Rogers Hall was represented on this important occasion by Katherine Steen, Margaret Sherman and Dorothy Benton Wood. Grace plans to be married the latter part of April, probably the twenty fourth, and then her new home will be in Gardner so that we shall hope to see her frequently at school.

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EDITORIAL.

Ask any Rogers Hall girl whether she loves her school or not and you will receive a very indignant answer. Of course she does, she exclaims with feeling, and always will, even after her claim upon it is only that of an alumna.

Her pride is immediately touched. To have her affections for her school doubted at once arouses within her a feeling of resentment. Why should any one question her in this manner? Upon consideration, certain things come crowding into her mind

that she has lately heard concerning her conduct—on the street, perhaps, or in other public places. With regret she recalls that she has not shown to her fullest ability the refinement that belongs to one who has had so many advantages and who has been surrounded all her life with examples of good breeding. Carelessness alone caused her to forget her chief aim, that of being a lady, a lady in the true sense of the word, whose honor and purity put to shame all those who, through utter carelessness, have neglected to cultivate their finest qualities. Yet all the time she has been imagining herself as a sort of public benefactress, who, by her own excellent character, directs others into the proper way of refinement and culture.

We little realize how our individual actions influence others. No matter how concealed we imagine our ideas, our beliefs, our tastes, they do gradually affect the minds of those with whom we come into contact. It is our duty then, first, to perfect ourselves before we assume the rôle of a model; to create in ourselves a love for the graciousness, the refinement, and purity that characterize a true lady; to build up in our characters a noble sense of justness and generosity; to make our outward graces a veil through which shine all the high qualities of a lady.

Then when this is accomplished, is it time for us to show that our conventional manner is not a heavy curtain covering wrong thoughts and feelings, but a veil through which glows the nobility of a pure character.

Have we reached that point when we can draw aside the veil? I hardly believe that this is so, but the time should come when we can truly say that we have approached more nearly our highest standard of character. Certainly such an ambition cannot be gained without effort; but this effort we must undertake since it is our characters that make or mar the name of Rogers Hall.

HAZEL A. COFFIN.

ONLY A REMINISCENCE.

The room was stuffy, the smell of the press permeated the atmosphere; the whirl of machines in the adjoining room throbbed on, with an occasional click and stop. Dust from the city street below blew in at the window, bringing with it a surge of stifling heat. The gray-haired editor, bending over his rustling manuscripts, sighed as he went on with his work. Each scorching day and each restless night was leaving its mark; now at the end of the long summer, he was weakening, and his work showed it. Only that morning his doctor had insisted that he take an immediate rest.

With a gasp of exhaustion he stopped, pen held loosely in hand, gazing dully about him; rest was imperative, he could no longer ignore the necessity for it. Why should he not take a vacation? he thought. Was he not one of the most successful of all the city's editors?—and it was by the work of brain and body that he had accomplished this. Success he had won to be sure, but what else? So absorbed had he been in his work that he had repeatedly refused the insistent invitations of his friends until at last they seldom asked him and said to one another, "Cranwell's getting to be a queer old fellow." He had no near relatives and lived in a boarding house on a far from fashionable street, where his life was as methodical as the rest of his daily routine. Now the crisis had come in all these years of steady pressure—something must be done. He would go away for a vacation and leave Johnson, very capable and trustworthy, in his place. But where should he go? Home? He had none except the staid old boarding house—and even Cranwell realized that could not receive such a name.

In the hallway, outside of the office door, two newsboys were talking to one another, and a few sentences floated in through the transom to Cranwell, sitting dejectedly by his desk.

"Ain't youse goin' swimmin'?" asked one.

"You betcher, the ol' hule by the bridge for min', soon as me papers git suld," answered the other.

Swimming! The old man's memory responded to the long-forgotten thought; he had gone swimming once himself, not so very many years ago, ten or perhaps twenty, when he had last gone back to the little country town where he was born. Through the stifling heat he could still feel the coolness of the water in the pool by the willows, still feel the comradeship of the boys, still see their amazing feats of daring and their tricks. Many a time had he helped to tie another boy's clothes into hard knots, and many a time had he found his own in the same condition. With these thoughts came a rush of memories, long forgotten, but still fresh with the undimmed joy of youth. He saw again the long hill by the school where he had coasted on his swift red sled, "Racer," the pride of his heart. He thought of the hours spent in the little white schoolhouse, hours of work and hours of fun, for Cranwell had both worked and played in those days. The "socials" he had gone to at the old town hall!—he gave a half chuckle as he recalled them now. How he would like to go back to the little town and visit all the haunts of his boyhood! True, few people would remember him, but still there would be several whom he knew would be there to greet him with a good old-fashioned country hand-clasp. He would go; he had been foolish to wait all these years.

Ring the bell by his side, he waited for Johnson. He nodded approvingly as his right-hand man entered the room with a firm step, and in his eyes the same desire for success that had burned in Cranwell's all these years.

"Johnson, I've decided to take a vacation," began Cranwell.

"Yes, sir." Johnson tried to disguise his surprise, for, up to this time, he had regarded his chief as a wonderful piece of tireless mechanism.

"And while I'm gone, Johnson, probably a matter of a couple of weeks, I shall leave all this in your charge." His hand swept over the pile of papers before him.

"I appreciate the honor very much, sir," replied Johnson shakily, for this had been too long his ambition to be received calmly.

"Very well, then, Johnson, and I shall expect a report from you every day. Here is my address, but on no account am I to be unnecessarily disturbed. You understand?"

"Yes, sir, yes, indeed, sir."

"You may go now, Johnson."

It was later than usual when Cranwell left the office that night, for so much had to be done before he could entrust it to Johnson's hands. The landlady at the boarding house looked at him in surprise when he entered, for usually, as she expressed it to her friends, "Mr. Cranwell is that punctual, I could just set all my clocks by him." Nodding abstractedly to his fellow-boarders, Cranwell ate his evening meal and hurried up to his bedroom. After having carefully packed a suit case, containing all necessary articles for his vacation, he sat wearily down in a chair by the open window. The room under the tin roof was unbearably hot, and the noises from the streets grated on his tired nerves. Instead of the feeling of peace he had anticipated at the thought of a vacation, he felt restless and uneasy. Would Johnson be capable of carrying on the many and strenuous duties of the office? Would the editorials be successful? Before these ideas, all thoughts of vacation became infinitesimal, for Cranwell's heart and life were in his paper.

During the long, hot night Cranwell tossed about or slept fitfully; visions of neglected manuscripts and poorly written editorials haunted his dreams. He rose methodically next morning at his usual time and had almost completed dressing before he realized that this was the day on which his vacation was to begin. A feeling of annoyance crept over him,—there were many things to do at the office to-day, and he had a splendid idea for a new editorial. He went down to breakfast, suit case in hand, feeling in far from a holiday humor.

On his way to the station, as his train did not leave for half an hour, he decided to stop at the office for a few minutes to see how Johnson was managing affairs. Opening the office door with his own key, he found the place in a turmoil, in the midst of which lay Johnson on a stretcher, white and still—one arm, red with blood, hung lifelessly by his side. A doctor bent over him, and Cranwell waited impatiently for the examination to end.

"Bad injury, sir, mighty sharp machine to get caught in, but I think we'll be able to save his arm. Hope so, sir." The doctor looked up at Cranwell.

"Spare no expense, you understand, doctor? And do all you can for the poor fellow. Let me know as soon as he can see anyone, and I'll be around."

A half hour later, Cranwell's hat was off, his suitcase shoved aside, his sleeves rolled up, and his head bent intently over his desk. Oh, it was good to feel the pen in his hand again, to see the rough manuscripts grow orderly under his touch; even the feeling of his paper weight, as he placed it on a pile of letters, brought an assurance to him, the assurance of accomplishment and ability. The dust-laden air seemed sweet to him, and he sniffed eagerly as he went on with his work. It was hours of this routine and grind that brought the quiet smile of pleasure to his tired face, it was this, his work, for which he lived. Yesterday's thoughts of his boyhood would remain—only a reminiscence.

ISABEL NORTON.

THE FLOOD.

The big town clock chimed four; somehow the tones seemed different in the cool, half-awakened morning,—more desired, more distinct, like a warning.

Jonathan Warner clambered awkwardly into his rickety milk wagon. "Git up," he yawned, his great jaws snapping back. "Gosh almighty, I never seen the like of this mud,—if it don't stop rainin' soon— Hey! Jenny, ain't you got no sense? Git out of that ditch and walk decent like a nice hoss."

And Jenny, quite unconscious, ambled down the watery road, head bent thoughtfully, while she twitched one ear in the breeze.

Everything was cold and gray; a heavy mist swept across the meadows from Mill River and covered the tiny village of

Florence like a pall. Somewhere a dog howled miserably, then drifted into silence, stifled by the damp atmosphere.

Jonathan shivered and turned up his coat collar. "Reckon I'll take the river road," he muttered, "and stop at the widow Jones' for a cup of coffee; ain't never seen a mawnin' like this 'afore, no sir, I ain't."

Visions of the hot drink strong in his mind, he swished out the whip and began to whistle. Suddenly through the stillness came a dull roar, a heavy, monotonous rushing, drawing nearer and nearer.

"Whoa!" cried Jonathan in a breath. "Gosh! but the river's a-rising fast. I donno about it; sounds dangerous." He stepped out, peering anxiously ahead. Now he could hear the water plainly, and it raged and roared like some caged animal. Then—boom! Crash!—a horrible wrenching, grinding noise that tore the very air.

Jonathan waited to hear no more,—“The dam,” he gasped, “she’s gone,—Lord help us!” He fairly ripped the trembling horse from the cart, and leaping on her back, gave one kick and started madly towards the village. Behind plunged the great torrent, gaining slowly inch by inch.

One farm house reached. “Up!” he shouted, rattling the big knocker, “the dam’s broke; to the hill for your lives!” Then on again like the wind, rider and horse straining every muscle. At each house he shouted his warning and people rushed out frantically, regardless of clothes, but one thought in their minds, “To the hill for your lives!” And on rushed the swollen river, carrying everything before it.

“I must reach the village; faster, Jenny, faster! An’ there’s Granny More way out in the meadows,—I can’t leave her.” As he said this there flashed through his mind the picture of a gentle old lady, telling quaint stories to a lonely orphan boy, the one touch of kindness, of love, in his whole short existence. He brushed the hair from his eyes and leaned forward, teeth gritted firmly. The rain splashed down his face and mingled with the first waves of the on-coming flood, little weak waves that curled around the clattering hoofs, yet gaining force every minute.

Into the village he dashed, straining his husky voice to give the last warning cry. Then turning the dazed horse sharply, he plunged down the meadow road. It seemed like a direct path to his own death, yet he kept on, the influence of years of perseverance against misfortune making him firm in his last purpose.

Yes, there was the little brown house nestling peacefully behind great lilac hedges, their fragrance heavy in the wet air. It looked so homelike, serenely unconscious of the hungry waves lap-lapping over the doorstep.

"Granny!" Jonathan gave one powerful shout and the horse suddenly trembled all over and whinnied shrilly, pawing the water frantically. Then slowly a window, way under the eaves, was raised, and a little old face, in a little white night cap, peeped out inquiringly.

"Why, Jonathan!" piped a quavering voice, "what be you doing here?"

"It's hurry for your life, Granny," answered the man gruffly, "the dam's gone and the water's risin' fast."

"Then you hurry, my lad," the voice was firm. "I ain't left this here bed for four years, and these old bones won't carry me now. Go back, quick! Sure, the world needs a young lad like you; what good is an old critter like me?"

For answer he jumped quickly down and burst open the front door without effort.

"She'll go or I'll stay," he muttered, swinging up the battered staircase and into the tiny room.

"What now, son!" cried Granny anxiously from out of her big fourposter. "It ain't no use comin' ater me; won't you please go afore it's too late?"

Outside, the horse snorted impatiently and the water gurgled up the first stair.

"No, I won't," growled Jonathan, and the next minute Granny felt herself enveloped in a quilt and hurried downstairs.

"It be awful deep," she murmured, looking down. "I'm afeared it ain't no use."

Somehow they reached the horse and pushed ahead. Out in the meadows, trees came pitching down in the torrent that was at last losing force in spreading.

"We'll make it, all right," said Jonathan, kicking the exhausted horse, and Jenny pricked up her ears and suddenly leaped ahead.

They did reach the hill in safety, greeted there by a motley throng of half-dressed, wailing people. There was the widow Jones in curl-papers, with a calico apron over her flannel night robe, there was the mayor all unconscious of his severe rheumatism of the day before, and near-by two or three children howled dismally, and then forgetting what for, started a game of tag around the outskirts.

"My goodness!" sobbed Granny. I never had such a jolting up before, I feel all broken to pieces; 'most wish you'd left me there, Jonathan." But the smile that spread over her wrinkled face belied the words. "Thank God you're safe, sonny, that's all I care," she added.

And Jonathan, too, thanked God in his own simple way, for at last giving him the chance to prove his devotion to the only mother and friend he had ever known.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

UNMOVED BY THE MOVIES.

"Oh! have you seen Mabel Taliaferro in, 'The Three of Us Mine'?" was addressed to me by a very impressive lady, over her teacup, on the afternoon of my arrival in one of the Middle Western cities.

"Why, I did not know that she was playing in anything by that name," I replied, a little puzzled at the abruptness of her question and the topic with which she had chosen to open our conversation.

"Oh! I see," hastily cried my questioner, "you are a stranger in town and, of course, you do not yet know what is playing." Why I should know, I then failed to see. With this she turned to her companion, who had evidently seen the production to

which she referred, and I was quickly forgotten, so eager were they to compare notes and criticize the performance.

That is the manner in which I became aware of what seems a widespread epidemic, that of the "Movies."

Groups of people all about the drawing room were discussing, with the same lively interest that we talk over a new play, an opera, or the ballet, this movie theatre and that. Why, I felt wholly and pitifully stranded among my new acquaintances, and my ignorance of photo plays so appalled me that I simply did not dare to mix with the guests in my usual easy manner, so I determined then and there, that if I had to miss ten receptions and any number of important interviews, I would penetrate into the "Land of the Movies" before my ignorance of that topic-of-the-hour became too apparent.

Accordingly, I left my hotel the next afternoon, called a taxi, and ordered the chauffeur, somewhat diffidently, to drive me to the best movie theatre. I half expected some manifestation of surprise on his part, but such was not the case. He immediately began to name the most desirable ones, that I might take my choice; but by the time he had enumerated half a dozen such titles as "The Palace," "The Empire," "The Joy," I felt that names would not convey anything to my mind and told him to take me to anyone.

The first impression I had of "The Idle Hour," my chauffeur's choice—probably on account of its distance from my hotel, for it surely seemed miles away, as we drove in a line behind five other motors—was that I was about to enter a magnificent wedding cake. The entire façade of the theatre was made of glossy white tiles, surmounted by very modern-looking white granite turrets; an elaborate border, also of white tile, running in every conceivable and some inconceivable direction about the building, completed the brilliant exterior. The few "movie" theatres that I had seen were literally plastered about the entrance with thrilling posters, and in this respect alone "The Idle Hour" resembled its sister theatres; but here you bought your ticket at a very imposing box office, inside a spacious lobby, hung on all sides with pictures of the prominent speechless actors of the photo-plays. From the lobby a neatly uniformed usher guided me into the main part of

the theatre, which was so very enormous, and especially so long, that it seemed as if I were peering into a dark tunnel, at the further end of which was the picture screen.

I took my seat rather far back (I had bought the most expensive ticket, which entitled me to any seat in the last twelve rows, miles from the screen, but evidently the most desired position) and paid strict attention to the war pictures that opened the program. They were dated just two weeks previously, so it would seem that even so horrible and uncertain an event as a battle could not escape the ubiquitous photographer. I could not help but wonder how such remarkable pictures could be taken unless the photographer had been given a safe and private position in the thick of the fight, between the two battling forces—with information in regard to the exact time of the battle into the bargain—but I guess there are many methods used which are incomprehensible to a mind even as imaginative as mine.

At the end of the war pictures came a photo-play, which was doomed to take an hour and a half, the plot of which I'll not trouble you with, but needless to say, while the acting was excellent and the situations most horribly unnatural, the effect was sometimes startling and seemed greatly to move the audience without any mental effort on their part.

But the most unexpected and astonishing part of all was the enormous organ, which would have done credit to any lofty cathedral, pouring forth in voluminous tones such music as one would delight in hearing before the processional in church, but which seemed highly incongruous when attempting to adjust oneself to the atmosphere of a Wild-West scene, through which galloped two horsemen in a race that was to determine the fate of a man who had been left a few minutes before uncomfortably dangling by a rope from a tree.

But what was the matter with me? Why was I not attacked by the epidemic that was sweeping the country? I do not know exactly, but of one thing I am sure: that after seeing such a noteworthy performance, I could at least take a part in my over-the-tea-cup friends' conversation, though I wondered just what they would think of my point of view.

POLLY PIPER.

DIVERSE OPINIONS.

A FARCE

By ISABEL NORTON.

Mr. John Montgomery Westfield (august parent and business man).

Mrs. John Montgomery Westfield (fashionable but conscientious, a member of "The Model Mothers' Club").

Percival Algernon Westfield, aged seven (model son on rare occasions).

SCENE I. The breakfast room in the Westfield home. (Morning.)

SCENE II. The library in the Westfield home. (Two hours later.)

SCENE I.

The breakfast room in the Westfield home at eight o'clock Sunday morning. The room is furnished in old mahogany, the walls are covered with yellow burlap of a dull shade, and several fine old prints are hung at some distance from one another. The sun is pouring in at the windows and is shining on the faces of the three seated about the table. Mrs. Westfield is sitting majestically at the foot behind a coffee urn. Mr. Westfield at the head is buried in a newspaper from which he from time to time emerges long enough to partake of food. Percival is sitting at one side eating with great appetite.

Mrs. Westfield (sweetly).

Are you ready for the cereal, John?

Mr. Westfield (from behind newspaper).

Go ahead—all right.

Mrs. Westfield (ringing for maid).

Percival, you must not put your whole hand into the finger bowl. You know how many times Mother has told you that isn't nice, dear.

Percival (forcibly).

Shucks!

(Maid enters, removes plates, and brings in cereal.)

Mrs. Westfield (gently).

John, does it give an account of the Rowlands' reception?

Mr. Westfield (vaguely).

Can't say,—wheat is going down. (Buries himself in paper again.)

Percival (heatedly).

I'm not going to eat that stuff, once more. I don't want to be a "strong, well boy." All the fellers are laughing at me now 'cause I'm so fat.

Mrs. Westfield (soothingly).

Percival, don't forget your manners, my son. Of course if you don't care for cereal this morning,—but it is so nourishing.

(Percival busies himself trying to balance a spoon on his nose to the great discomfort of his mother.)

Mrs. Westfield (nervously).

John, will you speak to Percival?—he is actually handling his silver.

Mr. Westfield (puts down newspaper and looks over glasses).

No, no, son, put the spoon down at once.

(Percival obeys with much spirit, shaking the table. Mr. and Mrs. Westfield look timidly at each other. Maid removes dishes, stumbling over Percival's foot which is thrust out.)

Mrs. Westfield (excitedly).

Why Percy, how could you make Mary stumble? Of course you didn't mean to, but you must beg her pardon.

(Percival rises and bows elaborately.)

Mrs. Westfield (tenderly).

That will do, son. Mother knows you are very sorry, dear. (Percival.)

Ugh! (gulps down a glass of water).

Mrs. Westfield (tactfully).

John, wouldn't you like another cup of coffee?

Percival (loftily as maid passes Mr. Westfield's cup).

Pass the toast and marmalade to Jack Dalton, king of the bloody cutthroats.

Mrs. Westfield (reprovingly).

Percy, my dear boy, you haven't been reading any more of those red-covered books Mother told you not to, have you?

Percival (nonchalantly).

You betcher!

Mrs. Westfield.

John, did your hear that?

Mr. Westfield (shortly).

Let the boy read. It won't hurt him; used to myself. (Puts down newspaper and finishes breakfast).

(Percival eats steadily on with asides of a villainous character.)

Mrs. Westfield (cautiously).

Isn't it a lovely day, son? Just the day for a walk for my little man, don't you think so, Papa? (looks anxiously at Mr. Westfield).

Mr. Westfield (tries to be tactful).

Yes, indeed, splendid day. By all means, Percival must take a walk.

Mrs. Westfield (gently).

Now son, you didn't go to church with us last Sunday so you must come with Mama and Papa to-day. Wouldn't that be nice, Papa?

(Percival at this instant throws a bread-ball at the portrait of his illustrious ancestor hung on the wall in front of him and announces emphatically:)

I shan't go, last time I went, I almost went to sleep and put a dime on the plate 'stead of a nickel when they took c'lection. No, I won't go this time, and I don't want a horse or baseball bat if I'll go, 'cause I'll never get 'em.

Mr. Westfield (severely).

Percival, you will go to church with us.

Mrs. Westfield (soothingly).

And Percy dear, Papa will let you carry his cane, won't you, Papa?

Percival (sneeringly).

How you going to make me go? I just as soon be whipped, and I don't care if I can't go to Mary Andrews' party 'cause I hate parties; silly things, all girls and getting dressed up.

Mrs. Westfield (desperately).

What shall we do, John?

Mr. Westfield to Percival.

My son, be a man and Papa will give you a quarter.

Percival (firmly).

I don't want it, I got fifty cents and a package of licorice now.

Mrs. Westfield (rises from table).

John, we will leave the table now. Percival, Mother is very much hurt at the attitude you are taking, you are making her feel very badly.

(Mr. and Mrs. Westfield leave room followed at a short distance by Percival, who crams a last mouthful of marmalade into his mouth.)

The End of the First Scene.

SCENE II.

The second scene is the library in the Westfield home two hours later. The room is decorated in dull browns, a cheerful fire is burning in the large fireplace at one end of the room. The walls are lined with bookcases full of many colored volumes, and large leather easy chairs are about the room. Percival is sitting on the floor, a black cat asleep in his lap, intently reading a red bound book.

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Westfield dressed for church.)

Mrs. Westfield (helplessly).

What shall I do with him, John? And I the President of the "Model Mothers' Club"! All my experiments and theories are failing; I've tried everything but spanking, and I cannot resort to that.

(Percival at this moment yells excitedly, and whirling the unsuspecting cat by his tail in the air, cries:)

"He's got 'em, the villain is caught by Bobby Bodnill, the boy hero!"

Mr. Westfield (thoroughly aroused).

This must stop; what the boy needs is a good thrashing.

Percival (brought back to earth by this, eyes his father doubtfully).

Papa, I didn't know you were here.

Mr. Westfield (sarcastically).

No, perhaps not, young man, but this has gone on long enough. Church does not begin for twenty minutes and you are going.

(Seizes Percival by collar and leads him yelling from room.)

Mrs. Westfield (tearfully).

I do hope John will be gentle with Percival, he has always been such a sensitive child. Oh dear! can he be spanking him?

(Howls issue from next room.)

(Five minutes later, enter Mr. Westfield, leading by the hand a tearful but mild Percival.)

Mr. Westfield (proudly).

Now, Percival, wouldn't you like to go to church with Mama and Papa?

Percival (sweetly).

Yes, Papa.

Mrs. Westfield (happily).

My splendid son! How well my Model Mothers' experiments have turned out.

Mr. Westfield.

You mean my experiments, my dear. There's nothing like a good spanking!

PACK SADDLE JACK.

Dust rose in a cloud as the horses were corralled. The afternoon sun beat down upon everything that was not sheltered, but it did not thwart the boys in their Sunday afternoon pleasure of busting a few bronchos. All the cowboys wore the brightest handkerchiefs they owned, and their Sunday shirts of the loudest colors.

"Who do you reckon that is ridin' over the Red Butte?" drawled Texas Jim.

"Seems to be comin' this way, doesn't he?" replied Bones as he looked at the lone rider. "Tenderfoot, I guess, 'bout time we had one."

Charley lassoed a blazed-faced sorrel horse, Bones held him to his saddle horse by a rope, while Jim reached for his ears and blindfolded him; then Charley threw his saddle on and mounted,—the next minute the sorrel horse was bucking high into the air! The punchers yelled, "Stay with him, Charley," but he needed no such advice, for soon the horse stopped bucking and started on a run.

Just as Bones caught another horse, the stranger rode a tired cayuse up to the corral and timidly inquired for the foreman.

"Kin I get a job here?"

"Can you ride?" asked the foreman.

"Some," answered the stranger.

Immediately the cowboys sized him up as a tenderfoot in hard luck, and the wink went round as the foreman remarked,

"Well, let's see you ride," pointing to a beautiful bay horse named Demon, the worst outlaw in the S H outfit, which had made every puncher bite dust many times. One cowboy roped Demon, another blindfolded him, while the stranger got off his tired pony and uncinched his worn-out saddle. He dragged it over, put it on Demon, and climbed on him as slowly and stiffly as he had dismounted from his own horse.

Then the fun began. Off came the blindfold, the powerful horse leaped through the corral gate to the open range, pitching and making cork screw turns. His head and all four feet were together each time he hit the ground, stiff-legged. Demon bucked straight ahead and to the side and in all directions at once in his attempt to throw the rider, but he could not even make him pull leather. Knowing that this was his chance, the stranger rode recklessly, fanning the horse with his hat, and raking him from neck to tail with his spurs. With each pitch the broncho landed harder and stiffer. He was foaming at the mouth, and blood streamed from his nostrils and sides. When the horse realized he had met his conqueror he broke into a run, lunging madly on until he had to stop from sheer exhaustion. The cowboys looked at each other in astonishment to think Demon had met his match.

Then his rider got off stiffly and drawled,

"If you all have any real bronchos, trot 'em out, I kin ride cayuses like this one with a pack saddle."

"Hurrah for Pack Saddle Jack!" shouted the cowboys, throwing their hats into the air.

They looked rather sheepish when the foreman said,

"Pack Saddle Jack, you can have a job in this outfit as long as I'm runnin' it. You're a puncher worth keepin', and the rest of these cowboys are tenderfeet compared to you when it comes to ridin' outlaws."

DOROTHY McMURRAY BURNS.

CAMPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"Is everyone in this hay wagon now, and are all the blanket-rolls?" inquired Mr. Bryant.

"Yes, everybody's here," returned several voices.

"All right,—Mr. Rutledge, start on," were Mr. Bryant's orders.

"I wonder where we'll meet the people who are walking?" said Dorothy.

"I think they're going to wait for us at the store in Fairlee," I replied.

We were off for an overnight trip from camp, and the first stretch of five miles to Fairlee seemed short. As soon as we came in sight of the village store, the other girls rushed out, loaded with candy and crackers, and almost before we could get down, they had all scrambled in and the wagon started off again. A few minutes later the rest of us set out on foot for our destination, Mt. Cube.

When we had tramped about six miles in the hot sun, we came upon a large red farmhouse, where men were haying in the surrounding fields. Any number of hens, ducks, and dogs were running here and there, and a woman was drawing water at a

well, not far from the door. We asked her for some water, which we absorbed like blotters. Then we inquired how many more miles we had to go.

"About three more miles up this road, and when you come to a little red brick house, that's the nearest point to the trail on this side of the mountain," she answered.

We called good-bye to the woman and went on. The road was dusty and we were hot and tired, but we kept on and on, past house after house,—with never a red brick one.

"That farmeress was crazy when she said three miles. I'm sure that farm is at least five miles behind now, and we can't even see the brick house yet," wailed one weary girl.

"Cheer up, I think I see it just ahead. Yes, hurray, there's the mountain too!"

Sure enough, there was the little red brick house surrounded by large elms and a stone wall. Across the road, on the right, was a huge barn, full of cattle, by the sound. Behind that were pastures and orchards, with the mountain only a few hundred yards away.

One girl looked back down the road. "There's the hay wagon, and hear those kids yelling and singing."

"Hello, people, we beat you!"

"Greetings, Helen."

"Hey there, Ruth!"

"Look out, Dot, you'll catch your foot in the wheel."

"Where's my blanket-roll? Oh, there it is. Betty, please hand it down."

"Every girl bring her blanket-roll into the barn and we'll eat supper here, for it's beginning to rain," called Mr. Bryant.

"All right, but we won't sleep in there no matter how hard it rains," shouted several. Each one found her blanket-roll and went into the barn. There was a huge luncheon-box with many people bending over it, unpacking and handing out eatables. We sat down unceremoniously on the floor in front of the cows' stalls and ate.

"Look out for that cow, Dot, she'll make a meal of your hair and think it delicious hay!" I cried.

By the time supper was over it had stopped raining and we were ready to find out where we were to lay our blankets. Though most of us wanted to go up the mountain a short way, Mr. Bryant refused to let us for fear of another storm, and then, too, the grass was soaking wet.

"I will not sleep in this barn, will you, Betty?" I asked.

"I certainly will not, Margaret; Eleanor, what are you going to do?"

Alice suddenly had a thought. "Come on, Eleanor, Betty, Mac, Piff, and Woodsey; don't say a word and we'll sneak up the mountain. I know the way, for I've been before."

We took our blanket-rolls and went quietly one by one behind the barn. From there we started single file up a narrow path toward the mountain.

"For heaven's sake, Alice, where are you taking us? This is a cow pasture."

"Oh, there's a cow!"

"Oh, Piff, come back, I'm not going any farther."

"Look! there are three more and they're all coming our way."

"Betty throw your stick at them."

Sticks and stones were hurled at the poor animals, which made a hasty retreat over a wall.

"Thank goodness, those cows have gone! Come, I say we lay our blankets here in this pasture, under these apple trees, then if it rains we'll not get wet."

"All right, here's a good, big tree and room for everyone under it."

"No, I want to get nearer that wall in case those cows come back," said Helen still in a panic.

"Oh, Helen, don't be foolish, they won't hurt you."

"I don't care, I hate them, and I'm going back to the barn if you don't come up here with me. Please do!"

Some of the girls went down to the barn and brought back some hay, which they put under their blankets. When all the beds were ready, we left them and went down to the barn to join the rest, who had already started a fire. It was glorious and we sat around it for an hour or more, singing camp songs and telling ghost stories.

About nine o'clock we deserters picked our way up the hill over the same path. Our bug-lights showed us the way. When we were about half way up, some one yelled, "What's that? Look! It moves! Oh, it's one of those beastly cows back again,—and worse luck, it's beginning to rain."

"Flash your bug-lights in their faces, everyone, and that may frighten them away."

We yelled and ran after the animals to make sure they didn't stop. Finally we reached our beds.

"Oh, look! they've eaten all the hay from under your blankets."

"Say! I'm glad I didn't put any under mine."

"So am I."

"I am, too," came in a chorus.

"Wow! there's an animal on my blanket. Oh, kids, chase him away or I'll call Mr. Bryant."

"So boss! Nice bossy! Shoo! Vamoose!" and that poor cow jumped the wall and ran, never to return.

"Oh, I don't care, I'm scared, soaked and everything else. Now anything can happen and it won't bother me."

"Come, Piff, take off your shoes and crawl in with me."

"Wait a minute, Woodsey, I want to be sure the cows are far away."

"Oh, they've gone for good. You've seen the last of them for to-night."

* * * * *

Back at camp the next afternoon we were greeted with "Hello, girls, I'll bet you're glad to get back. Did you climb Mt. Cube,—and what kind of a night did you have?"

"One thing at a time, please. Oh, yes, we climbed the mountain, and we had a great night—in a cow pasture. When I woke up this morning, the first thing that greeted me was a cow rubbing her head up and down on the tree at my feet."

"You missed a corn roast here."

"What? Give up the excitement of a rainy night in a cow pasture for a corn roast? Not a chance!"

MARGARET G. WOOD.

MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

How well I remember the first time I saw her! We had just settled down in the new house, and I was walking in the garden, when, happening to look at the house next door, I saw her sitting on the porch in her big armchair. She was a tiny old lady, with a thin, wrinkled face framed by snowy hair; faded blue eyes, which must, at one time, have sparkled with mirth, but were now wistful; and delicate hands, no doubt once plump, but now thin and blue-veined. It was a warm, sparkling morning when I saw her, just the kind to make one love the whole world, and she looked so lonely that I cut an armful of the prettiest roses and took them to my neighbor.

We talked for a long time, and I found that her voice corresponded with the rest of her, quiet and sweet. I discovered that her name was Mrs. Dagan and that she lived in the big house with only her two old servants. It was only after I had told her of Catharine, away at boarding school, and Bob, at the Naval Academy, that, her eyes filling with tears, she said,

"My only child, Robert, ran away to sea when he was nineteen and went down with his ship during a terrible storm. Since then I have always been alone, and you don't know how much it means to have you talk to me."

After that day our friendship grew, and many were the sunshiny hours I spent in her company, listening to the sweet voice as she told me about her younger days. When fall approached, however, her health seemed to fade like the leaves, and my neighbor could no longer enjoy the sunshine out-of-doors. Still I went to see her every day, and sat by the big, four-posted bed in which her slight figure seemed frailer than ever. At last the time came when she knew me only at rare intervals, and it was pathetic to hear her continually calling for Robert, and watching the door for his return.

A glorious autumn day was just drawing to a close, when my tall son came home on leave of absence. He had scarcely

had time to speak to me before Mrs. Dagan's old servant ran breathlessly in.

"Oh, ma'm," she gasped, "come right away, please. The missis is growing weaker."

Bob and I ran quickly to the house across the lawn, and he waited in the hall while I went into the room. There she lay—the red glow of the setting sun serving only to emphasize the pallor of her sweet, wrinkled face. Looking at me she whispered, "Has Robert come?" Not thinking of her son, but only of my own, I absently answered, "Yes." I have never seen such a look of happiness in any one's face, and it was only when, sitting up in bed, she called, "Robert, Robert," that I realized she was still expecting her boy. Bob, hearing his name called, came to the door, a tall figure in his uniform. Mrs. Dagan held out her arms pleadingly to him, and at my gesture he knelt beside the bed. How the little woman smoothed his hair and patted his shoulders, murmuring all the while, "I knew you would come, I knew you would come." Just as the last ray of the setting sun faded, Mrs. Dagan sank back in the pillows with a happy sigh, closing her eyes, never to open them again.

Neither Bob nor I shall ever forget that afternoon in the big room, and when, with wet eyes on my part, we looked at the smiling, peaceful face, we knew the last hour our neighbor had spent on earth had not been lonely. ELIZABETH MCCONKEY.

CONNIEBOY, ALIAS BOBBY.

It was a hot summer day, and as usual Connieboy and her two sisters were romping around the yard with their big, shaggy Newfoundland dog. The two older sisters wore dresses, but Connieboy, thinking it was more fun, wore boy's clothes, and her hair was cut short. Her father had always wanted a son, and when she wore overalls, he said she was the nearest approach to a boy, in his family. He took her fishing, and taught her to swim, and when the horse was tied to the hitching post, let her sit proudly on his back, and in every way treated her as a boy. She

thought that this was fine sport. On this special summer day the children's mother came out into the yard and told them that Cousin Jane, who had been abroad for so many years, was coming to visit them for a few weeks. That was enough,—Connieboy burst into unmanly tears, and neither her mother nor sisters could stop her.

"I don't want her," she sobbed. Connieboy had seen her Cousin Jane's picture, and not liking her looks, had from that time on, called everything she disliked, "Cousin Jane."

"Connieboy," said her mother, "won't you put on your dresses and be a girl again?" She shook her head. Her mother didn't like her as a boy, but preferred to have her wear dainty little frocks. All at once the child's face brightened as a thought popped into her head.

"We'll make Cousin Jane think I'm a boy, and you'll call me Bobby, won't you, mother?"

"Well, all right, dear, if you really want Cousin Jane to think you're a little boy," said her mother smiling. "As far as Jane's concerned, it won't matter whether Connieboy wears skirts or overalls, as she doesn't know of the child's existence. Yes, dear, we'll carry out your plan then, but remember, in every way you'll be treated as a boy." The bobbed head nodded knowingly.

The day arrived and Connieboy, now Bobby, waited by the hitching post for Cousin Jane's coming. At last the cab drove up. Cousin Jane, as prim and proper as her picture, kissed Mrs. Murdock and the two little girls,—but Bobby backed away. "Aren't you glad I've come, Laura, to teach the youngest manners? Boys are always so troublesome at about this age," said Cousin Jane.

At last supper was served and they all rose to go in, Bobby darting ahead.

"Here's where our manners begin, young man, even if you are only seven," said Cousin Jane, grabbing Bobby by the arm. Bobby's lower lip quivered, but a warning glance from mother told her to remember her agreement. Everything went smoothly until the salad was placed on the table, and when it was put in front of Bobby, she demurely said, "Cousin Jane."

"Yes?" said her Cousin, raising her head.

"I didn't speak to you, Cousin Jane," said Bobby.

"Yes, you did, child, you said, 'Cousin Jane.' "

"I was talking to the salad I don't like," grinned Bobby, "and you know, Cousin Jane, everything I don't like I call 'Cousin Jane,'—the pigs, the cook, the, the——"

"Bobby, leave the table or beg Cousin Jane's pardon," broke in mother.

"I'm sorry, Cousin Jane, I don't like you, and that the pigs and cook and everything's named after you, but you're all so much alike that——"

"Bobby, leave the table and go to bed," said her father. So up she went. Day after day more trials occurred with Cousin Jane, until finally the climax came. Cousin Jane was going to take all the children to the circus. The day came, but alas! only three tickets had been bought instead of four.

"Well, Bobby is a nice, unselfish boy and will gladly give up his place to his little sisters," said Cousin Jane, and off they drove. With a bound Bobby was in her mother's arms, sobbing out her grief, until from sheer exhaustion she fell asleep. The day wore on until an hour before it was time for them all to come home.

At length there was the sound of wheels on the gravel drive, and presently Cousin Jane came stalking in with the excited children at her heels.

"Where's Bobby?" they said.

"Upstairs getting dressed," replied their mother.

"Bobby, come down and get some peppermints," called Cousin Jane.

A white and blue ruffy figure appeared at the door—no longer a boy, but her own true self.

"Bobby," gasped Cousin Jane, "why, you cunning little girl!" Then everything was explained, and Connieboy, alias Bobby, was given peppermints and kissed and petted by Cousin Jane, and a visit to the city was promised for the next day.

That night as Connieboy went to sleep in Cousin Jane's arms she turned and said, "Promise, mother, to throw away my overalls to-morrow morning!"

CONSTANCE MILLER.

POMPOM'S ESCAPADE.

Pompom was a very aristocratic white poodle. He was more aristocratic, if possible, than his mistress, fat Mrs. Huntley-James. Every morning, Janet, Mrs. Huntley-James's maid, washed and brushed Pompom, much to his disgust.

One morning after washing him, Janet tied a big, blue bow to his collar, for which procedure Pompom could see no reason. When he waddled back to Mrs. Huntley-James's room, instead of the expected lump of sugar, he was greeted by the sight of his white blanket coat. The instant Pompom saw the coat he darted hastily under the divan by the radiator, his favorite hiding place. But alas! he was discovered and poked out with a parasol.

"You are a naughty dog," puffed Mrs. Huntley-James, out of breath from poking Pompom, "you are a naughty dog," she repeated, "and you shall not have your sugar," whereupon she placed the coveted lump far out of his reach. Pompom sniffed with his little black nose, but Mrs. Huntley-James was firm. After a little more sniffing and whining, he allowed his coat to be buttoned on by Janet, then his mistress gathered his fluffy person into her arms and marched solemnly downstairs to the limousine.

Once more Pompom was happy. He loved to sit by the window and watch the passers-by, while his mistress went into the shops. But what in thunder did she mean by picking him up on this particular morning and climbing up a flight of dingy stairs with him? At the head of the stairs she spoke to him.

"Pompom," she said, "you and I are going to have our pictures taken," and then she opened a door and walked into a sunny room.

At the word picture, Pompom had wriggled, and now inside the room, he struggled free from Mrs. Huntley-James's tight embrace, and sought refuge in a corner behind a lounge.

It took Mrs. Huntley-James only a minute to explain matters to the photographer. Monsieur Réneau, for such was his name, very kindly shooed Pompom out with a long stick. Pompom,

however, had been waiting for this and darted underneath a desk, from which place he scurried under a dark curtain at the opposite end of the room. The photographer rose from his knees in time to see Pompom's white tail disappearing underneath the curtain. With a loud cry he dashed in that direction, and a second later, to Mrs. Huntley-James's astonished ear, came a smash! with the sound of water spilling and indistinguishable words from Monsieur Réneau. A minute later Pompom emerged, dripping, his hair a queer, reddish color. M. Réneau followed, an indescribable expression of anger on his face.

"Madam," he began, then his anger overcoming his politeness, he continued, "That cursed dog of yours is certainly possessed with the most evil of evil spirits. He has ruined my most expensive proofs, and—" he spied Pompom, who was turning around and around on the floor. "Madame!" he shouted, "did I not tell you that that dog of yours was possessed of an evil spirit?"

Mrs. Huntley-James drew herself up to her full height. "I cannot," she said haughtily, "I cannot be held responsible for the conduct of my dog toward you. It is your own fault that he ruined your proofs. You should not have poked him out from under the desk. If you had any sense, you would have coaxed him out with a lump of sugar or some sweetmeat. And, allow me, Monsieur, to tell you that he is not 'possessed of an evil spirit', as your call it."

"Madame," raged the photographer, "you must make good my proofs. The very least they would be worth is twenty dollars."

"I've no twenty dollars to waste on your proofs," said Mrs. Huntley-James, "but I should be very much obliged if you would take my photograph now,—without Pompom," she added.

After her picture was taken Mrs. Huntley-James went to the window. "Jerry," she called, "come up here and carry down Pompom for me."

As she sailed out of the door, followed by Jerry, carrying the dripping Pompom, she laid a dollar in the photographer's hand.

"That's all I can waste on your proofs," she said.

"I'll sue you for this, Madame," growled the photographer, glaring at Pompom.

It was a day later, and Janet was taking Pompom out for his walk in the park. A man with his hat slouched over his face was sitting on a bench, apparently asleep. Janet did not see him, for she appeared to be looking for someone else.

A tall, fat policeman came striding down the walk. His eye fell upon Janet.

"Ah! Janet!" he cried, "it's a long time since I've seen you. How are you?"

"Very well, monsieur," answered Janet demurely.

"It's a hot day, Janet," continued the policeman, wiping his forehead with a red cotton handkerchief; "it's a hot day," he repeated, "let's sit down here," and he pointed to the seat near that where the man was sitting. Janet readily agreed, and was soon in deep conversation with the policeman, so deep, in fact, that without thinking, she let go of Pompom's leash. Pompom wandered off toward the man on the other bench. The latter looked hastily around,—the policeman's back was turned on him. Quickly and silently, he caught up Pompom and dashed out of the gate. When Janet looked around, Pompom had disappeared. Neither she nor the policeman had noticed the man with the slouched hat.

"Janet! where can Pompom be?" It was the next morning, and Mrs. Huntley-James, her hair still in curl papers, was hurrying around her room.

"Hélas! Madame," with a shrug of her shoulders, "I do not know. Yesterday in the park it was hot, so I sat down on a bench to cool myself. I must have let go of Pompom's leash, for when I looked around he was gone," and Janet retired weeping.

"Pompom! Pompom! Oh, dearie me! where has he gone to? Janet!"

"Oui, madame."

"Telephone 'The Herald' and say that I offer a fifty dollar reward for his return."

Four hours later a telephone bell rang.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Huntley-James—What! you say Pompom is down in your rooms?—Impossible!—You say you found him there at four o'clock yesterday afternoon?—M'm—Extraordinary!—Well, I'll send my chauffeur down for him right away. What!

I can't have him until I pay the reward? The very idea!—Well, I'll write you a check immediately. Good-bye," and Mrs. Huntley-James hung up the receiver.

"Janet," she called, "it's all right, Pompom's found."

An hour afterwards, Pompom was sleeping comfortably on his mistress's bed.

In a dingy little room at the back of his shop, a photographer read over a check that he held in his hand,—on a table beside him lay a slouch hat.

"Ah!" he said finally, "Madame did pay for the proofs after all."

ELLEN BURKE.

SCHOOL NEWS.

January 30th—

The Bowdoin College Dramatic Club gave a play entitled, "The Marriage of Kitty," on our gymnasium stage. The audience was quite large as three hundred tickets had been sold. A list of the necessary stage properties had been sent down beforehand by the manager, and a committee of three girls was appointed to carry out the directions.

Saturday evening, everything was ready,—the stage was set, lights arranged, and the ushers waiting for the first guests. At eight o'clock the curtain rose, the charming Kitty came tripping in, and the play had begun.

Many amusing incidents naturally occurred as one might expect, since boys were taking the part of girls. We laughed over their attempts to take little mincing steps, imitate feminine gestures, and keep their voices at a proper pitch. I am sure the audience especially enjoyed Kitty's beautiful singing. In spite of the fact that, during luncheon in Kitty's villa upon the return of her neglectful husband, they had bananas for every course, only served in different ways, and that their champagne was

poured from a ginger ale bottle, everything progressed smoothly, and there was great applause when the curtain fell for the last time.

Following the play, there was dancing for about an hour, after which our guests soon departed. HAZEL A. COFFIN.

THE BALLET OF SYLVIA.

February 2nd—

All the girls were patiently waiting to see Miss Kellogg and her presentation of "The Ballet of Sylvia." They were particularly interested because Miss Kellogg had been their instructor in social dancing. The play was presented in the Boston Opera House, and it was a very expectant group of girls that awaited the rising of the curtain.

The plot of the ballet is founded upon an old play, "Aminta," and is the story of Sylvia, the favorite of Diana, the goddess of the chase. The play is in three acts, and the first scene is a deep forest. It is moonlight, when the curtain goes up, and fairylike; dancing forms in filmy draperies glide about in the dusk. Aminta, a shepherd, happens to see these nymphs and falls in love with Sylvia, their leader. He then haunts the place, hoping to get another glimpse of her. One day he sees her and is brought before Sylvia, who, angry at being spied at by a mortal, draws her arrow at Aminta, but quickly changes her mind and aims at a statue of L'Amour; Aminta, however, has placed himself between them and is injured by the dart. She then goes away, but upon returning to seek the pardon of the wounded shepherd, is seized by Orion, who is also in love with her, and carried off to his lonely abode.

The second act is in the strange, bare cave of Orion. Sylvia, realizing that there is no possible escape, accepts his invitation to a feast. There is a very weird, fantastic dance done by the two black slaves of Orion, while serving the wine. L'Amour has suggested the plan to Sylvia of drugging all three, so that finally they all lapse into slumber, and she makes her escape.

The third act is in the forest again, and L'Amour appears in the guise of a mortal, leading Sylvia and her companions as veiled slaves. Here the dancing of the nymphs is very pretty as they are blown hither and thither as if by the breeze and play with balls and balloons. L'Amour comes and recognizes the presence of Sylvia, but is unable to decide which of the disguised nymphs is the one he loves. Finally she makes herself known to him, and he throws himself in ecstasy at her feet. L'Amour then leads them away to the barge which brought him thither, and they sail to the land of the immortals, leaving her nymphs upon the shore, listening to the silvery notes of Sylvia's horn, which are wafted back from the depths of the wood. ISABEL FISHER.

MADAME GUÉRIN'S LECTURE.

February 5th—

We all accepted Miss Parsons' invitation in French to attend a lecture on Marie Antoinette, given by Madame Guérin. In spite of the fact that many of the girls could not understand much French, the lecture proved very interesting, as Madame Guérin spoke slowly and clearly, and with the help of her gestures, it was not hard to understand her.

She appeared on the stage in the charming costume of a young girl, with powdered curls, large black hat, and a yellow bodice. The girlhood of Marie Antoinette formed the first topic of her talk, which told how the young Princess was taken from the Austrian Court to become the wife of the French Dauphin, later Louis XVI. She was gay and frivolous, and Madame Guérin, in royal robes, with a beautiful cape of blue, told of the young Queen's hatred of court ceremonial. She tried in many ways to evade it, sometimes rising early to escape the three ladies-in-waiting who came to dress her.

The third costume was that of a shepherdess, showing how Marie Antoinette satisfied her whims, and loved to play in her model dairy near the Petit Trianon at Versailles. Meanwhile

the poor people, oppressed and starved, had no voice in the government. At last, angered by all that they had suffered from the royal family and the nobility, they would stand it no longer, and the Revolution broke out.

Madam Guérin, in a black dress, told of the imprisonment of the royal family; of how, after a while, Marie Antoinette was separated from her children and put into a cell alone; of the agony of mind she underwent, while thus torn away from her dear ones. She was mocked at by the guards, and yet she always remained calm, even at the trial where she was condemned to the guillotine.

Finally came the last morning of her life, and Marie Antoinette, in a dark dress and wearing the tricolor cockade, which had been thrust upon her, was led out to be executed, courageous even to the end.

At intervals, between the changes of costume, we enjoyed seeing lantern slides of historical places, relating to Marie Antoinette and the Revolution, and the portraits of most of the people whom Madame Guérin had mentioned. She was very cordial in thanking us for our attention, but we felt that we were indebted to her, because of the pleasure that her interesting talk had given us.

ELEANOR B. GOODRICH.

A HARP RECITAL.

February 6th—

The last of the concerts at Colonial Hall gave us the chance of hearing a harp, besides cello, violin, and piano. The program was delightful and our expectations of the harp were more than satisfied. Mr. Tower was no ordinary cellist, and we came away with that indescribable feeling good music always gives.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

February 12th—

Eleven of the girls who were especially interested in music, went to Boston to hear the Symphony Concert, with Julia Culp as soloist. The concert was conducted by Mr. Ernst Schmidt. First on the programme was a Symphony in D Minor, by Schumann. Then Mme. Culp sang, with much charm and pathos, "Il Lamento d' Areanna." The next group was Bach's Suite No. 2 in B Minor, composed of seven numbers, all of which I enjoyed exceedingly. Then Mme. Culp sang "Dank Sei Dir" by Haendel, and "Adelaide" by Beethoven. The last number was Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I had looked forward for a long time to this concert, and I enjoyed it even more than I expected. At the end of the programme I felt as if I had been there scarcely more than a few moments as the time seemed to have flown.

MARIE ELSTON.

THE MID-YEAR DANCE.

February 23rd—

Oh, the excitement which prevailed during the last few days before the mid-year dance! The mails were expectantly awaited and little meetings were held in the different houses to plan even the slightest detail of the coming dance.

All day Saturday was spent chiefly in primping and hair curling, the girls stopping only for the three usual repasts. At half-past seven the last guest had arrived, and we all departed to the "gym" where a short reception was held. Then the orchestra started such a one-step that no one in the world could resist it.

Between the sixth and seventh dances refreshments were served at small tables placed around the swimming pool. The room was very attractively decorated with red hearts strung from corner to corner, gay-colored cushions filling the canoe, and palms placed here and there. It was here that we sat and ate

chicken pâtés, and ices in the shape of hearts—very suggestive of Valentine's Day—until another strain from the orchestra called us once more upstairs. In this way we passed a very enjoyable evening until quarter of twelve when the orchestra played "Good-bye, Girls, I'm through," and we bade Miss Parsons good-night.

ELOUISE BIXBY.

MISS WHITTIER'S TALK.

February 26th—

Miss Whittier gave to the Art History classes a talk, illustrated with lantern slides, on the cities of Northern Italy.

She began by telling us about the art treasures of Milan, showing us pictures of the Cathedral with its thousands of statues. With Leonardo's "Last Supper" were compared other compositions on the same subject—Giotto's, Ghirlandajo and Andrea del Sarto's. From Sant 'Ambrogio we saw the wonderful enamel altarpiece, and from the Brera many of the best known paintings, such as Leonardo's "Beatrice d' Este."

From Venice were views of the Doge's Palace, St. Mark's, palaces on the Grand Canal, and the equestrian statue of Colleoni.

After Venice we visited Padua, Ravenna, and finally Florence. From the last city there appeared upon the screen the Cathedral with its marvelous dome, the Lily of Florence, and the famous Giotto bell tower. Then we saw the church of Orsanmichele with Donatello's St. George, and lastly the bronze doors of the Baptistery.

The pictures were all the more enjoyable because they emphasized topics that we had taken up in Art History, and it was pleasant to recognize so many of the illustrations as familiar friends.

"QUALITY STREET."

February 27th—

"Quality Street" was certainly enjoyed by all the girls who saw it. The quaint, old-fashioned costumes and Napoleonic uniforms were very attractive, while the staging, designed by Maude Adams herself, was simple and pretty.

Maude Adams, as Phoebe Throssel, was very sweet and played her part well. Phoebe, a girl of about twenty, loves a young man living very near her, who, when volunteers are called for, joins the army. Upon his departure he leaves Phoebe and her foster-sister a sum of money, large enough to make them comfortable for several years. Through the failure of investments, however, the money is lost, and Phoebe and her sister try, without success, to keep school.

Nine years later the young soldier returns, now a lieutenant. Phoebe is all worn out and looks very haggard when she again sees her lover. She then decides to masquerade as her own niece, to win his love. Instead of loving the niece, however, he tells Phoebe of his love for her alone. Finally, after a few days, during which the lieutenant is much puzzled about the identity of the aunt and the niece, all turns out well, as, of course, it should in a play, and the "niece" is sent back to her own home forever.

HANNAH BENTON.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT WORK.

February 28th—

Instead of our regular Sunday evening programme, Miss Spahr, General Secretary of the College Settlements Association, spoke to us about Settlement work. She briefly sketched the growth of Settlements, from the time of their establishment in London by Edward Dennison to the present day, when, in New York City alone, there are perhaps sixty Settlements. Miss Spahr

gave us a good idea of the work done in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, in which cities are regular College Settlements, and told us many funny little stories about the foreign children who are brought to them.

She spoke particularly about Dennison House, Boston, where there is a place for the mothers as well as the children, and many come every week to the Milk and Baby Hygiene Stations to learn how to take better care of their babies. On Saturday morning there is a play hour, when all the children are allowed to play with the Settlement House toys. Naturally the dolls' garments get dirty, after being handled by so many little hands, so on Monday the older girls take a laundry lesson and wash the clothes. On Wednesday another class irons them, and then the dolls are dressed in their fresh dresses, ready for the little tots on Saturday. Miss Spahr said that there were many children for whom there was no room in the Settlement. As an example of this she told the following story: "A mother brought her little girl to the kindergarten and couldn't understand why the child was turned away. Finally in desperation the teacher said, 'But you see, there is no chair for your child.' The woman went away, only to return the following morning, carrying a chair so that Rosie might have a place in the kindergarten."

In closing Miss Spahr said that the College Settlement aims to give a share of what some people have in abundance to others who have little, and to show to the foreign-born citizen of the United States the best that American life can offer.

ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

March 2nd—

Miss Farquhar, Y. W. C. A. Secretary of the Department of Secondary Schools, came to Lowell, and in the evening gave us a very interesting talk. First, she told us what the Y. W. C. A. was doing for working girls to help them to a happy and clean life. In the Y. W. C. A. building in New York, there are little parlors where girls who have no room at home may entertain men. A

dance floor is provided where the latest dances are taught and danced correctly; and a lunch room where the girls may have a good meal for a small price is an important feature.

Then Miss Farquhar told us of the Y. W. C. A. Camp which is to be opened for eight days in June, at Martha's Vineyard. The Association is organizing the Camp for girls of Secondary Schools, and it will be on the order of the one at Silver Bay. A schedule will be followed during each day: there will be classes in Bible Study and Mission work. There will also be tennis, swimming, and other outdoor sports. Basket work and fancy work of various kinds will help make the time pass pleasantly.

ELENORE LEE.

THE RED CROSS STUNT.

March 6th—

"Girls, girls, do look at the sign on the board: 'Come to the Movies; Saturday at eight P. M.; ten cents admission, all under twelve, five cents.' I wonder who's going to give it?—and I bet it will be good."

"So do I. Say, has anyone got a dime she can lend me? I haven't got a cent."

Such were the cries which greeted the sign on the schoolroom board; and on Saturday night, everyone in the school came out to the gym, each armed with her ten cents and ready for the "Movies."

Much to the surprise of the doorkeeper, however, two of the girls appeared in short dresses and hair flowing, both insisting on five cents admission. They were allowed this privilege on the condition that they should pay the other half on their exit.

The first number on the program was the acting out of six familiar Rogers Hall sayings, two of which were, "I don't want to tell you," and "Flutter, flutter." They were done after the idea of charades and the audience guessed them easily.

Secondly, came the "Movie" entitled, "The Courage of Love," in which Hannah Benton took the part of Miss Cheribella, the heroine, and Marjorie Adams, of Jack Reginal Dauntless, the persistent lover, who, although he was somewhat of a miser, was sincerely loved by Miss Cheribella, who hated the suitor her fond parents had picked out for her, Count Goldibus Mellens-Food, and therefore caused her relations much trouble.

The last number consisted of three tableaux, which were taken from the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," from a forest scene in "As You Like It," and from the picture "A Sunbeam in a Dark Corner."

The girls danced after the entertainment, and we were all overjoyed to find that we had made five dollars for our Red Cross Fund.

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

MISS HAYWOOD'S TALK.

March 7th—

Miss Haywood, Executive Secretary of the International Institute for Girls in Spain, gave a stereopticon lecture on the school in Madrid. It was started by Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick on a very small scale with a few girls who asked her to teach them. This was the beginning of higher education for women in Spain. It has been kept up by American subscriptions, and in 1903 a newly equipped building was opened. Two years later friends of Mrs. Gulick erected a Memorial Hall. Now they have several buildings, and girls from the school are entering different universities where they are competing successfully with men and boys, showing that girls taught by women can equal men in education.

It has been said that there are but two ways open to the Spanish girl, marriage or the convent. Owing to the International Institute and its influence, this need no longer be necessary, and it is impossible for us, who have so many liberties, to realize the joy these girls take in the school that brings them so much breadth and freedom.

DOROTHY WOODS.

MADAME RIO'S RECITAL.

March 8th—

The girls studying under Miss Ruggles had a very pleasant surprise when Miss Parsons allowed them to hear Madame Anita Rio at Colonial Hall.

Madame Rio's personality was charming, she sang with ease, and seemed so full of enthusiasm that she fairly bubbled over.

She sang in Italian, French, and Old English, her best songs being very light and full of life. "Will o' the Wisp" was the last selection on the program. The richness of her voice was brought out in this song, and the audience showed their appreciation by enthusiastic applause, which Madame Rio responded to by singing, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water." MILDRED ROBINSON.

CURTIS GUILD ON RUSSIA.

March 9th—

The Hon. Curtis Guild, formerly American Ambassador to Russia, spoke to the Lowell Teachers' Association in regard to the country that, in his official capacity, he has come to know so well. Mr. Guild told us that his talk would be something like dancing in fetters because he could not speak of any people whom he had met while Ambassador, nor could he discuss anything even remotely connected with the present war.

Very entertainingly, however, he told us of some rather surprising features of the Russian character. They are, he insisted, quite the cleanest people in the world, and it is not without reason that Russian baths are so famous.

Even more surprising than their cleanliness is their kindness of heart. Mr. Guild told of his pompous Russian butler, who with the thermometer at 17° below zero, rushed out into the snow in his pumps and silk stockings to save a kitten. The Russians are among the most kind-hearted people in the world.

Another surprising thing is that Siberia is not altogether the cold, barren waste we picture it. In the southern part, tropical trees and plants grow. Platinum mines, the largest in the world, and gold and silver mines are also found there. Most of the mines are engineered by Americans. Mr. Guild said that the nation in which to make money quickly and honestly is Russia.

DOROTHY CASTLE.

MISS ANTIN'S TALK.

March 9th—

Never were we so delightfully surprised as on the evening we spent listening to Mary Antin. Of course, we expected to be interested, but not to the extent we were.

Her topic was, "They Who Knock at Our Gates," and sighting, as an illustration, the Russian Jew of whom she knows so much, she made us feel how much we ought to appreciate the advantages of education that we have in America. She said that almost any Russian Jew of whom you might ask his motive for coming to this country, would say, "Oh, you know, we Jews never can be anything in Russia. We don't ever get a chance, and over here our children can go to school with all the other children and get an education and go to college, and perhaps if they work hard, they may turn out to be somebody." From this answer we see how really necessary the Russian Jew, who has such a hard time in his own country to obtain any learning, considers the education of his children.

Many Americans accuse the Russian Jews of the installation of "sweat shops." Miss Antin did not deny that they are often to blame in this respect, for she said that that is practically the only trade they can practice when they arrive in this country; she added, however, that they leave this trade just as soon as possible, and not only the "sweat shops," but the slums also,

in which they are compelled to live at first. "Why," said she, "you speak of self-made men in your higher social circles; on the East Side of New York, for instance, there are more self-made men than in all the rest of New York together. If a man who fills a social position invests unfortunately or in any way makes a failure, he is pitied by his associates and friends; and if he braces up enough to make a new start, is praised by everyone. But the man on the East Side fails actually dozens of times, and as many times starts afresh."

When Miss Antin was in Michigan speaking, she met, by chance, two little girls, Mamie and Lizzie Ginsburg, in whom she became very much interested, and upon their invitation decided to go to see the mother of these very bright children. The history of the Ginsburg family, Miss Antin informed us, is typical of these people. It was the story of a hard battle against sickness and poverty. Yet hard as Mrs. Ginsburg had to work, with the care of a sick husband in addition to the household duties and farm work upon her, never a day did she keep any of the children home from school, for they must have their due. When Mr. Ginsburg was well enough they moved to the little town in which they then lived, where both of the girls had graduated from the high school, and now that they had their diplomas, what were they going to do? Why, go on to Normal School, and that is what they were doing when Miss Antin met them, going to school during the morning, taking care of small children, washing dishes, and doing whatever else they could in payment to the families with whom they lived, for their room and board. At night they studied.

This is only one of the many pathetic stories Miss Antin told as she pleaded for her countrymen. And how can we try to prove, when we know such histories as this, that the immigrants are a drawback? for they seem to strive upward, having nothing, more earnestly than we, who have all the heart can desire.

MARJORIE WILDER.

PROFESSOR PHELPS'S LECTURE ON BROWNING.

March 12th—

A great many of the girls went to Colonial Hall to a lecture given by Professor Phelps of Yale. Those of us who had been to a former talk of his were very eager to go this time, especially as the lecture was to be on Browning. At the beginning of the talk Professor Phelps spoke of three late novels that he considered very much worth while. They were "The Three Sisters," by Mary Sinclair; "The Turmoil," by Booth Tarkington; and "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon," by H. G. Wells. He then told of Browning's childhood, of the great judgment his father used in his influence over the child, of the boy's unusual education, his wonderful mind, and his ability to comprehend all that he undertook. He told of his love affair, which Professor Phelps considers the greatest in the world and certainly one of the most true and lasting. Speaking of his works, Professor Phelps said, "I could not get along without them, they are a part of my everyday life." He spoke of the truth of all Browning's poems and the great satisfaction and delight the reader may get from them. As the lecture ended we rose regretfully, hoping to hear Professor Phelps soon again.

ISABEL NORTON.

THE RED CROSS ENTERTAINMENT.

March 13th—

The Red Cross Entertainment was an event which took a great deal of planning, and was looked forward to with much interest.

Promptly at half past four the girls gathered in the gymnasium with a few of the Alumnae and other visitors. The newly organized Glee and Mandolin clubs gave several selections, and their barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffmann" and "Day Is at Last Departing," were received with enthusiasm. Then Mrs. Barr and Miss Peterson sang several times.

At six o'clock supper began. This very important part took place at small tables that had been arranged around the swimming pool. The guests were served by girls who appeared as waitresses in white aprons and small caps topped with bunches of red and yellow ribbon, the Belgian colors. An elaborate menu kept us busy until about seven o'clock, when we all went up into the gymnasium for dancing.

Then came the most amusing part of the entertainment, two impromptu stunts. The House succeeded in making us laugh until our sides ached, by giving a burlesque track meet. Next the Cottage, assisted by some Hall girls, parodied the ballet of "Sylvia," Dorothy Johnson acting as Sylvia and Margaret Wood as Aminta, her lover. Edith Ellis was very good as the magician, Orion, and Ruth Allen and Rachel Hoyer as Nubian slaves.

Altogether, when the entertainment was over, we had had not only a great deal of pleasure and fun out of it, but from the proceeds we were able to add substantially to the Rogers Hall Red Cross Fund.

"THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM."

March 20th—

Miss Parsons very kindly entertained the Delta Upsilon Society of Harvard at an informal tea, before their presentation of "The Beaux' Stratagem" in the Rogers Hall gymnasium.

This Society has been accustomed to revive an Elizabethan play each season. This year they deviated a little from their established course and revived a Restoration comedy, "The Beaux' Stratagem," by George Farquhar. The plot is well conceived, and makes possible many lively and amusing adventures, which are naturally developed. The idea of the two embarrassed gentlemen, coming down into the country disguised as man and servant, is humorously worked out, and furnishes a number of scenes which are lit up with good dialogue. The parts

of Archer and Scrub were very well done, and far superior to the playing of the women's parts.

The Society brought its own orchestra, which played between the acts and also furnished music for the dancing after the performance.

MARION HUFFMAN.

March 21st—

"What a relief," sighed Rachel Brown, as though a load of care had been lifted from her mind, "I shan't have to get up a programme for Sunday evening as Miss Wiggin is coming to give a talk." Immediately everyone questioned everyone else as to Miss Wiggin's identity, and we soon discovered that she was the Secretary of the Consumers' League of Massachusetts. Although we had all heard of the "Consumers' League" and had seen their labels many times, we did not have any definite impression to associate with the name.

Miss Wiggin opened her interesting talk by saying how bad she often felt as she met, first, her working girl friends, then, girls who had many opportunities, to think that the good things of life were so unevenly distributed; but as her better judgment asserted itself she was glad that some did have pleasures and advantages, because then they were enabled to aid intelligently those who had not.

The Consumers' League, a league created by public opinion, has gained greatly since its beginning. Its main object is to alleviate the distressful conditions under which working people labor. That the betterment of these conditions directly influences the consumer we plainly understood as Miss Wiggin talked.

Although the workers in the League have no legal permission to request changes in a department store or factory, they usually persuade the owner that a slight expense at first will mean a greater increase in business for him later, and they have many good proofs of this fact.

The consumer is often responsible for overworked employees, by doing his holiday shopping and even marketing at the last moment; thus he causes the employer to overwork his clerks in order to satisfy the demands of his thoughtless customers, therefore the well-known slogan, "Do your Xmas shopping early."

Miss Wiggin added that even school girls' asking for the label when purchasing, had caused many manufacturers to think the improvement of labor conditions worth while.

BEATRICE GREER.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

VISITORS' DAY.

March 17th—

The programme of the annual gymnasium demonstration, to which visitors are invited, consisted of the many interesting varieties of gymnasium work that the girls have completed this term. Surely Miss Macfarlane has reason to be proud of the success of her classes, not only on account of the work they have accomplished but also because of the form in which their exercises were carried out.

The program was as follows:

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Free Movements. | 7. Wands. |
| 2. Buck. | 8. Chest Weights. |
| 3. Dodge Ball. | 9. Horizontal Bar. |
| 4. Ist Year Dancing. | 10. Relay Race. |
| La Preciosa. | 11. 2nd Year Dancing. |
| Espanita. | Autumn Leaves. |
| Swedish Schottische. | Pirouette. |
| 5. Stall Bars. | 12. 1st and 2nd Year Fencing. |
| 6. Volley Ball. | |

POLLY PIPER.

BASKET BALL.

Owing to the absence of a few girls, the basket ball game between Hall and House, to have been played March 23rd, has been postponed until after the Easter vacation. The girls have had some very vigorous practice so the game promises to be an interesting one. The teams were chosen as follows:

HALL.	POSITION.	HOUSE.
R. Greene } K. Jennison }	Forward	{ M. Wilder (Capt.) M. Weiser
E. Stevens } T. Clark }	Guard	{ H. Coffin E. McConkey
P. Piper (Capt.) H. Benton	Jumping Center Center	D. Johnson G. Whitmore

THE HARE AND HOUND CHASE.

March 19th—

"Are you all ready, Ruth? asks Miss Macfarlane. "Start the trail at the big tree, and don't forget——," but the Hares have already started. The time, thirty-three minutes past two, and in five minutes the Hounds will be tearing after them.

"Two minutes more," announces Miss Macfarlane. Oh, the suspense of that five minute wait! It seems hours long, time enough for the Hares to cover at least ten miles. But there's the whistle at last and with a rush we have started.

At first everyone keeps up with the leader, but after the first sprint the bunch becomes a straggling line, resembling panting elephants rather than agile hounds, and in about ten minutes some have even dropped out of sight.

We run on and on, always following the same white trail. Once we catch sight of our prey, but in the rules arranged beforehand, no cutting across is allowed.

At last the trail goes up Rogers Street and the school is in sight, and perhaps our hotly pursued enemy has already been

resting there for the last ten minutes. But no! Turning in at the gate and stumbling toward the porch, we find them gasping there, as hot and breathless as ourselves. The Hounds have won the race as the leader has returned within less than five minutes after the Hares.

The following are the participants and the time records:

Hares: Started at 2.33. Returned at 2.57.

Leader, Ruth Allen,	S. Borg,
M. Wood,	E. Lee,
D. Johnson,	E. Whidden.
L. Grover,	

Hounds: Started 2.38. Returned at 2.59.

Leader, Hazel Coffin, The rest of the school.

Hounds won by three minutes.

Time:

H. Coffin returned at 2.59.

M. Wilder	} returned at 3.00.
R. Brown	
M. Bartlett	

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

February 9th a third son, Leonard Huntress, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Granton Dowse (Juliette Huntress, '04) at Wrentham, Mass.

February 16th a daughter, Blanche Butler, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Marshall (Jessie Ames, '99) at their home in Tewksbury, Mass.

February 27th a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parker (Madge Hockmeyer, '10) at her home in Lowell.

February 27th a son, George Francis, was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Hobson (Clara Francis, '03) at their home in Washington, D. C.

March 2nd a son, Gordon Mather, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Alice Mather, '02) at their home in Brookline, Mass.

March 13th a daughter, Phyllis, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wood, Jr. (Dorothy Benton, '12) in Muskegon, Mich.

February 15th the marriage of Natalie Pearson to Mr. Reginald Nicholson, manager of the London Times, occurred in the Savoy Chapel, London, and was a brilliant though comparatively quiet affair. Since October, Natalie has been serving as a volunteer in one of the private military hospitals in London. She and Mr. Nicholson are spending a honeymoon of two months on the Riviera and in Spain. When the German submarine warfare decree went into effect all the boats discontinued their sailings so that they had to wait four days for a steamer. Then they sailed at 4 A. M., and were convoyed by a warship and later heard that a German submarine was torpedoed just off their own course. The Nicholsons expect to come to America for a visit this summer.

Early in March, Alice Cone, '09, announced her engagement to Mr. Stephen Kingsbury Perry, Dartmouth, '13. He has been teaching History in Vermont Academy at Saxton's River since he graduated and will probably do graduate work next year so that Alice says there is no immediate prospect of their marriage.

Hilda Talmage Lundoff, '06, wrote recently that she and some of the other girls will try to come East for Reunion but that small babies are a hindrance to their mothers' leaving home. Hilda reports that Betty James Sloan, who is now her next door neighbor, has a son about four months old. During the summer Miss Kalliwoda was visiting in Cleveland and the girls had several reunions with her.

February 13th, the College Club of Lowell gave "The Rivals" at Colonial Hall as their annual play for the benefit of the scholarship fund. Rogers Hall was represented by Hazel Hanchett who played the part of Lucy, the maid; while Harriet Coburn, '95, was in charge of the costumes and Helen Hill, '99, was on the stage committee. There were two performances of the play which netted over \$400 for the fund.

Kathrine Kidder, '14, has gone to California for two months with her father and mother. They are going out by way of the Grand Canyon and through Southern California to San Francisco for the Exposition and they will return by way of Salt Lake City and Denver. Nevertheless Kathrine says she is already counting the days to Commencement.

In February, Mrs. Underhill and Dorothy went to Florida and Cuba for a trip of about six weeks and thoroughly enjoyed themselves in that warm climate. While in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Underhill met Elise Gardner Hume in a Mt. Vernon car. She says that Elise has three children and lives on the old Hume Place where her husband is building many houses on lots cut off the old estate, indeed the station is called Hume.

Early in February, Miss Parsons had a long letter from Belle Shedd who with her mother is spending the winter in Honolulu. She writes, "I doubt if anywhere in the world there is a more beautiful spot than this, nature has been most lavish with her gifts, making of this a land of enchantment; the mountains green to the summit—the rice fields and taro patches, the waterfalls and the rainbows, and added to these the gorgeous coloring of the flowering shrubs and trees." But the climate has been singularly overrated unless this is one of the exceptional seasons that the tourist always encounters at either pole! For the wind blows in gales, either a chill one from the North or that from the South which the natives aptly call "the sick wind" so deadly are its humid blasts. Showers too, are frequent and the days are decidedly cool even with the bright sunlight. One picturesque custom of the natives she mentions: When a friend departs by steamer, his relatives and friends gather at the pier to festoon him with leis. Usually these garlands are of flowers but sometimes they are of yellow paper for the Hawaiians believe that yellow brings good luck. If they can secure reservations for the Orient and there seems no immediate prospect of war between Japan and China, the Shedd family are going to Japan in the spring for cherry blossom time.

Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02, writes that her small daughter occupies most of her time and "She is such an adorable little piece of humanity that I spend much extra time playing with her although

I am impressively strict" (do you picture Alice!) "and sensible about her daily routine. She is the proud possessor of two teeth which she shows incessantly along with her numerous antics." Barbara doesn't look a bit like Alice except that she has dimples and when she laughs looks like the baby pictures of her mother. The Hadleys are surely coming North this summer though Alice does not know yet whether it will be in time for Commencement.

Helen Easton has fixed the date for her wedding on June second, to be a very quiet one, for only the immediate families. She and Dr. Baker will take a month's wedding trip among the mountains in his car and then begin housekeeping in a new double apartment that is just being finished. In January, Helen visited Valerie Prentiss Breton for a few days and writes that she has a fine husband and home, with the nursery as the loveliest part of it for Valerie's boy is a darling baby of five months now, yet, of course, Helen thinks that her own nephew, Mary's boy, is the dearest baby living—so like his little mother, pink and white, and dimpled, a great reward for her constant devotion.

Katherine Magee has visited Thelma Berger several times during the winter and Thelma has been with her in Easton, the last time for Junior week at Lafayette College. Katherine was on the Publicity Committee for the Y. W. C. A. campaign and she has helped in the Association work during the winter.

Gertrude Hawxhurst, '13, has finished her course in the Business College and is hoping for a position on a newspaper or else as secretary to someone doing literary or professional work but at first Gertrude says that she will be grateful for any job.

Sylvia Doutney Kellogg, '12, has had a busy winter with her housekeeping and social duties in Hartford. Matilda Kloppenburg visited her in February and the girls have their plans all made to come back for Reunion.

March 13th, Florence Harrison and Helen Hill managed a supper and "stunt party" at school for the benefit of the school chapter of the Red Cross Society. It was hoped that several of the Alumnæ would take part besides adding their presence and their funds but Helen Edlefson Barr, '10, was the only one who could be persuaded. Helen was very generous with her songs and sang several of the old favorites for encores; even then her

audience clamored for more but she had to make a train back to Boston. After the concert, everyone came down to the swimming pool and loud was the praise given to Florence and her assistants for the delicious hot supper, cooked to order. Thanks to the generosity of those present as well as to their hearty appetites, over forty dollars was added to the Red Cross treasury.

Helen Edlefson and her husband have taken an apartment in Somerville so as to be nearer the church where Helen is the soloist and their new address is 333 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.

Besides the old girls who were over for the Red Cross party a large number came to the Gymnastic exhibition the following week and were among the most enthusiastic and appreciative of the guests. Also a number of the girls have been over for swimming on Wednesdays and spring term we expect will see many others using this much envied privilege.

Other girls visiting the school have been Gertrude Lowell, who spent a Sunday and Alice Ramsdell Farrington and Louise Ramsdell, '02, whom Isabel Nesmith brought to the Harvard play while they were making her a little visit. It was very good to see Louise again for this was the first time she had ever been back so that she had much to see and admire when Florence showed her over the school. Ruth Hulbert, '13, spent the last night before vacation at school. Both she and Aida are still loyal to their first love and declare "there's no place like Rogers; stick to it, girls, now that you are lucky enough to be there!" Aida has been prominent in athletics at Briarcliff and was captain of the new girls' hockey team. Aida is spending the Easter vacation with Thelma Berger in Philadelphia and expects to come back with Ruth for Reunion.

Susan McEvoy, '12, has taken a leading part in the debates at Vassar this winter and she was chosen as one of the team of eleven girls to represent Vassar in the Triangular Debate between Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke and Vassar on the question, "Resolved that American cities should have a commission form of government."

Laura Pearson, '14, has taken a prominent part during the year in athletics at Bryn Mawr and her playing in water polo has been especially admired.

Tracy L'Engle, '11, has won Senior honors for scholarship and is one of the "Wellesley Scholars."

Cornelia Cook, '08, has been studying business law in Portland, Ore., all winter and has just been graduated in that course. As usual along with her studies she has kept up a host of philanthropic and social duties in the city with much time devoted to Cully's baby who is very flourishing.

The cards are out for the marriage of Grace Coleman, '13, to Mr. Frank Heywood Smith on Saturday, April 24th, at St. Mark's Cathedral, Grand Rapids, Mich. The "At Home" reception will be on Wednesday, June 16th, at 117 Central St., Gardner, Mass.

Louise Emerson is to be married to Mr. William Carlisle on May 17th, at her home, 31 Hovey St., Newton, Mass., with only the family and intimate friends present.

During the Easter holidays a luncheon was given in Boston in honor of Dorothy Morse Guild, at which were present Marguerite Baldwin Smith, '10, Louise Emerson, Irene Snow and Daisy Young March.

Helen Brown Evans has had a delightful winter in Pasadena, Cal. She and her husband took a three days' motor trip to San Diego and Coronado along the ocean boulevard, and Helen was equally enthusiastic over the ocean and the wild flowers. In April, they are to visit the Exposition in San Francisco, and will return home about the first of May. If possible, Helen intends to return for Reunion in June. She also reports that Margaret McKindley Amundson has a small daughter, Ruth Ann, who was born December 7th. Everyone says that the baby is a beautiful one, and that Margaret has never looked as well as she does now.

The following item, of interest to the girls who were in Rogers Hall in its first years, is quoted from the Boston Transcript: "The work of Mrs. Louise Allen Hobbs, which has only recently found its way into some of the leading exhibitions, is attracting favorable attention by its merit, and the young artist, who is working in the Atkins Atelier at No. 9, Copley Hall Building, will probably open a special exhibition here in Boston next season. Her fountain figure entitled 'The Source,' a seated nude figure

with classic jars held under the arms, from which the water is supposed to flow; her figurine of 'The Dreamer'; and her small likeness of a pet dog called 'Scottie,' a shaggy and charming Scotch terrier, were exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts Show, which closed the first of April, and also at the Sculpture Exhibition of the American Federation of Arts held earlier in the winter at the Rhode Island School of Design, Providence. A very interesting portrait bust entitled 'Helen' is in the current exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York. 'The Source' has been invited for the coming exhibition of Sculpture to be held at the Gorham Gallery in New York in May. Mrs. Hobbs is a serious artist, is working very hard, and her small figures, reliefs, etc., reveal not only much promise of future attainment, but an artistic achievement already worthy of recognition. Her name must be added to the lengthening list of successful and talented American women sculptors, who are making honorable places for themselves in this arduous profession; and the Boston public will anticipate, with allowable expectation of satisfaction, the exhibition which she plans to hold next season in this city."

On Tuesday, April 6th, Mary Bard, '04, was married to Mr. Charles Benton Ermentrout, at Reading, Pa. After May 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Ermentrout will be "At Home" in West Philadelphia, 632 Highland Avenue.

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Subscription to SPLINTERS is two dollars a year, payable to Marjorie Wilder,
treasurer.



A COUNTRY RIDE



Vol. 15

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No. 4

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EDITORIAL.

"THIS IS OUR YEAR."

So ran the notice at the heading of the Alumnæ poster. Some of us had thought this was "our" year. Were we not to sit on the platform and hold bouquets and to be addressed as "Young Ladies of the Graduating Class"? But apparently the "our" must be stretched in meaning, for "this is our year" must include all the Alumnæ, the seniors, and the girls who come to us for only one year!

For the last few years the editors of SPLINTERS have been emphasizing this idea, with the result that the Alumnæ department of our school paper has grown larger with each succeeding issue,

and we have now decided to devote the June number chiefly to their interests and to school news, although by "school news" we do not mean simply accounts of our various dances and concerts, but in the broader sense of "news of the school," so that the winner of the Underhill Honors and the R. H.'s will be known to all. We are also attempting in this issue, to explain our fairly new system of student government, in order that the Alumnæ may keep in touch with the school as it develops and improves. There are also to be published the results of three new contests instituted this year.

These contests, we can claim when fired by a spirit of loyalty, represent the efficiency and adaptability of Rogers Hall girls. With true maidenly grace they can perform the old-fashioned art of bread making, next turn to an enlightened conversation regarding woman suffrage, and finally point to the last contest, dancing, to illustrate their ability to take their places among the social butterflies.

Perhaps the editor has strayed a little from the general trend of this article, but the enthusiasm which every Rogers Hall girl feels for her school is only represented here. This same enthusiasm we wish the Alumnæ to feel also. Despite these few changes in our activities we do not wish to grow away from them, to forget the old memories and customs connected with the name of Rogers Hall.

We are even prevented from doing this by the unwritten rule that no decisive step may be taken which at the outset seems to be offensive to the Alumnæ. The present pupils in the school may make changes, but traditions are hard to break, some radical souls think, too hard. This year, for example, many of the girls wished to have a school ring. A ring with the Rogers coat of arms on it has always been the seniors' special privilege, and if everybody could have them, where would be the honor of wearing this little emblem that the seniors cherish so proudly? Most of the seniors objected to the idea of a school ring, and a few of the Alumnæ even wrote Miss Parsons, with the result that the discussion was postponed until the Alumnæ meeting in June.

Many of the graduates who live near Boston are able to come out during the year for a basket ball game, a dance, or some other social event. In this way we have become personally

acquainted with a few of the "old girls," although a formal introduction is not needed for a great many of the graduates. They have left behind them memories of themselves and of events connected with them, sufficiently strong to endure for many years to come. We have all heard of "Hasty's" love for certain little street urchins of seven or eight years, how they gave her smutchy pictures of their freckled faces in return for many pieces of candy and sweet things; of "Mink's" pitching, of Mary Holden's career as an athlete, and of the time the House girls went up the hill at two o'clock in the morning to see Haley's comet, which, I will confidentially whisper, never appeared.

But that all of the old girls shall have a chance to come back and live over the old days, we have an Alumnæ reunion every other year. This is why the Alumnæ consider this "their year,"—it is the year of their reunion.

At the close of Commencement week they are invited to spend two nights at the school, and in this way they all have a jolly time seeing the school again and renewing old acquaintances. The night after Commencement, when all the other girls have left, the Alumnæ have their banquet, and Rogers Hall seems once more to belong to them as they laugh, and sing, and walk around the shaded grounds.

Following an attractive sketch of the events of these two days, a statement of how the Alumnæ look forward to their reunion appears on the circular.

According to their poster "during these festive days there will be swimming ad libitum in the new pool, likewise plenty of time for reviving old activities at tennis, basket ball and hockey. And there are all sorts of interesting new things to see, not the least of which is the gymnasium and the Student Governing Body. And if changes make you feel old, don't let that keep you away, for the school is the same old Rogers Hall, and we are all the same old Rogers Hall girls, even if we have acquired husbands, babies or vocations."

And the editors of *SPLINTERS* bid them welcome in the name of the girls of the present school who hope some day to come back and "reune" themselves.

THE UNDERHILL HONORS.

In 1913, the custom of recognizing publicly the girls whose work has been of the most value to the school, was first instituted. The girls who are thus selected for public distinction are presented with a gold pin bearing the Rogers' coat-of-arms, which is called the Underhill Honor. The first of these honors is awarded to the best scholar in the school; the second to the girl, who, in addition to high achievement in academic work, has displayed executive ability and had a recognized influence for good in the school; the third is given for marked originality in addition to scholarship. This last honor has been awarded but once to Gertrude Hawxhurst of Evanston, Illinois, of the Class of 1913.

The second of the honors was awarded in 1913 to Dorothy Kessinger, and in 1914 to Helen Smith. The first of the honors in 1913 was given to Genevra Whitmore, and in 1914 to Laura Pearson, who later won the Bryn Mawr entrance examination scholarship.

This year the Underhill honor for scholarship was conferred upon Hazel Coffin, who, in addition to this enviable achievement in scholarship, won an R. H. in athletics, and has acted as Editor-in-Chief of *SPLINTERS* during the current year. In all these various fields of activity, her work has been characterized by faithfulness, a capacity for hard work, and by ambition.

The honor for influence and executive ability, plus scholarship, was conferred, by Miss Parsons, upon Marion Huffman, who has served during the year as President of the Council, as President of the Athletic Association, as Advertising Manager and School News Editor of *SPLINTERS*, and President of the Senior Class. Her work as President of the Council has been especially forceful, and has added much to the effectiveness of that body.

It was very gratifying that this year Mrs. Underhill was able to be present at the awarding of these honors, which are named for her; and the bestowing of one of these pins upon the first principal of Rogers Hall was one of the happiest incidents of a very successful Commencement Week.

THE AWARDING OF THE R. H'S.

The right to wear the R. H. was conferred this year upon Marjorie Wilder, Hazel Coffin and Genevra Whitmore.

Due to the fact that the competition this year has been unusually keen, that two girls lost their R. H.'s because of accidents, and that the right to play on a team is not granted the girls who are below in their work, the number of girls who were given the R. H. is unusually small, but the honor is correspondingly great, and it is certainly a matter of congratulation that the three girls who have obtained this distinction are on the honor roll in scholarship, and are identified with other activities of the school.

It may be of interest to the Alumnæ to know the basis on which a girl is given her R. H. She must win 40 points out of a possible 49. The points are given as follows: Membership in any one of the teams, baseball, basket ball or hockey, 5 points, or 6, if captain of one of these teams; gymnasium work, 10 points; carriage, 5; neatness, 2 points; sportsmanship, 3; attendance, 2; swimming, 3; fencing, 2; dancing, 2; to the winner and runner upon Field Day, 3 points each; to all who make 5 points on Field Day, 2 points; to all who enter the tennis tournament, 1 point; to the winners of the tennis tournament, 2; to the officers of the Athletic Association, 1 point.

The girls who won their R. H.'s this year were all of them members of all three teams, and were also selected to play on the school teams in all three sports; they all had all possible points in sportsmanship, attendance and personal appearance, at least 9 points in gymnasium work, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ points in carriage. Marjorie Wilder was Captain of the Basket Ball Team, Genevra Whitman of the Hockey Team. The highest number of points, 46, was obtained by Marjorie Wilder, the second, 44, by Hazel Coffin, and Genevra got $42\frac{1}{2}$ points.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

“Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird’s throat
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.”

Fortunately, we were not to encounter “the enemy” that the Amiens speak so lightly of, in this loveliest of all the songs to be found in “As You Like It.” The banished Duke and his followers were probably acclimated to all the vicissitudes of storm, mist and rain, but it was with dull forebodings that we looked out of our windows on the morning of the play to behold a leaden sky, and with feelings of inexpressible relief that we saw the evening come on, cloudy, it is true, but not too damp to give our play out of doors.

Those of us who had seen the play progress during the month of May were prepared for a very smooth running performance, for perfect assurance on the part of the players, but none of us were, I am sure, anticipating quite the charm of that final presentation. The Lowell Sun spoke of it as “more of a peep into fairyland than a theatrical event,” and that, I think, best expresses the effect it made on the audience. The enunciation, the delivery, and the acting were remarkably good; those who played the leading rôles, especially Rosalind, acted with a most appealing simplicity and sincerity. Many who play this part do it with more buoyancy, but few, I think, bring out more of the sweetness of Rosalind that did Dorothy Woods.

The lovely speech, in which Celia pleads with the Duke to spare her cousin, was given so tenderly, with so little striving after effect that those who heard it will long remember it as one

of the most beautiful of the poetic passages of this most poetic play. This speech, of course, is Celia's one great opportunity in the play, but Jeannette Miller, throughout, sustained the gentleness of Celia, which is the principal element of her character.

Marie Elston, as Orlando, read her lines with a delightful clearness and grace, and in her scenes with Rosalind, brought out very clearly the boyishness of Orlando's character. It is not possible to enter into a detailed criticism of all the characters of the play. It is, perhaps, enough to say that there were no jarring minutes, no falling below the standard set by the principals. Marjorie Wilder's interpretation of Jacques was a most satisfactory piece of work, and the very difficult, because very trite, soliloquy on the Seven Ages was given so quietly, so simply, that one forgot that one had heard it many times before.

The criticism of the Lowell Sun expresses so well the general impression of the play that the Editor of *SPLINTERS* feels that she could not do better than to quote its criticism.

"It was, unquestionably, one of the loveliest presentations of a play ever seen in this city, and more like a peep into fairyland than a theatrical event. The forest of Arden may have been more deep and vast than the spacious lawns of Rogers Hall, but last evening the shadows, the groupings of trees that formed a natural stage setting, the lovely arrangement of lights and the wonderful evening effects gave the imaginative an opportunity to picture the great play as intended by the immortal Shakespeare. The spirit of the presentation was well reflected, not only in the effective acting of the principals, but in the close attention with which the large and appreciative audience watched the presentation of the story, and marked each climax by well merited applause.

The audience sat in deep shadow, watching a circle of light made by a brilliant spotlight. This illuminated spot was in an open space or nook between trees and under an old and spreading willow, while other trees hid the wings of this sylvan stage. In this open space was evolved the wonderfully beautiful story of Orlando and Rosalind and Touchstone and all the characters that make "As You Like It" unique among plays. It is acknowledged to be the most poetic and romantic of all Shakespeare's plays, and, as such, was ideal for presentation by a girls' college

in the open or under the moonlight. The cast was exceptionally capable, and all the details that go to make up a successful whole had been attended to. There was no faltering or failure; everything went with the smoothness of clockwork, demonstrating the painstaking efforts of the teachers of Rogers Hall to make the event notable. The articulation, delivery and acting of the players were remarkably good.

The costumes were especially beautiful in the play of brilliant light from the lantern or in the softer evening lights and the incandescents that outlined the proscenium of the supposed stage. The illusion was perfect, for, in the exits and entrances there was a reality that could never be simulated in a mere stage setting. Not the least effective item was the music rendered, between the acts, by the violin instructor at the school, Caroline Belcher Parke. It came from the trees that formed the wings."

The play was coached by Mrs. Harry Corwin of the Elocution Department. The cast was as follows:

ORLANDO	Marie Elston
ADAM	Mildred Daniels
ROSALIND	Dorothy Woods
OLIVER	Marjorie Wilder
CELIA	Jeannette Miller
TOUCHSTONE	Constance Miller
MONSIEUR LE BEAU	Isabel Fisher
DUKE FREDERICK	Jeannette Rodier
ORLANDO'S ATTENDANT	Marcia Bartlett
CHARLES.	Ruth Allen
SHEPHERD	Blanche Thompson
SYLVIUS	Margaret Wood
DUKE SENIOR	Margaret Wood
AMIENS	Jeannette Rodier
JACQUES	Marjorie Wilder
AUBREY	Isabel Fisher
PHOEBE	Blanche Thompson
SECOND SON OF SIR ROLAND DE BOIS	Mildred Daniels

LADIES—Lucy Clark, Elenore Hughes, Marion Harwood.

LORDS—Mary Goodrich, Margaret Bigelow, Thelma Berger,
Katherine Jennison, Elouise Bixby.

FORESTERS—Rosamond Norris, Dorothy Burns, Mildred Robinson,
Hilda Morse, Ruth Allen, Dorothy Castle, Marjorie
Adams, Anne Keith.

WATER POLO.

“Practice at half-past eight tonight;
The first team plays at nine—
Be sure and come if you possibly can,
For lateness, there’s a fine.”
Though this is the night that you have planned
To write an English theme,
You let that go—come down you must
If you hope to make the team.
The whistle blows—“Hurry up in there—
It’s long after half-past eight!
Why don’t you people know enough
Sometimes not to be late?”
The whistle blows again—this time,
You give one look at the deep
And blue green water just below,
Then into the pool you leap.
“All ready?” Then the game begins.
You swim with all your might,
And try to catch the big black ball
And pass it left or right.
You hold it just a minute till
You see when you can throw,
But then you get no further
For down you suddenly go—

You keep on going down and down,
 You never seem to stop,
When finally you rise again
 You're mad enough to pop.
You've swallowed all the water there
 And worse than that you see
The smiling face of the one who ducked you
 Chortling in her glee.
This happens several times each half,
 And all your breath goes too,
When finally the game is o'er
 You're of a pale green hue.
You stagger to your room, throw on
 A gym suit, shoes, and coat,
And running home through rain and snow,
 You feel you've been the goat.
Your friend has such a tempting cake
 But training you must keep,—
You jump in bed at half-past ten
 And soon are fast asleep.
You keep this up for several weeks,
 Your hopes are running high,
You feel quite sure that you'll make first
 Or varsity if you try.
When finally they post the teams;
 On first you look in vain,
You're not on second or on third,
 But there on fourth quite plain.

LAURA H. PEARSON, 1914.

THE COUNCIL.

Student government was instituted at Rogers Hall two years ago and this is one of the few preparatory schools which has adopted it. Last year a committee was chosen by the girls to draw up a constitution that should be ratified by Miss Parsons and the student body. According to this constitution the government of the school is vested in a Council of nine members, four from the Hall, three from the House, and two from the Cottage, who serve for a term of six weeks.

At first these councillors were elected at meetings held in the different houses, but as this plan did not prove satisfactory, we established the Australian ballot system and all the houses vote as a body. The councillors are nominated by secret ballot at primaries held on the last Thursday of each six weeks, and the elections take place on the following Friday. This year we have introduced printed ballot slips with the proper number of spaces for each house. The eight girls in the Hall who receive the most votes, the six in the House, and the four in the Cottage are chosen as candidates for the elections. No girl is allowed to vote who has not paid her poll tax. The Council chooses its president and secretary, but the treasurer is chosen by the whole school to serve for the entire year.

The Council has the power to make and enforce laws and regulations concerning study hours, bounds, conduct in the houses and on the street, and eligibility to teams. The duties of the councillors are to inspect the rooms before breakfast and dinner, to keep order during study hours, to see that all lights are out at ten o'clock, to keep the register book, to arrange a program before the Sunday evening service, and to lead prayers.

This weekly program consists of vocal and piano selections and an occasional reading by the different girls. This has been an especial help in assisting the girls to overcome their shyness and self-consciousness in playing before an audience and gives them greater composure.

The Council holds its meetings weekly, at which the conduct of the girls is discussed and demerits are given for violation of

rules. A certain number of demerits takes away privileges, but, on the other hand, if a girl has few or no demerits, she gains additional privileges. On the day after the meeting the printed demerit cards are distributed to the delinquents. Although the Council endeavors to act justly and to consider each case carefully, offenders, if they feel that they have been treated unfairly, have the right to ask for a special meeting at which their complaints may be discussed. At present the Council does not concern itself with the academic side of school life, but in the near future it hopes to share in this department. Although the day pupils do not now take part in enforcing school regulations, another year we hope to have them unite with the Council in carrying on the school government. No new laws of importance have been passed this year, but the laws made last year have been rearranged and codified.

The position of Councillor is considered as an honor and dignity, and carries with it many privileges. In assuming authority and responsibility, the girls have come to look at questions involving the good name and reputation of the school from a broader and more impartial point of view; they have learned to look on all sides of the subject, and to form and express their own opinions on school problems. The numerous meetings held with Miss Parsons, in which the more difficult matters have been discussed, have enabled the girls to see things from the point of view of the faculty and to learn the real reason for rules which they formerly thought strict and unnecessary. On the other hand the faculty has come to a better understanding of the attitude of the girls toward school problems. Miss Parsons has expressed many times her pleasure at the fuller understanding that has grown up as a result of these meetings, and of the mutual benefit, which is one of the best results of student government.

Some of the questions that are often asked by outsiders and Alumnae indicate the objections that might be urged against student government. For instance, they say the girls do the voting, but do they vote for the strongest members to hold office? Doesn't it tend to form cliques? Doesn't it spoil the fun of boarding school life? In short, does it really work?

At one time last year there was a tendency to nominate inefficient girls to office, but the scheme was discovered in time to prevent it, and since then, with one or two exceptions, the girls have voted for the ones whom they considered most capable of fulfilling their duties. This year the position of councillor is considered an honor, and, if a girl is not reelected, we wonder what the reason is.

In a large school, student government might cause the forming of cliques, but in a school of this size it would not be as apt to happen. So far, it has not occurred here, and in general the student body has not regarded the councillors as policemen or in any way different from themselves.

Of course, the fun is limited in some respects; a better understanding of the rules of the school, and a larger sense of responsibility towards them has imposed a greater respect for order upon us, and we believe that this compensates for the loss of that type of "fun" popularized by a certain kind of girls' story books, which is incongruous in a school that, like ours, aims to limit the girls in no way in their activities, except in matters that are essential to health and good breeding.

No system ever produces perfection, but, on the whole, the order of the school under student government, has been as good as it was under faculty control. It has made Rogers Hall a better school, and it develops in the older girls, particularly in their last year, a balance of judgment, a wider sense of their social responsibilities, which is quite as important in preparing them for college or for the duties of good citizenship as the purely academic part of their education.

The following girls have held office during the year:

For four terms—

Marion Huffman (Hall), President three terms, Secretary one term.

Margaret Bigelow (House), President one term, Secretary three terms.

Dorothy Castle (Hall).

Polly Piper (Hall).

Genevra Whitmore (Cottage).

For three terms—

Rachel Brown (House).

Elizabeth McConkey (House).

Cora Robertson (Hall).

For two terms—

Marjorie Wilder (House), Treasurer for the year.

Florence Mars (Cottage).

Marie Elston (Cottage).

For one term—

Eleanor Hughes (Hall).

MISS PARSONS' DINNER FOR THE COUNCIL.

One of the most attractive places about Lowell is the Vesper Country Club, which is situated on an island in the Merrimac River. Even though the island is quite small, there are ample opportunities for recreation—fine tennis courts, a good nine-hole golf course, and canoeing for summer, and in the winter a toboggan slide down one of the hills on the island, and skating on the flooded tennis courts.

It is considered a great privilege to go out there for the day or evening, and for that reason the Council accepted Miss Parsons' invitation to dine there on the evening of May tenth with the greatest pleasure. Miss Harrison went out with us in the afternoon, and some of the girls enjoyed tennis while others wandered around the island and danced in the club house before we sat down to a delicious dinner of planked steak and strawberry shortcake.

Evening is the loveliest time of day to be at the club and we watched the glorious sunset from the little platform built over the river; then we reluctantly turned our steps toward the swinging bridge over the Merrimac, which led to the trolley and home.

MARGARET BIGELOW.

A WALKING TRIP TO NEAH-KAH-NIE.

PROLOGUE.

"The next station is Seaside, Hilda, and you are going to have your first look at the Pacific Ocean in about fifteen minutes."

We had been getting puffs of salt air for some little time, whenever the car door was opened, and I was growing more and more excited as we neared the beach.

By way of explanation I must say that I was spending the summer of 1914 in Portland, Oregon, with my uncle and aunt. It was my first leap from New England and so it was a very long leap indeed. That we might all have a jolly good time, and that I might see something of the state in which I was to live for four or five months, my uncle and aunt—of whom henceforth I shall speak as Kirk and Lisa—had planned this three-day walking trip over the mountains along the coast. Our party included Kirk and Lisa, Cornelia Cook, Ray Small, Merle Campbell, myself, and last but by no means least, Toby, Kirk's airedale. We had taken the evening train from Portland to Seaside this particular Friday night in July, and from the time the train rolled out of the station until dark, I had sat with eyes glued to the window watching the wonderful new scenery. The mountains, the woods, and the great Columbia River held me fascinated. It was now eleven o'clock and the train was pulling into Seaside.

As we left the train a gust of salt air blew against my face, and I think I have never been happier than I was at that wonderful moment with so many glorious experiences before me. While we walked to the hotel I heard the roaring of the great ocean which sounded like thunder coming nearer and nearer. As we reached the hotel piazza, Kirk and I with one accord made a dash for the beach, and there we breathed in the fine salt air, and looked with wonder on the great black ocean rolling in gigantic waves. Oh! but I was happy! The others loved it too, but Kirk and I were native New Englanders and the grandeur of Oregon was

new to us. Our nearest approach had been Maine, which though gorgeous is after all not comparable with the West in that it has none of the bigness and vastness. It is built on a smaller scale.

But we could not gaze all night; we must make an early start in the morning, so back we went to the hotel, had a delicious Oregon "late lunch" of beer, cheese, and sandwiches, and by half-past twelve we were all in bed. I dropped asleep to the sound of the Pacific Ocean roaring just outside my window.

THE WALKING TRIP.

"Time to get up, girls," said a masculine voice at the door, just five minutes after I had fallen asleep I think. But the voice assured us that it was after six o'clock, so we hustled into our tramping clothes, packed our "city clothes" in suitcases to be left at the hotel, got our packs ready, and went down to breakfast. By eight o'clock we were in the automobiles which were to take us around Tillamook Head to Humbug Point whence our walk was to begin. Tillamook Head is a mountain around which it is impossible to get except at a certain time of the tide. It is rather dangerous so we chose to go back of it through the forest. It did seem funny to go whirling in automobiles through the dense woods over a road so narrow that if we met any other vehicle we could barely pass without one or the other being hurled down into a chasm beneath. It was about as scary a ride as I ever hope to have, but I have since taken it many times even when the road was thick with mud, and I have come to have a truly Oregonian faith.

Presently we came out of the woods into a little group of houses, which I believe was a town—Elk Creek—and we drove from the town straight down onto the beach. Then came a ride of a few miles along the hard smooth sand, and I watched the ocean and listened, as we flew around some of the points, to tales of other people taking the same ride only the week before at the wrong time of the tide; and I heard how they got caught, their car upset, and they were barely saved! But I was too happy to care much.

At last we left the automobiles, and began our walk. We certainly were a congenial party off for a glorious tramp. For the first few miles we walked along the hard sand. Toby, who was a very prominent member of our party, chased tennis balls, and we played with him and watched the calm blue ocean sparkling in the sunlight. But in a short time the trail led us into the woods, and the serious work began, for it was a hard trail to follow. It led us up, up, up, over the mountains, and I can truly say that for part of the time we went almost straight up in the air. All thought of talking was dispensed with, for we needed all our breath to climb. Presently it became colder and then a thick mist closed about us. I thought that it must be going to rain, but not at all! We were nearly at the top of the mountain and so high up that we were in a cloud of mist. When we began to go down again I had no more fears about rain. Shortly after the descent began, we came out onto an open place where we looked down, for miles it seemed, on a little beach and the ocean, which we could hear thundering in very far away. We scrambled down to Short Sand Beach and decided to lunch there. But first we must have a bath. I have never in my life felt anything so cold as that water! I doubt if melted ice could compare with it! And if anyone could show me a place where there is much colder water than the Pacific at Short Sand Beach—well, I should hate to have to go into it! Merle and Ray who kept us in gales of laughter from the time our trip began, were a circus in themselves. One would have thought they expected to perish then and there. None of us could do more than dash in and dash out.

After the swim we had a delicious luncheon of various kinds of sandwiches, cheese and coffee, which we cooked over the fire—and did not carry in a thermos bottle from the hotel—and in an hour or so were ready to start out again.

The longest part of our walk was ahead of us, but the hardest climb was over. We left the ocean and again went into the deep forests and began our climb of Neah-Kah-Nie Mountain. As we climbed on and on, I think what impressed me more than anything else was the hugeness and vastness of the forests. It was all so much bigger than anything in this part of the country

that I was quite staggered. The enormous trees seemed to reach miles up into the air, and the underbrush was almost as dense as a jungle.

We took this climb more easily and talked and joked—there was great wit among us! Kirk and Merle and Ray were just plain “nuts.” They adopted a farmer dialect which was beyond all description. Cornelia was extremely amusing in her rather quiet way. Lisa helped out the boys every now and then, and I was occupied in laughing at the rest until I fairly ached.

When we were just about half way up the mountain, we stopped climbing and began to circle around it. It was perhaps five o'clock when we came out in sight of the ocean again. We waded through some long grass and then crawled out to the very edge of the tremendous cliff and looked down for miles, it seemed, on the ocean and Treasure Cove. We could just hear a gentle swish of water and we realized that if we were down on the rocks below in Treasure Cove that gentle swish would be a thunderous roar. To the west and north and south lay the Pacific and back of us was Neah-Kah-Nie Mountain. All was still and grand and the afternoon sun hung like a red ball of fire over the ocean.

Our position was too dangerous for us to stay long on the edge of the cliff. Every time we moved a bit of the bank broke off and crashed down onto the depths below. We soon started back to the trail and continued to walk around Neah-Kah-Nie. The rest of the way was entirely overhanging the ocean. After awhile the boys proceeded to tell us they had heard a rattlesnake while we were looking down into Treasure Cove. It sounded most unpleasant, but I don't think we ever discovered whether they were fooling us or not. We asked them why they had not told us when they heard it, but of course the answer to that was that we would probably have been frightened to death! Suddenly we came upon a little rustic bridge which spanned a deep, deep gorge. It was fascinating to stand on it and look down at the ocean and rocks so far below. On the other side of the bridge was a spring of cold sparkling mountain water. Neither we nor Toby could get enough; in fact Toby even wanted to bathe in it, but we persuaded him to wait until we got down to the ocean.

Finally we rounded the last point and I saw stretched out before me a panorama so marvelous that anything I had hitherto seen was incomparable. It almost took my breath away. To the north and west lay the Pacific hundreds of feet below us; so far below indeed that the tremendous breakers looked to be tiny ripples. To the northeast we were shut in by a shoulder of the mountain, and to the south as far as the eye could see lay miles of the ocean, miles of shore, part mountains and part long broad beaches; and the white foam of the breakers seemed to make a fringe for the shore. Looking to the southeast we saw mountains, mountains, mountains—one rolling down upon another as far as we could see. Directly below us to the south lay the peaceful Neah-Kah-Nie meadows with the little rustic tavern where we were to spend the night, nestled close to the beach. A little beyond the meadows, five miles perhaps, was the tiny village of Nehalem with a sparkling river running through it to the sea. The little town of Nehalem and the tavern were the only indications of humanity anywhere in all that magnificent scene! The sun was very low in the west by now, and the sunset light cast its purply-red glow over the ocean and the mountains. That was a sight I shall remember forever I think.

It took us only a short time to finish the descent and cross the meadows. By half-past six we had reached Neah-Kah-Nie Tavern. It was built in the unfinished style of beach houses and nestled right at the foot of the mountain close to the water.

While supper was being prepared we all went in for a dip. It gave us ravenous appetites and we devoured everything in sight. We had a luscious meal, but the best part of it was several heaped up plates of boiled crab caught right out in front of the Inn. I did not know people could eat as much as we did!

It was very early in the season, and there were no people at Neah-Kah-Nie but ourselves and the owners, so we had the big living room, which was half the lower floor of the building, all to ourselves. It was a wonderful room with one whole side made of windows fronting on the ocean. The opposite side was occupied by a huge fireplace built of stones picked up on the beach, and there was a roaring fire in it. Lots of easy chairs, long tables with books and magazines, and a piano, furnished the room.

There were many interesting relics of shipwrecks, of which there have been several on the treacherous rocks at the foot of the mountain. We played the piano and the boys sang for a while, and then we gathered around the fire and listened to the inn-keeper's interesting stories, while the wind and the water howled outside. We slept the sleep of the dead that night. Though we had walked only twelve miles it had been a strenuous twelve!

The next day was Sunday, and we decided to spend it there and start back to Seaside, Monday morning. We began the day with a dip, of course, and, though Merle and Ray tried to look most awfully unhappy when Kirk made them go into that icy water so early in the morning, they probably couldn't have been kept out of it, if the truth were told.

We spent the morning exploring the beach as far as we could go in each direction, lying on the sand, throwing balls for Toby, who ran right into the water after them, just as if he had never been a cooped-up city puppy. We saw lots of interesting shipwreck remains, particularly some old rusty boilers, and finally had a game of baseball, or rather, more truthfully, "scrub," on the beach. We kept losing Toby's tennis ball, which was all we had to play with. Sometimes Toby captured it, and the boys had to chase him 'way down the beach or into the water to get it. It was a lot of fun, but we got to laughing too hard to make a very successful game of it.

After dinner we rode over in the Inn truck to Nehalem, the village about three miles off. We prowled around the town, which could be put in one's pocket, tried some very awful soda water, and finally got back to Neah-Kah-Nie for another and longer bath at high tide. By this time we had become a little accustomed to the water, and could stay in considerably longer than we had at first been able to. There was a high surf, and the breakers knocked us over as if we had been leaves. Toby, too, jumped out into the waves that almost swallowed him up, and seemed to think it the greatest sport in the world.

When supper was over we went for a ride down the beach to the mouth of the Nehalem River. Then we returned to the hotel, toasted ourselves by the fire awhile, and went to bed early, for we were to make an early start in the morning.

We hated to bid goodbye to Neah-Kah-Nie, but we had to, and also to poor Cornelia. She had developed appendicitis, and had to go back to Portland by train, much to our sorrow.

The return trip we made over a different trail. It was much longer, but much less of a climb. It took us entirely away from the ocean, back through forests. It was as wonderful in its way as the outer trail had been, for the Oregon forests are an impressive sight, and this old mountain road led us through the thickest and biggest of woods. The trail wound round and round, and in and out between spurs of the mountain. We could look up and up at the wood covered mountain towering above us on both sides, and down into caverns of dense underbrush and trees. There was not a sound. Everything was absolutely silent except for the occasional chirp of a bird way up in the trees, which seemed very far off. There is something of awe in a dead silence like that. It makes one feel as if big cities and millions of people are only a dream, and that it is a pretty long way back to them.

At noon we came out onto the beach at Arch Cape, after nine miles of the forest trail. We stayed there for luncheon and examined the curious formation of rock which makes a big arch over the beach. Then we started off again on the last lap—but it was a long last lap, for we had decided to walk all the way to Elk Creek, and that meant nine miles on the smooth, hard sand. We had a most exciting time rounding one point. The tide was coming in too fast for us, and where there was, at low tide, a broad strip of beach, there was now water, and the water was part way up on the rocks of Hug Point. To get around at all, we had to wade in up to our waists, and it was pretty thrilling waiting for a time between breakers to dash through the water to safety. We made it there, but at Humbug Point the water beat us, and we had to climb way up over it.

One who has never walked far on the sand can have no idea of what it is like. The beach gets so hard and the distances are so deceptive that it is almost discouraging. After we had walked about seven miles we were so tired that we were fairly maudlin, and for the last part of the time Merle and Ray and I walked in the water. It was ever so much easier than the sand and we were soaked anyway. Oh, but it was fun in spite of the fact that we

were almost dead! Even the indefatigable Toby's leaps and bounds and dashes into the water and up the beach had become less frequent, and he walked quite sedately beside us. At last about four o'clock we left the beach and the glistening blue ocean and walked up into the little town of Elk Creek with eighteen miles walking to our credit that day!

The principal place in Elk Creek seemed to be the country store—one detail of the west that was not unlike Maine, I discovered—and it was a popular place. All the inhabitants from the men to the dogs were there. We tried a little very poor liquid in bottles, and some nut chocolate which was not so poor, although a bit stale! In a few moments we were in the automobiles going back over the scary road to Seaside. The chance to sit down seemed to revive us some and we woke up enough to show some of the great wit which had sparkled earlier in our trip.

When we reached Seaside we had just about time to change our clothes—and it was quite an undertaking for we were all soaking wet, and stiff with mud and sand—eat a hurried supper, and get to the station to take the half-past six train for Portland. Before we went I stood on the hotel piazza and watched the ocean a moment. It was almost sunset and already the dampness of a beach evening was in the air. As I stood there and gazed at the ocean and Tillamook Head, I lived the wonderful walking trip over again, and I thought to myself that it would be impossible for anyone to have a more marvelous experience than that had been to me.

EPILOGUE.

There was a sleepy party on the Portland train Monday night. I looked around and waked up enough to laugh heartily. For a while we had talked the trip over and watched the flying scenery from the car windows, but now both Kirk and Lisa were asleep in the seat back of us; Merle opposite me, looked as if he could never say or do another thing; Ray beside me was trying to say something off and on between yawns, and I was curled up by the window with one eye closed, wholly happy and content. I knew that I could never be more impressed in my life than I had been by the things I had seen on the trip. The country was all so

wonderful. Our party, except for Cornelia's departure, had been perfect, for we all liked exactly the same things and had been absolutely congenial. And so I thought on and on, and meanwhile the train whizzed on toward Portland. HILDA SMITH, 1914.

THE MANDOLIN AND GLEE CLUBS.

Soon after Christmas several of the girls who are taking mandolin lessons met and decided that there were enough of them to form a club and give concerts. There were two guitars, three second mandolins, two first mandolins, a mandola and a violin.

Polly Piper was elected leader at this first meeting and soon after, it was so arranged that Mr. Handley drilled the club on Friday mornings. Then work started in real earnest and the club practiced faithfully two or three times a week.

After two or three pieces had been learned, the club made its first public attempt on the night of the Red Cross benefit, when they played their entire repertoire. They were rather nervous at first but gained confidence as they went on, and in the end did themselves great credit.

The glee club started about the same time, only with a great many more girls. They practiced twice a week in the drawing room with Mildred Robinson as their leader. There were even three parts to this club, soprano, second soprano and alto. Their first song in public was splendid.

The climax came one Sunday afternoon, however, when both clubs went down to St. Anne's and gave a little concert. There were several solos in between and altogether it was quite a successful program. After such an accomplishment, the girls all decided on pins for both clubs, and now those belonging to the Mandolin Club have a small gold R. H., with a mandolin through it, and the Glee Club a gold bar with two notes and the letters R. H.

At present the clubs are working for Commencement, the Glee Club especially, as they are to furnish the music for "As You Like It." Both of the clubs feel that a good beginning has been

made this year, and already those who are returning next fall are planning an even more elaborate program for the coming winter.

THE SUFFRAGE ESSAY.

A prize of ten dollars was offered by Miss Parsons for the best essay on the Suffrage Question. The purpose of the essay was to give the contestants the opportunity to inform themselves on this subject which is of such immediate interest, and also to have the experience of handling material and books in a way that is not often done in the regular work of the school.

The essay that won the prize was written by Dorothy McMurray Burns. It is, as the title indicates, partly a record of first-hand experience. The essay is published below. Reverend Allan Conant Ferrin, vice-president of the board of trustees of the school, acted as judge.

SUFFRAGE IN MY STATE.

Since Wyoming was the first state to adopt complete suffrage for women, I will tell something of the history of the movement in that state. Some people say that it was a scheme of the men to get wives, for at that time there were very few women in the territory and most of those were married. Others say suffrage was granted only as a joke; however that may be, history shows that both men and women were very willing to stand by that joke.

Here is the story of how the idea may have originated. William H. Bright was one of the legislators in 1869 at the time suffrage was granted. He had been to school hardly a day in his life, but despite that fact, he appreciated the best things and rose above his limitations. His wife was well educated. Often Mr. Bright used to tell her that she was better fitted than he to be a legislator. Realizing in many instances that women were abler to govern than men, he decided to obtain suffrage for them if it were in his power. As the Republicans were in majority at that time in the territory and were supposed to hold more liberal views

than the Democrats, Mr. Bright told the latter that this was their chance to prove that they, too, were liberal by granting the vote to women. Then he intimated to the Republicans that if they wanted to keep their reputation for liberality they had better vote for suffrage because the Democrats were going to vote for it. Consequently both parties voted to grant suffrage to women. When they realized what they had done, some of the legislators laughed and said, "Got the Governor in a fix!" They expected him to veto the bill, but Governor Campbell signed it, for he thought it was a just measure and one that ought to be a law.

Two years later, in 1871, the liquor interests of the state attempted to repeal the law. At that time Wyoming was in a very disorderly condition, all kinds of crime went unpunished, the saloons controlled politics and bought votes in order to monopolize the state offices. The bill to repeal woman suffrage was passed by the legislature, but Governor Campbell vetoed it. In the message that he sent back with the bill, he said that they had no grounds for repealing it, since the women had not proved to be incompetent, and having used their rights justly and honorably, they should not be disenfranchised. Furthermore, he said that even though the original bill had been passed hurriedly and without much thought, it had now been proved that suffrage for women was a good thing for the territory in every way, especially as regards law and order. He warned the legislature, that if they took from women the right to vote, they would establish a precedent that might return to torment its maker, for later legislatures might take rights away from men as they had tried to do from women.

Nineteen years later, when Wyoming was to be made a state, one man, who was on the committee to draw up the Constitution for the state, proposed to have the suffrage article voted on separately, for although he was in favor of it, he did not want Congress and the people against the measure to have any reason to object. Other members of the committee demanded that the clause should stand in the Constitution regardless of consequences. In order to show the view point of these men I will quote parts of their speeches. Mr. Coffeen said: "The question, as I take it, is already settled in the hearts and minds and judgments of the

people of our glorious state proposed-to-be, and shall we stand here today and debate over it when every element of justice and right and equality is in its favor; when not one iota of weight of argument has been brought against it; when every word that can be said is in favor of continuing the good results of woman suffrage, which we have experienced for twenty years? * * * * I shall not go into the policy or propriety of submitting such a proposition as this now before us to the people of this territory." Mr. Holden replied to Mr. Campbell's proposal: "I say that rather than surrender that right we will remain in a Territorial condition throughout the cycles of time." By a three-fourths majority of the popular vote, the State Constitution was adopted with the suffrage clause.

In 1890 the Territory of Wyoming applied to Congress to be admitted to statehood. For a long time that body discussed the question of the suffrage clause and many argued against the admission of a state that extended full citizenship to women. Few congressmen said anything in its favor. The men who argued against suffrage and declared they believed in respecting and honoring women frequently came from southern states where the laws for the protection of women were the poorest. Finally, in desperation, Joseph M. Carey, the Territory's delegate, sent word that if Wyoming was to come into the Union, it would have to abandon the clause that gave women the vote. The answer, "We will remain out of the Union a hundred years rather than come in without suffrage," was telegraphed to Mr. Carey in Washington.

I have heard in recent years, Mr. Joseph M. Carey, later a Governor of Wyoming, and Mr. Henry A. Coffeen express views favorable to suffrage in even stronger terms than they did at the time of this struggle in Wyoming. So universally is it believed in, that for years a challenge has been issued for any one to assert over his name and address that suffrage has failed. No one has ever accepted that challenge.

Suffrage has increased the respect for women. More consideration is shown for women in Wyoming, where they have the vote, than in Massachusetts, where women wield "indirect influence." In street cars in the latter state you will see many

women standing, some of them old, while men, often young men, occupy seats, but in the former state you will rarely see such discourtesy. Some say that the polls are not proper places for a woman to enter, but if they should ever see them in one of the suffrage states, I am sure their opinion would change. One of the polls which I saw was located in the Court House. The men and women go together or alone to vote, just as they would go to the theatre or to church. Rarely is a drunken man seen on election day since all the saloons are closed. Order is observed around all voting places, the majority of which are in county buildings or schoolhouses. In the oldest suffrage states between eighty and ninety per cent. of the women vote.

In politics women take an equal part with men, although their interests are not always the same. They turn their attention more toward laws which are for the interest of children and the home. The women's clubs have great influence in the suffrage states. For instance, in Wyoming, in a recent state federation meeting, the women discussed a bill that had been passed to build a reform school for boys and girls. They quickly saw that it was not a good thing to have the boys' and girls' reformatories in the same place and under the same management. As soon as the women called the legislature's attention to this, the bill was changed. The house of correction for girls has been built in one part of the state and that for boys in another. Women notice such defects in laws sooner than men do. In this same federation, the women took up the servant problem. They discussed the fact that a large majority of the women and girls who apply for positions as cooks and house servants know nothing about cooking and housework. These girls have often been brought up in homes where they had had very little to work with, and consequently they are used to the plainest cooking, sometimes of a very inferior quality. One woman suggested that domestic science be taught in the High School; another one made the point that it would do the girls very little good since most of them leave school to work when they have finished the fifth grade. As a result of this discussion, a course in domestic science was put into the public schools from the sixth grade up; next year the fifth grade will have it also. These are a few of the things that the women of one

of the oldest suffrage states have done through their club which is interested in the everyday needs of the people. The members of this club are some of the best women in the state and all are interested in bettering laws and making improvements. They also have circulating libraries for the benefit of country schools and country people. In the southern part of the state there was appointed as the head of the State Humane Society a man who in another part of the state was not only an habitual drunkard but he had beaten his wife and his horse. Although he had taken the Keely cure, he had gone back to drinking again. A general protest arose from the women in the section of the state where this man had lived. Every church, society, club, and charitable institution in his town sent petitions to the Capitol against his appointment. All the prominent men in different associations asked that a more respectable man be put into the position. Shortly afterward another man was placed at the head of the State Humane Board.

Many people make objections to women's voting on the ground that they will neglect their homes. From what I have seen of women who vote and hold offices I do not think this argument holds. I know of a woman, for instance, who is the mayor of a western town, which, although very small was corrupt. The mayor not only made better order but she also reduced the number of saloons. This woman is a widow and she has a grown son and daughter who no longer need her entire attention. The state superintendent of public instruction is a woman who has no family to neglect. Several years ago a woman held the position of a county treasurer. Before this time she taught music all day long to support two children and a paralyzed husband; when she was county treasurer her hours were shorter. Now I cannot see how supporting a family is in any sense of the word neglecting it. The office of county superintendent of schools is usually held by a woman. The women in suffrage states receive equal pay with men for the same work. As a general rule the women who hold offices are the ones who have no family and home to need their attention, or those whose children are of age and no longer need care.

Women are apt to protect children rather than business because of their tenderness, consequently they are very much

against laws which, in favoring factories and industries, endanger the health of the children employed. In this age woman's place is just as much in the world as in the home since so many things which are used in the household are made in factories and industries. As practically all the clothing and house furnishings are made outside the home, it is the duty of the mother as well as the father to see that these articles do not carry infection to their children. It seems rather foolish when the majority of women know more about the preparation of food than men do, that they should not have a chance to make pure food laws, which shall insure sanitary preparation of food in bakeries, canneries, and dairies, as well as in the home. Do you suppose that a mother would allow a dairy to sell milk and cream, kept sweet by carbolic acid and similar chemicals, to other people's children just because it was helping the business of the dairy man?

Where women have the vote, laws relating to vice are more stringent than in the non-suffrage states. For example, the age of consent in the equal-suffrage states is higher. California is the only commonwealth with the age of consent at twenty-one years; Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming have eighteen; Arizona, seventeen; and Oregon and Illinois, sixteen. Only three non-suffrage states have the age limit as high as eighteen; in Georgia and North Carolina it is only ten years; in Mississippi, twelve; in seven other non-suffrage states, fourteen; in fifteen others, sixteen.

Many people say that women's voting will increase the ignorant and bad vote; however, statistics show that more girls than boys graduate from high schools. In all the suffrage states it is claimed that a very small number of "bad women" vote because they do not wish to reveal their true names (for many live under assumed names); the majority are foreigners or girls under voting age.

Many of the laws show the results of equal-suffrage. For instance, the first Wyoming legislature which conferred the vote upon women, gave the same property rights to wives as to their husbands. Dower and courtesy have been abolished. If either husband or wife dies without a will, leaving heirs, one-half of the estate, both real and personal, goes to the survivor. If there are

no heirs, three-fourths goes to the survivor, one-fourth to the father and mother or their survivors, unless the estate, both real and personal, does not exceed ten thousand dollars, in which case it all passes to the widow or widower. A homestead to the value of one thousand five hundred dollars is exempted for the survivor and minor children. In 1901, through the efforts of women, an anti-gambling law was passed in Wyoming. Later a Sunday closing law was enacted.

The fact that suffrage has spread from one western state to another proves that it must have had beneficial results or the neighboring states would not have adopted it. That the liquor and white slave interests oppose suffrage ought to be one of its most favorable arguments (for they would not be against "bad women's" voting). Statistics show that laws in the states where women vote, have been improved. All have complete compulsory-education laws. There is not one suffrage state in the list of the ten most illiterate states.

DOROTHY McMURRAY BURNS.

SPRING TERM AT ROGERS HALL.

Taken from the diaries of
MARION HUFFMAN
ISABEL NORTON
ROSAMOND NORRIS
DOROTHY CASTLE

Wednesday, April 7th—

All winter long, in fact, before we had hardly taken off our hats in the fall, the old girls began to tell us about Spring Term. It wasn't always pleasant to hear them, because it put us so obviously at a disadvantage, but now I'm back at Rogers Hall, and it's Spring Term. At present it looks a good deal as it did when we left, but of course the lilacs aren't out yet, and the hurdy-gurdy hasn't arrived. It's still too cold to walk around after supper, so I haven't discovered the full joy of Spring Term, but I'm hoping before long to see a robin, and, anyway, I can hold up my head and say that at least I have been at Rogers Hall in Spring Term.

Friday, April 23rd—

Mr. and Mrs. Billings came to dinner tonight, and afterwards Mr. Billings read "Antigone" to us. Of course it's an old Greek play, but the king, Kreon, sounded a good deal like some men that I know when he reproved Antigone for meddling in affairs of state. Antigone, too, seemed to have some very modern ideas and considerably more courage in the expressing of them than most of the men about the court.

Mr. Billings has a very good voice and reads so clearly that we could understand with ease. Then he gave just enough explanation to make us understand the stage business. I had no idea that Greek plays were so interesting.

Sunday, May 2, 1915—

Oh! I had the most wonderful time. Yes, that doesn't exaggerate it a bit. People are always making fun of boarding school girl expressions. That's the truth, though. In the first place, they arrived about six, the Harvard Glee Clubs, and it looked like all Harvard College, the sight was so unusual. They piled into the gym first, and then came over to the Hall and went down the receiving line. Some of the girls were just coming downstairs, and they looked simply darling in their evening dresses, all shimmering and shining and their eyes bright with excitement. We all waited out in the back drawing room, those who weren't ushers, and wondered what our luck would be, probably not a bit more anxiously than the men. Then three of us talked long and earnestly to one man, I can't even remember his name, and when dinner was announced I just slipped out and left him for the other two. Is there anything more hopeless than three girls and one man? And so I didn't have anyone for dinner. Anyway, it's almost as much fun watching, and the five or six of us left were well entertained. The rest all went out to the schoolroom, just a mass of bright colors and happy laughs, and the men crowded around the serving tables in the dining room, and brought back all kinds of delicious food. I know, for I had some myself,—chicken, lobster salad, rolls, sandwiches, olives and, well,—that's all I remember. They made so much noise,

all talking at once, that I got tired and wandered back into the drawing room, and noticed for the first time how lovely it looked, with many flowers, soft lights, and that impression of old-fashioned dignity it always gives.

After dinner, of course we had ice cream and cake first, we went over to the gym which was all brilliantly lighted and found our seats for the concert. There for an hour we enjoyed the "entirely new program." Did the Glee Club sing well and were the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs equally good? Yes, they certainly were. We just listened and wished that our little Mandolin Club was half as large. Then came dancing and my wonderful time, everyone's too, I guess. We met everybody and it was impossible not to enjoy ourselves. We danced and danced and when the orchestra was tired out, which was no wonder, one of the men pounded every bit of noise out of the grand piano. I never have seen anyone dig in so; I should think his fingers would have been broken to say nothing of the keys. Of course it had to stop right at the very best, half-past eleven is so early when you've always been crazy to dance till two.

We went to bed very enthusiastic about our "marvelous" time, perhaps even more enthusiastic over the privilege of sleeping until eight-thirty the next morning. And now today, everyone is lying around tired but happy. I think I'll stop writing myself and join the rest on the bed. Half the fun of any good time is talking it over and we certainly can do that.

Tuesday, May 4th—

Yesterday morning we had the bread-making contest. Mr. Adams, Marjorie's grandfather, offered a prize of five dollars for the best loaf of bread and three dollars for the second best, and in view of the extremely critical financial condition of most of the girls it was a very popular contest. The kitchen was filled all morning with girls, hustling about mixing dough, rolling it out, and putting it in pans to rise. Usually, Miss Mudge decides on the order of work, but of course we did this alone, so confusion reigned. Right in the middle, too, the photographers came to take pictures for the new catalogue, and we had to go out and

play games, or else look on enthusiastically, and some of the girls had their bread in the oven,—a rather difficult situation!

In the afternoon Miss Parsons, Miss Mary Parsons, and Miss Mudge tried all the bread and marked it for appearance, shape, crust, and texture. This morning they announced the winners. Jeannette Miller's was the best and Blanche Thompson's second. They were both out having their pictures taken when their bread was being baked, too! Perhaps they didn't get a chance to look at it so often, anyway it was a strange coincidence.

May 8th—

A hurdy gurdy's gay dance tune,
While high above a silver moon;
The perfume of lilacs with blossoms gay,
And through it all the joy of May.

May 11th—

Tonight after dinner we all started down town in an open car, feeling very summery, on our way to the Opera House where the Lowell Choral Society was to give "Samson and Delilah." Everyone talked at once about Evan Williams and Mildred Potter who were to take the leading parts. On bill-boards and in store windows we saw posters with their pictures, and by the time we arrived at the theatre we were most anxious to hear them. We had seats in the third and fourth rows, which gave us a fine view of the stage when the curtain at last rose. The oratorio was much better than the other one given by the Society earlier in the winter, owing to the fact that there was much more dramatic action and interest. The chorus seemed to enter into the spirit of it wonderfully and added greatly to the variety of the whole. I was disappointed in Evan Williams' voice but his dramatic ability was splendid, while Mildred Potter, though not very dramatic, had a fine lyric quality to her voice. We hated to have them stop singing when the opera ended with the shouts of the chorus and crash of the music. As we rode home, inspired by the music, we decided to make our own chorus at school, namely

the Glee Club, better and stronger than it is now. The ride in the wind has made me dreadfully sleepy and my roommate is afraid we shall get a demerit for lights not being out so I think I'll stop.

May 13th—

The question today was whether we could get our work done in order to go to Colonial Hall to hear the Fuller Sisters. Most of us managed to and were very glad we did, for we enjoyed their charming program a great deal. In their quaint, old-fashioned costumes they seemed appropriate to the folk songs which they sang for us. The youngest of the sisters played a harp, which made a delightful accompaniment for their unusual songs. We had forgotten what fun some of the songs we used to have sung to us in our babyhood were until we heard them again. Standing beside two large bowls of apple blossoms, the three English sisters bade us farewell in their low, sweet voices with the English accent that we found so charming, and we hoped to hear them again. During the concert, candy was sold, but as there was none left when they came to my row, I didn't have any, so I almost forgot about it.

May 14th—

Marcia clutched my icy hand, and asked me if I wasn't scared. Of course I was, for after dinner, we were to give a recital on "The Princess," which we had been studying with Mrs. Corwin since school began, but which we had had very little time to plan a program for. First, the plan of the poem was given, then the girls read different passages and recited some of the lyrics. It is one of Tennyson's most delightful poems. Parts are humorous, others serious and beautifully described, as only Tennyson can, while the story as a whole is an appealing love story. A Prince of the North has been in love with a Princess of the South since his babyhood, and was betrothed to her at an early age. Since then, until he meets her, he treasures her picture and a lock of her hair, and when the time comes, goes joyfully forth to claim her. But the Princess is independent and will have

nothing to do with him, as she is starting a woman's college, and had become a man hater. After many adventures of all kinds, the Prince wins her, and they live happily ever afterward. The school was quite surprised to see some of its most bashful members deliver their speeches with much composure and eloquence. I hope the rest of the school was as much interested in the poem as our class has been.

May 15th—

It has been the most glorious day, and we all waited expectantly for the afternoon to come, so that we could start for Canobie Lake, where we were to have a picnic supper. Some of the girls rode on horseback, but most of us went in an open trolley, which was lots of fun. The trolley line ran across broad fields in the open country at a speed that an automobile might well have envied. When we arrived we found it the most delightful lake, surrounded by pine woods, dotted with camps and small summer houses. For about an hour we roamed about, peering into the little cottages and places of amusement, which were not yet open for the season. At supper we ate, seated on rocks, by the water, and never did sandwiches and coffee taste so good, and, best of all, we had individual boxes of Page's ice cream and individual cream cake for dessert. It was only after using force that the teachers were able to save any food for the horseback riders, who came in late. It was lovely, sitting by the lake, the sun, a large red ball, just going down back of the hills, the smell of the pines, and the whirl of several motor boats, as they circled round the lake, all making part of the scene. It was quite dark when we gathered up our wraps. Those of us who had been sensible enough to bring heavy coats smiled "I told you so-ly" at our less fortunate companions, who shivered in their silk sweaters. The motormen, however, took pity on them, and, stopping at a car station, appeared with several fur coats, which were enthusiastically welcomed. The air was keen and cold, and we snuggled down in our seats, watching the new moon glisten in the dark sky as we sped along. We're all tired but happy, and think our picnic at Canobie Lake the best of the year.

Friday, May 21st—

One day I noticed a crowd around the bulletin board, and, upon joining it, I found that a dancing contest for all was posted for the following Friday. My heart took a sudden journey downward. It seemed so utterly foolish for me to try and compete with all the good dancers in school—but the notice left little doubt as to who entered the competition. From what other girls said, I judged I was not alone in my sentiments.

On Friday evening, we all gathered in the Gym and found Miss Kellogg waiting for us. We were to show her how well we had profited by her teaching. My heart went a little farther down. Numbers were then pinned on the “man’s” back, and I found that my partner and I were Number 12. The first competition was for the one-step. Out we all started, and, to our surprise, my partner, Dorothy Woods, and I, were invited to remain in for a second round, composed of about five couples. After that, we were asked to dance again with one other couple, Dorothy Johnson and Margaret Wood. This was really too much, for we had expected to dance only once. It so happened that this couple and ourselves were to enter the finals.

Then followed a competition in the waltz, in which everyone participated, and after that the fox trot. Edith Ellis and Jeannette Rodier won the latter. My partner and I looked around for a convenient hole to hide in, but they had our number, therefore, we entered the finals. We proceeded to walk all over each other; the audience seemed to increase to the size of a multitude. When we had gone around the Gym many times, Miss Kellogg announced that Margaret Wood and Dorothy Johnson had won the prize for having the most perfect carriage, rhythm, and the greatest variety of steps. They are very beautiful dancers, and surely deserved the honor more than anyone else. Thus ended the Dancing Contest of Rogers Hall.

Friday, May 27, 1915—

Well, this afternoon, Miss Harrison took “us House seniors” on a picnic out at Lakeview, I think that’s the name of the place.

We had such a great time that it's almost tame to write about it, but I'll do my best and people will simply have to read between the lines, if anyone ever reads this.

We left the "crowded square" of Lowell about five o'clock, lunch basket, thermos bottle and old clothes. Let me see, there were Miss Harrison, Polly, Marian, Marjorie, Genevra, Dot Burns, Margaret and myself and we certainly discarded senior dignity if any of us ever had such a thing and acted decidedly natural.

At the Lake, we landed across from the pavilions and houses, though everything was closed, and found a lovely place on the shore all slippery with pine needles. Everything was wild behind us, trees all mixed in together, ferns, violets and best of all, lady-slippers. When we saw those, we made one grand leap and cleared the place around us in a minute.

Then came lunch. And such a lunch! We felt sort of wild and "let loose" ourselves and maybe things didn't taste good. Tomato salad with wonderful dressing, chicken, ham and tongue sandwiches, pickles and jelly and we didn't mind tipping things over on each other a bit. Why not use your lap if the plates aren't large enough and our skirts have the stains of war on them now for sure. But that wasn't all. We had coffee, cheese and bar-le-duc and a grand and noble creole cake. By that time the sun was setting though I don't think many noticed it, because we were too busy. We washed the dishes in the lake, rinsed is more the idea, and then feeling capable of anything, went in wading. Is there another thing more fun? We squealed and yelled, almost fell in, stumbled over stones and "just escaped" and felt great when we came out.

It was heavenly riding home on the open car with the moon just coming out. We sang of course, everyone does on such occasions, and when we reached Lowell, there were crowds and crowds of people running loose, three bands marching down the street and the mayor somewhere in the distance. This was the celebration of the Great White Way, of course, and we were all thrilled to death because we were right there enjoying it and the other poor girls were shut up, studying at school with one ear open.

To end it all, we took the Oaklands car and rode way up there and back all in the moonlight. This time we sang to Miss Harrison

and couldn't sing half well enough. We certainly do thank her for giving us the very best time and we wish we could be seniors all the time and go on a picnic with her every blessed week.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

June 1st—

When first I came to Rogers Hall
Back as far as late last fall,
I thought it such a pretty place,
And planned to stay here quite a space;
But not for always.

Each day was nicer than the last,
And everyone went oh so fast;
We studied, hockied, swam and walked.
I said I loved it when I talked,
But not for always.

When Christmas time came round to us,
We all made such an awful fuss;
We could not wait to get back home,
And left here quite without a moan;
'Twas not so always.

We all came back, yes, every one,
All ready for the work and fun.
And when the mid-year dance came round,
We loved it all down to the ground,
But not for always.

At Easter time vacation came,
But most of us felt not the same
'Bout leaving, but of course we had
The best of times, yet, still were glad
'Twas not so always!

Now 'neath the lilac bloom we walk,
And arm and arm, we softly talk
Of what we'll do another fall
When we come back to garden and Hall;
Right here, always.

I. N.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

This spring term has been particularly favorable for out-of-door sports. Only one afternoon have we lost because of rain. On three afternoons a week baseball has occupied our attention, and the other three have been pretty well divided among swimming, tennis, and horseback riding.

Although we have not held a general swimming meet this year, it was not for lack of material, but rather, for time. The Pool has been as popular as ever, and has been well filled on the regular afternoons, and a good many extra ones besides. We are proud to say that, were the requirements of several of the men's colleges introduced into Rogers Hall, that one must be able to swim before he could graduate, all but two of us could pass the test, and, if this condition were as exacting as some that the seniors are now struggling with, those two would be swimming before long. The requirements for three points towards an R. H. are that a girl shall be able to do six standard dives, swim twelve times around the tank, float three minutes, tread water three, do four standard strokes, and swim eight yards under water. The following girls have won all three points: Hazel Coffin, Elizabeth Carpenter, Polly Piper, Marjorie Wilder and Margaret Wood.

But the most exciting feature of the spring term has been the horseback riding. One day, out of a clear sky, we were told that Dr. Sparks had horses. Of course, we had no habits here, but Miss Parsons said we might ride in middy blouses and bloomers, and then we all invested in gaiters. Because of our rather informal costume, we stuck to country roads and avoided the highways, which was no very great hardship. The girls who had never ridden before were most fortunate in having Miss Talbot, a well-known horsewoman, instruct them, and, after a few trial trips through the park, they began to join the jaunts of the regular riders.

The most notable trip that was taken, was to Canobie Lake, a distance of some sixteen miles each way. The day was cool,

the roads splendid, the country just full of apple trees in full bloom, and, finally, the horses were in good condition, at least, on the way out. We rather miscalculated our time, however, and did not get to the Lake until later than we had expected, so had to eat in a hurry and start back immediately. As the girls who rode out changed places with some who had gone by trolley, the riders were feeling just like a good brisk trot, but the horses were rather done up, and the pace back was rather slow. The evening was fine, however, and those of us who went, voted it a great success. Next year we hope that the riding will be continued, for it has meant not only a lot of fun, but it also gives us a chance to practice an accomplishment, which, like tennis, will be useful after we leave school.

The tennis courts were put in condition early, and they have been filled to capacity ever since. Over half of the House girls, and about the same proportion of Day girls play tennis regularly. As tennis is a purely voluntary sport, this means that it is probably the most popular of all the games played at Rogers Hall. But, out of the number who play, only about ten, or less than a fifth of the girls who play, will get a point towards their R. H. This does not look like good management. The present requirement is that to get a point in tennis, one must enter the tournament, but, as we only hold this competition in doubles, and, as for the last two years, at least, the best players have elected to play together, the interest in the event has been killed at the start, and only a few enter.

The suggestion has been made that the tournament be held in singles rather than doubles, but the objection raised to this is the amount of time that would be necessary to play the tournament off, which could only be obtained at the expense of baseball. Then again, there is the possibility that the superiority of a few girls would be so marked that the beginners would be afraid to enter. A remedy for this would be to have tennis on the same basis as are all the other athletics, taking the form of a House-Hall contest between the teams, which could be made large enough to include almost all girls who play.

In such a case, No. 10 on the Hall might not be able to beat No. 1 on the House, but she would give No. 10 on the House a



OVER THE HURDLES

good match, which is, after all, the point. This would greatly increase the interest in tennis, and would develop better playing. It would, also, put tennis in the position it deserves as one of the most important of the school sports.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

				Finals
McConkey	}			Coffin Weiser 6-0, 6-1
Wilder				
Jennison	}	Jennison	}	
Morse		Morse		
		6-4, 6-2		
Coffin	}			
Weiser				
Rodier	}	Coffin	}	
Huffman		Weiser		
		6-1, 6-0		
Greene	}	Greene	}	
Wood		Wood		
		Bye		
			Coffin	
			Weiser	
			6-3, 6-0	

BASKET BALL.

No matter what other opportunities there are for sports at various schools and colleges, there may generally be found a basket ball field of some sort, whether it is in a dingy basement room, out-of-doors, or in a large gymnasium like our own. Basket ball is the only sport here in which every girl is not required to take part, and yet many girls come out "to give the team some practice," even if they can't be one of the seven to make the school team.

We started basket ball this winter just before the Christmas vacation and played at least once a week during the middle term.

Many fine forwards developed during our practice, but guards were few and fewer still were star players of any sort for the Hall team.

In the beginning of the season, everybody was tried out at different positions until each was definitely placed to practice for the House-Hall game, which was played on April 22nd. The less that game is dwelt upon, the better. It is sufficient to give the score. House 41—Hall 9!

The teams were as follows:

HALL.	POSITIONS.	HOUSE.
K. Jennison	Forward	M. Weiser
R. Greene	Forward	(Capt.) M. Wilder
P. Piper (Capt.) . . .	Center	D. Johnson
H. Benton	Side Center	G. Whitmore
L. Clark	Guard	E. McConkey
E. Stevens	Guard	M. Daniels

The game with the Smith Alumnæ came on Saturday of that week and this time there really was great excitement. Rogers Hall had been beaten the year before and we heard that their team would have the same players this time. Would our new school team be strong enough to hold them down? The visitors came for luncheon and gave us plenty of time to be awed by their husky appearance. Had they picked out all the six-foot alumnæ of Smith College, we wondered? It certainly seemed so.

The game was called for 2.30 sharp, and it did not take the spectators long to predict a close and exciting contest. Although swift, the playing was fair and clean throughout. The visitors' team deserves particular credit as few of its members had even touched a basket ball for a year or more.

At last the final whistle was blown, and the score-keeper announced, "19 to 11 in favor of Rogers Hall." The game had been so swift that we had not even had time to add up the goals, and the result was received with no little shouting and cheering.

The teams were as follows:

SMITH ALUMNÆ.	POSITIONS.	ROGERS HALL.
M. Edgarton, S., '14 . . .	Forward . . .	M. Weiser
M. Clapp, S., '12 . . .	Forward . . .	M. Wood
E. Edson, S., '14 . . .	Center . . .	(Capt.) M. Wilder
F. Harrison, S., '06 . . .	Side Center . . .	G. Whitmore
I. Hudnut, S., '14 . . .	Side Center . . .	D. Johnson
E. Oisen, S., '13 . . .	Guard . . .	R. Allen
E. Emerson, S., '02 . . .	Guard . . .	H. Coffin

All of the Smith Alumnæ living in Lowell or in the vicinity had been invited to attend the game and about fifty were able to come. The social side of the afternoon was emphasized just as much as the playing of the game. After the announcement of the score, the two teams were immediately invited to make use of the swimming pool, but in half an hour everybody trooped upstairs again and enjoyed some very refreshing punch, sandwiches and cakes, prepared by a few of the Domestic Science girls. We played the victrola and had a very sociable time.

With this game our basket ball season ended, and our interest next turned toward baseball and tennis.

FIELD DAY.

The whole school breathed a sigh of relief when Field Day dawned clear and bright, the best in years. At half-past nine we met in the schoolroom where Miss Parsons told us about the early days of Rogers Hall and especially of Miss Rogers, whose birthday we were celebrating. Miss Parsons said that she was not sure that Miss Rogers would wholly approve of the way in which we spent the day, for although Miss Rogers did want the girls to have a good time she did not really believe in athletics. And we were told how shocked Miss Rogers had been when the first bicycles began to appear at the school.

At ten o'clock we went down to the athletic field, and gathering in groups, talked and exchanged autographs until our programs resembled crazy quilts and it was lucky that the sports began while we had still a little space left to record the results.

And they were worth recording! In more ways than one it was the best Field Day in years. Margaret Wood had the good fortune to break two records. She put the shot 29 feet (record, 27 feet), and in the running broad jump covered 13 feet and 4 inches (record, 12 feet, 11 inches). Ruth Allen came in for honors, too, throwing the baseball 203 feet and 1 inch, breaking the old record by 13 inches.

Not content with breaking these records, which were made so long ago as to be almost objects of veneration, Ruth and Margaret divided first place in Field Day between them, with 24 points each, Katherine Jennison winning third place with 13 points. The points were made by Margaret Wood by winning three firsts in the "shot put," the running broad, and the hurdles; and three seconds in the baseball throw, hop, step and jump, and the potato race. Ruth Allen's were three firsts in the hop, step and jump, the baseball throw, and the potato race; and three seconds in the "shot put," high jump, and hurdles.

Among the many spectators during the morning events were a large number of Alumnæ, whose brilliantly colored sweaters contrasting with the green and white gym suits of the school, made a gay and festive scene. Probably the most interested of the Alumnæ was "Mink," Mrs. Raymond Harris, who watched three of her records go by, but she can still comfort herself with the fact that she holds one, and it is doubtful if ever again one girl holds four records for five years!

After the sports came luncheon, lobster salad, sandwiches galore, and ice cream with strawberries. Strawberries begin at Rogers Hall, despite the weather, on May 7th. The crowd was so large that we ate on the back porch, the lawn, and in the schoolroom, the Alumnæ forming little groups of old pals, who talked about the old days and the new babies.

When luncheon was over, we went to the gymnasium, where the Mandolin Club, led by Polly Piper, played. Helen Edlefson (Mrs. Robert Barr), sang "The Rosary" for old times' sake, and then we all went to see the Alumnæ beaten by the school team in baseball. It was the school's turn to win, but they had to fight for it. The Alumnæ team, however, boasted of several brides, including the pitcher, "Mink," who has pitched for the

Alumnæ every year since she graduated, and split even on her games. The score was 9 to 5 for the school. Then the two teams went swimming, and some of the girls and Alumnæ followed their example, and all of us agreed that the 1915 Field Day was the best yet!

ELLEN BURKE.

THE ALUMNÆ HOUSE PARTY.

The day before Commencement was of that questionable variety when nobody not even the weather itself—knows what it is going to do next—a sort of dog-day, variegated with April showers. This condition of things lent a certain excitement to the preparations for “As You Like It.” Fortunately, however, it finished raining in time to get the chairs out doors again and partly dry, and from the moment the play began we forgot all about the weather and everything else, except that we were in the Forest of Arden. The play was wholly charming. A fairy light transformed the familiar apple trees and lilacs into something mysterious, and full of poetry. Here came Rosalind and Celia, the Duke and Orlando, the melancholy Jacques, Touchstone—such a festive Touchstone! and his Audrey, and a varied assortment of green-clad foresters, and lovelorn shepherds and shepherdesses. Their acting was spontaneous and convincing—a wooden thing to say about the delightful people that laughed and loved and danced and were happy before us. I am sure that they must feel well repaid for all their hard work, the finished production was so very lovely.

The play over, we talked. Indeed we talked most of the time we were at Rogers Hall, when someone else wasn't talking, of course. It was a most satisfactory reunion in that respect. We learned all about what had happened to ourselves in these intervening years, and much about what had happened to everybody else. We are caught up with each other, I am sure, enough to last to next reunion.

Tuesday morning we straggled into the gymnasium to the places prepared for us, rather unimpressively, to be sure, but that didn't matter, because the Seniors followed directly after us, and slowly and most impressively, like eleven brides going to the altar, they filed upon the platform with the other dignitaries.

Miss Agnes Repplier gave the Commencement address. It was a great pleasure to see and hear a lady whose writings are such a refreshing combination of wisdom, wit and good humor. These three characterized her remarks Tuesday morning. She told us of the good old days, and she didn't cry down the new ones much either, though she did say she thought us young things did not know how to amuse ourselves as well as did our predecessors. And of course she simply had to laugh at the efficiency cranks. But she did not make us feel like hopeless cases of frivolity and vanity, and she held out considerable hope that we would make as good a contribution to humanity as had her generation, which was certainly a very nice compliment to us.

According to the time honored and most generous custom, everybody stayed to luncheon, which luncheon was also time-honored and generous, and although crowded, festive. Here was another chance for talk, as with our plates of salad and of ice cream, we gathered around the tables in the schoolroom, or sat in groups on the veranda steps.

After luncheon came a most important business meeting for the Alumnæ. We decided that SPLINTERS was quite worthy of our financial support, as well as the spiritual good-will we have always given it. Likewise we pledged over three hundred dollars by individual subscription toward a fund of five thousand, to go toward the building of a new recitation hall, said fund to be completed at the time of our next reunion in 1917. Last but not least, we decided that our large and growing body might well be represented on the Board of Trustees, and we made a recommendation that a committee be appointed for the furtherance of that end.

All this made us spend quite a bit of the day in the gymnasium, and a very fine place it is, too. For the morning's assembly of over three hundred there was room and to spare, and the surroundings it provided for the exercises were very fittingly dignified.

It is a beautiful building and every girl connected with Rogers Hall ought to be, and is proud of it. And as if we had not had enough of the gymnasium's charms, we went swimming after the meeting. The pool is magnificent. Lucky girls, who can have that to paddle in any time! More than paddle, in fact,—I was told that now at the end of the year nearly every girl in school knows how to swim.

After swims and naps and more visiting we gathered in the schoolroom for the Alumnæ dinner with Mrs. Underhill and Miss Parsons as our guests of honor. There were seventy-four of us who sat down, and in many ways this was the very nicest part of our whole party. It is such a unifying thing to sit down and eat a good dinner together, and talk about old times and new times, and occasionally to stand up and sing tunefully and vigorously in praise of a place we are all fond of and proud of. We had some "stunts" too, from various of our talented members, and 1914 and 1915 were duly welcomed to our midst. When we had finished, and gathered round the piano to sing again, I am sure that we all felt more than ever, that in spite of scattered interests and close ties elsewhere, Rogers Hall was still more than a name to us, and that to come back was to come home,—for wherever we have worked and played and been happy, there we are sure to leave something that makes the place essentially a home to us forever afterward.

ALICE WESTON CONE, 1909.

THE BUSINESS MEETING OF THE ROGERS HALL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The biennial business meeting of the Rogers Hall Alumnæ Association was held in the gymnasium on Tuesday, June 8, 1915, at two o'clock. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and accepted. The election of officers was held, and the following list was submitted by the Nominating Committee, Miss Julia Stevens, '97, Chairman, and it was voted that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot as follows:

President—Helen Fairbanks Hill, '99.

Vice-President—Virginia Towle, '08.

Secretary—Alice Towne Billings, '11.

Treasurer—Helen Winchester Smith, '14.

A motion was made and carried that an amendment be made to section one of the By-Laws that Life-Membership in the Association may be obtained by a single payment of fifteen dollars, that such Life-Memberships shall be deposited in the savings banks or invested at the discretion of the Executive Committee, and that fifty cents shall be paid each year from the interest on such fund to the general treasury.

Miss Harrison, '02, brought up the question of obtaining more support from the Alumnæ for SPLINTERS, and said that either the Alumnæ Department must be greatly reduced or else the Alumnæ must pay for its support, since the financial burden was too much for the girls in school to maintain. After a full discussion as to the best method of obtaining this support, a motion was made to further amend section one of the By-Laws so as to include, with the annual fee of fifty cents, a subscription to SPLINTERS at the reduced rate of one dollar a year, the fee then of one dollar and a half to be paid annually before November fifteenth, if SPLINTERS is to be received that year. Life-Membership may still be secured by paying fifteen dollars at a time, but SPLINTERS is not included, but, if desired, may be obtained by an annual subscription of one dollar a year. If thirty-five dollars

is paid at one time, this includes a Life-Membership in the Association, and also a life subscription to *SPLINTERS*. As in the first amendment, such Life-Memberships are to be deposited in the savings banks or invested as a separate fund at the discretion of the Executive Committee, and each year the Treasurer shall be instructed to pay from the interest on such funds the amount of the annual fee to the general treasury.

The Treasurer then took the chair, while Miss Hill brought up the question of representation of the Alumnæ Association on the Board of Trustees. A full discussion followed, and it was finally voted that the Association desired such representation, and the President was instructed to appoint a committee to confer with the Board of Trustees as to the best method of obtaining this.

The last business of the meeting was the discussion of the need of a new academic building, and the desirability of at least having the estimated amount of fifty thousand raised by the next biennial in June, 1917, which marks the twenty-fifth year of the school. After much discussion, it was voted that each member of the Association be asked to subscribe to a fund of five thousand dollars, to be paid by May 1, 1917. It was hoped that the minimum pledge would be ten dollars, but no amount would be considered too small. Attention was called by the President that 1914 had really started the fund for the new building by giving their class gift for a Senior room therein. During the afternoon and evening, a pledge list was started, and three hundred and seventy-five dollars was secured from twenty-five of the girls, including some of the members of 1915.

The business meeting then adjourned.

The Alumnæ dinner was held at the school in the evening.

Respectfully submitted,

RUTH SPRAGUE, Secretary.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

April 14th, Corinne Dean was married at her home in Kansas City to Mr. James Henry Douglas. They will be at home after May 1st, at 3530 Harrison Boulevard, Kansas City, Mo.

May 9th, a son, Elliott Baker, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Rhea Kingsley Baker (Marion Elliott).

Sibyl Wright Eaton, '04, has recently moved to Sioux City, Iowa, where she and Mr. Eaton visited his family before moving into their own home at 2619 Jennings St.

May 6th, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis (Marguerite Harrower).

Helen Gallup, '11, is to be at the Sargent Summer School from May 31st to July 24th, taking a Normal course in dancing.

Clara Francis Hobson, '03, has moved, and her address now is 14 Grafton St., Chevy Chase, Md.

Alma Shepard Taft has changed her address to 83 Randolph St., Springfield, Mass.

May 11th, a daughter, Nathalie Gorham, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. de Goey (Edith Harris), in Arlington, Mass.

Gail Hood Helmer was unable to return for Reunion, as her daughter May graduated from Vassar the same week.

Over Commencement time, Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, entertained her classmates, Amy Condit and Carlotta Heath, but Julia is so near that the girls felt that they were practically one of the house party at school.

Cornelia La Vie Nason could not return for Commencement, but she expects to motor to Maine this summer, and will try to pay a call en route.

In April, Margaret Sherman was East, and met several of the girls, for she visited Eileen Patterson in New York, and Margaret and Dorothy Scott met at a hop at Annapolis.

Millicent Painter, '11, could not get back for Reunion, as her sister was graduating from Smith, and Millicent had to keep

house for the younger children while her mother was in Northampton. During the winter, she visited Kate Kessinger and reports that she saw Margaret McJimpsey and her baby boy, who is adorable. (See his proud godmother's report below!)

Margaret Burns was teaching this year in the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, where she is the Instructor in Charge of Women. Her work did not finish until June 15th, so that she was unable to return for Reunion.

Ruth Chapman spent the winter in New York with her mother, and reports "a most delightful time."

May 21st, Helen Stokes was married, in Los Angeles, Cal., to Mr. Eugene Valk, who is an engineer in the local branch of the General Electric Company. They are to live at the Witmer Apartments, Los Angeles, Cal.

May 4th, a daughter, Alice Billings, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Woodman (Frances Billings, '09).

A good many of the old girls were over for the Harvard Musical Clubs concert the last of April, and Helen and Hilda Smith and Kathryn Jerger stayed at the school for Sunday.

This year, forty-five old girls were present on Field Day to enjoy the sports, Alumnæ baseball game, and the familiar lunch, whose glories are recalled in more than one letter from the absentees. Several of the girls who are usually here were missing, as they were saving for Reunion. The guest book has the following names, showing that the classes were fairly evenly represented from the beginning: Eleanor Bell, '14, Ruth Bill, '14, Lena Bowen, '08, Ruth Burke, Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, Alice Coburn Nottage, Harriet Coburn, '95, Marian Coburn Sawyer, Nathalie Conant, '08, Alice Davis Richards, Helen Downer Marean, '05, Elizabeth Eastman, '13, Helen Edlefson Barr, '10, Eva French, Bernice Frisbie, Charlotte Greene, '12, Margaret Hall, '99, Florence Harrison, '02, Helen Hill, '99, Sally Hobson, '10, Madge Hockmeyer Parker, '10, Leslie Hylan, '14, Meta Jefferson, Kathryn Jerger, '14, Rachel Jones, '11, Mildred Mansfield Wingate, '10, Alice McEvoy Goodwin, '10, Eugenia Meigs, Mildred Moses Harris, '09, Harriet Nesmith, '05, Helen Nesmith, '10, Isabel Nesmith, '05, Doris Newton, Gertrude Parker, '12, Nellie Pickering Trull, Carol Quincy Davis, Frances Redway, Julia Stevens, '97,

Marion Stott, Helen Tyler, Marjorie Wadleigh Proctor, '11, Elizabeth Wilder, Caroline Wright, '03, Dorothy Wright, '06, Madeleine White Kennard.

This is the time of year when the fancy of every loyal Alumna turns (but not lightly) towards school, so that the Alumnae Editor who has, perhaps, more than her lot of good things, is going to share with you letters from some of the girls that Miss Parsons has received this spring. From these interesting items, you can all see how much more it means to everyone of us if the girls send more than a merely formal reply to the invitations that they receive for Commencement and Reunion.

Thelma Berger, '14: "I expect to come to Lowell to visit Ruth Bill for a week or so around Commencement, so cannot get away for Field Day also, much as I want to. Aida Hulbert has asked me to go West and spend the summer with her. We shall go by way of Panama, and it will take us seventeen or eighteen days. . . . Every once in a while I get lonesome for a little bit of news about R. H., and then SPLINTERS comes along and gratifies that want. Naturally, the Alumnae News is particularly interesting."

Lilian Brown Way, '10: "I am sorry to regret for Field Day, but I have never left my little son one whole day, and I am afraid he wouldn't approve, for he is a great mother's boy. He is now almost ten months old, and such a healthy looking boy. He has very little hair, big blue eyes, very light skin, and lovely rosy cheeks. Of course, we all think our own babies are wonderful, so that I want you to see him and judge for yourself. . . . My address has changed to 956 Humphrey St., Phillips Beach, Mass."

Helen Downer Marean, '05: "After spending such a happy, pleasant day at Rogers as Carol Quincy and I had, I should love to 'obey that impulse' and return again for the good time in June If I should have an inspiration, I'll send it to you, and, possibly, some pictures of the nicest kiddies in the world. I'm sorry that their dispositions can't be photographed, they are worth it. Now, having cheered for my family, I give a big one for R. H. and the Class of 1905."

Helen Faulds, '09: "I have delayed writing as long as possible, hoping I might be able to accept for Commencement. I am to be maid of honor at a wedding that same week, and the bride-to-be insists that a trip to Boston would be too strenuous. I'm afraid I would create very little excitement, as I have neither 'husband, baby or vocation,' unless assisting at my friends' weddings might be called one. Still, I'd face being unpopular for the sake of just being back."

Hazel Horton Morse, '09: "It will be impossible for me to accept this time, as I expect to go to my old home in Massena later in the summer. . . . So many of the girls are married now, I should like to go back with my husband. You couldn't help but like him, and I think he might stand a very good chance of taking the prize for the finest husband present, at least, I would vote for him. (Hazel evidently has overlooked the rules for impartiality!) . . . I have spent a wonderful year and a half here in Pittsburgh, and enjoy keeping house and my home more every day. I really am surprised at myself, I have become so domestic."

Katharine Kessinger, '10: "Red haired people, I believe are distinguished chiefly by their bad tempers, but I've discovered another amiable characteristic, at least, of this particular red haired person, though I don't wish to libel all my sisters in affliction. I've developed a bad case of plain, old-fashioned jealousy, and I envy every single girl who is lucky enough to come to Rogers for the Reunion! . . . I wish you could see our Rogers Hall babies. My godson (Margaret McJimpsey Kiplinger's baby), will be a year old in June, and is, in my opinion, the most wonderful youngster in the world. Ilma Meyer Montgomery has a lusty son, Robert, a few weeks older than John Ames. I'm only sorry that the stork hasn't brought any girls to take their mothers' places at Rogers Hall. . . . I'm going to call up Cully Cook Crumpacker when I'm in Portland, and hope that I shall be able to see her and her baby. Our class should have a baby show sometime, but, on second thought, I suppose it wouldn't be a good idea as it would probably break up all friendships."

Dorothy Kessinger, '13: "How Kate and I should love to be there for Commencement, but we are going just the wrong

direction this year. Father is taking his vacation in July, and we are going with him to the Exposition. We shall be gone about six weeks, probably coming home by the Canadian Pacific. I was maid of honor at Grace Coleman's wedding, and did have such a good time there—a regular Rogers Hall Reunion—Katharine Steen, Edna Krause, Agnes Kile, Grace and I. We went up to Muskegon and spent the day with Dot Benton. She has a dear little baby. I had a letter from Miss Hochdörfer saying she had been down to Kansas City for Corinne's wedding. Agnes came home with me for a visit after Grace's wedding, and in May was at a Princeton house-party."

Clara Frances Hobson, '03: "By Commencement time I shall be on a farm in Virginia. My son is adorable, and I wish that you could see him! Reddish, curly hair, dark blue eyes, very large, a fine head like my Father's."

Nellie Steel Plumley, '99: "In August I visited Edith Gates Syme and Charlotte Parry. This winter I went South with Mother and Ruth for one month, which was glorious. In April we changed our address again. We are still in Pittsburgh, but out in a lovely suburb with lots of ground for Alfred to play and Stuart to garden, which he loves. Our address is 1429 Walnut Ave., Swissvale Station, Pittsburgh. The name of the suburb is Edgewood, but is not used in the address, as there is no post office."

Evelyn Pike, '11: "I shall not return East until July. I've been out here in Palo Alto for some time, visiting my aunt, and enjoying the Exposition, which is really wonderful."

Cornelia Cook, '08: "I'm all disappointed that I'm not the proud possessor of an aeroplane or some other instrument of rapid transit, so as to get back to Rogers this June. Kate Field Sharp has just returned from an interesting motor trip to the southern part of the state. Motoring in this country is always adventurous."

Katherine Carr, '09: "Although I have not yet started for China, it seems to be quite as far away, as far as results are concerned, to get from New York to Boston. I have just started a new position, social service work in the Relief Bureau of Trinity Church, New York, and the wonderful plans which I had made of a visit to Boston, including Lowell, departed therewith!"

Margaret McKindley Amundson: "Perhaps I can send a kodak picture of my small daughter. I feel sure that Ruth Ann ought to get honorable mention in the 'Prettiest Baby Contest.' I can hardly realize that Ruth Ann is nearly six months old. It doesn't seem any time since my school days, and although I don't feel a day older, I expect I should feel considerably older to return to school and see the first graders grown up."

Eileen Patterson: "We are leaving this last week of May for Nantucket Island, where we expect to spend the summer. I shall return to New York early in September, by way of Boston, and am looking forward to a peep at Rogers at that time. I saw Dorothy Scott and Harriet Hasty at the Army and Navy baseball at West Point yesterday. Grace Coleman Smith was in New York last week, and we had a very gossipy chat at luncheon. I expect Helen Smith tomorrow, returning from Cuba. Helen MacCorquodale has gone back to San Francisco, but I have not heard from her since, so I don't know how she is progressing with her career."

Gwendolen Perry, '11: "As I am still pursuing the career of teacher, I must be in my own school at the time of Commencement.....I am going West to spend the greater part of the summer in Portland, Oregon, to visit a college friend there, and shall have a reunion with Kate Sharp. Can you hear the squeals and screams of laughter! I believe Marjorie Minton will be visiting Kate, too. When I return via California, if all goes well, I may stop at Chicago for some more University. There is no place where I would rather study than at that beloved Chicago, but my family objects to the distance, and truly, I do, too. On these grounds, it might be a good idea for me to go on with my work at Boston University."

Ethel Merriam Van Horn: "I am disappointed to regret, for I wanted so much to have Lois come down and go on with me. Lois has an adorable daughter, Betty Jane. Doesn't the name sound like Lois? Etta Boynton I almost never see, but she has a dear little daughter.....I thought of sending in a picture of Lois and myself in the costumes we wore as the bicycle riders in that memorable circus. I have an admirable husband to enter

for the contest, but he objects to being exhibited. Alma Shepard and her son are coming for luncheon with me today."

Lillis Towle, '13: "We hoped to go to Boston this spring, as long as Helen and I had to give up our visit there in the fall, but one thing after another seemed to happen. I have had two pupils every day, one in French and one in Latin, and haven't minded it a bit. But I never thought that I should have the patience to teach. We have a new car, a 'Cole 8,' and all four of us are learning to run it. We have had it only a week, and already it has run about five hundred miles. Last week I went out to Newport to spend two or three days with Emilie Ordway. Since the fire at Shaw House, they have gone to house-keeping, and Emilie is developing into a notable cook."

Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02: "If I only could accept your generous invitation and take Babs! But we have planned to wait until Walter takes his vacation before going North, probably in August, for it will be such a hard trip, with the baby's food to be prepared at intervals along the route. I enclose a kodak, and shall be most proud to have my daughter thrown on the screen on the eve of her birthday. I thought of you on Field Day, and imagined the various events, egg race and all. At present, my attention is directed eggward, for we have some little chicks hatching out today. Everyone else keeps chickens down here, so we are raising some in self-defence. At present it is awfully hot, and the roses are in their prime, tho' we have only jumped into summer the last three weeks, with no spring at all, for it was cold until then."

The cards are out for the wedding of Elizabeth Callahan, '12, to Mr. Henry E. McElwain, Jr., on Saturday, June 19th. She will be married at her home, with a reception following the ceremony.

Gertrude Hawxhurst, '13, is spending the spring and early summer at one of the lakes in Wisconsin.

Una Libby Kaufman went back to her Mother's home in the West with her children for the summer on June 4th, so could not come to Reunion.

The wedding cards have been received of Helen Easton to Dr. Davis Baker of Albany, N. Y. For their wedding trip they are motoring in the mountains and later in the summer will start housekeeping in a new apartment on Chestnut St. that is being finished for them.

The first of June Doris Newton announced her engagement to Mr. Malcolm R. Macdonald.

The editor wishes the Alumnæ to be sure to notice that some of the articles in the main department are by Alumnæ, Hilda Smith and Laura Pearson. Laura's poem on Water Polo is especially interesting because she made the sub-team at Bryn Mawr this year.

There are three sisters in the present senior class at Rogers Hall—Pearl Burns' sister, Dorothy, Helen Huffman Miller's sister, Marian, and Olive Eveleth's sister, Helen.

Aida Hulburt, '14, broke two records at Briarcliff School this year, and won a cup on their Field Day. In the standing broad jump she made 7 feet, 6 inches, and in putting the shot, 28 feet. (Note in the Athletic Department that our new school record for this event is 29 feet, made this year by Margaret Wood.)

Amy Condit and Carlotta Heath, both '11, are planning a motor trip this June, to go from Newark to Middlebury, Vt., for Commencement Week at the University. Early in the spring they had an eventful trip to Bermuda, but the details they refuse to divulge, except that they were seasick on the trip down, and so waited over two weeks on the island.

Tracy L'Engle, '11, was unable to return for Reunion, as she had not fully recovered from an operation this spring, so had to save her strength for her own Commencement at Wellesley.

Helen Foster, '06, writes, "I did not regret at first, for I hoped that perhaps I could get some of the girls to go down with me, and then we went to a house party, and I did not return as soon as I expected. It was so thoughtful in you, Miss Parsons, to ask us for all that time, and I know of nothing that I should have enjoyed more. Cyrena Case, Edna and I all wished so much that we could have been there. I planned to go to Cleveland last month to visit Hilda Talmage, but her grandmother was ill, and died a week or two later. But I am hoping now to see Hilda

next week, as we expect to go out there in the motor. We have bought a place on the lake shore not far from the Ramsdells, and we are going to build this summer, and so are Edna and Harry. We shall be at Lake Placid for three months, as we have rented a camp there.....It is so good to hear so many nice things about Rogers!"

Madeline Smith, '11: "Marion Kennedy has been with me for a few days, and we expected to see Prudence Robinson and Lucy Pond, but, evidently their plans miscarried, as Prudence did not come to Boston, and we missed Lucy. Marion had to leave earlier than she expected."

Elizabeth Bennett, '96: "It may interest you, Miss Parsons, to know why I can't come to Reunion this year. I have accepted a position as secretary to Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, writer and lecturer on Natural History. Aside from his lectures, he also supervises the manufacture of nest boxes, food houses and bird baths. All this work is carried on in Meriden, N. H., therefore the secretary has to live there, and all the family will go with me. I am tremendously enthusiastic over the work, for it is just what I shall like to do, and it will give me more opportunity to be out of doors than most secretarial positions."

May 1st, Mabelle Swift Moore was married at her home in Washington to Mr. Axel Christian Preben Winchfield, of Denmark, but now living in New York, and a nephew of the Danish minister.

The girls graduating from college this June are Alice Billings from Radcliffe, who has made a good record for scholarship, and has held various class and club offices; Anna Kuttner, from Barnard, who is taking the civil service examinations in New York; and Tracy L'Engle, Bonney Lilley and Helen Munroe, from Wellesley. Tracy, too, has been prominent in her class for her dramatic ability, and she won Senior honors for scholarship, as we announced in the last number of SPLINTERS, while Bonney was one of the editors of the Senior "Legenda."

The old girls, eighty-five in number, who were back for Reunion or else some part of the Commencement festivities were: Estelle Irish Pillsbury, Belle Shedd, Hilda Nesmith Thompson;

Harriet Coburn, '95; Julia Stevens, '97; Lena Bowen, '98; Margaret Hall, Helen Hill, '99; Florence Nesmith, '00; Florence Harrison, '02; Caroline Wright, '03; Polly Farrington Wilder, Isabel Nesmith, '05; Dorothy Wright, '06; Natalie Conant, Marjory Fox Pitcher, Helen Huffman Miller, Gladys Lawrence, '08; Frances Billings Woodman, Alice Cone, Ruth Griffin Pope, Mildred Moses Harris, '09; Marguerite Baldwin Smith, Ellen and Sarah Baxter, Helen Edlefson Barr, Sally Hobson, Madge Hockmeyer Parker, Mildred Mansfield Wingate, Marjorie Miller, Helen Nesmith, '10; Alice Billings, Julia Burke Mahoney, Amy Condit, Carlotta Heath, Rachel Jones, Nathalie Kemp, Bonney Lilley, Marjorie Wadleigh Proctor, '11; Sylvia Doutney Kellogg, Dorathea Holland, Matilda Kloppenburg, Gertrude Parker, Elizabeth Talbot, '12; Barbara Brown, Grace Coleman Smith, Elizabeth Eastman, Harriet Hasty, Ethel Hockmeyer, Ruth Hulbert, Beatrice Miller, '13; Eleanor Bell, Thelma Berger, Ruth Bill, Mary Holden, Aida Hulbert, Leslie Hylan, Kathryn Jerger, Kathrine Kidder, Laura Pearson, Helen Smith, Ethel Stark, Elizabeth Suenderhauf, Edith Whittier, '14; Nellie Pickering Trull, Alice Davis Richards, Brenda Pettin-gell, Ada Chalifoux Stevens, Meta Jefferson, Nancy Burns, Ruth Sprague, Katharine Wood, Eva French, Bernice Frisbie, Grace Lambden, Lucretia Walker, Helen Brown, Frances Redway, Helen Tyler, Margaret Clarke, Elizabeth Huston, Mary Lucas, Katharine Magee, Marion Sibley, Madeleine White Kennard.

Virginia Towle, R. H., '08 sent in the following poem to be used as an invitation to Commencement.

Come back and see your seatmate and your classmate and your
roommate,
And the girl with whom you had the standing date.
Come back and see your first crush and your last crush and your
worst crush,
And the girl who always came to breakfast late.
Come back and see the garden and the lilacs in the moonlight,
And the room you had in Cottage, House, or Hall—
Come back and see the old girls and the new girls and your own
girls.
Oh, come back again in June and see it all.

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EDITORIAL.

BE SQUARE.

Be square! Just what does that phrase mean? We hear men characterized as "absolutely square" and we respect them and are proud to know them. It does not mean, however, that they are merely honorable in their home life, their church, and minor things, and absolutely unscrupulous in business; but it includes every detail of their lives, and to be called that is the highest compliment possible.

How often do we hear it applied to women? How many are absolutely square in every detail of their lives? We must admit very few, but it does not do to judge them too harshly without considering the why and wherefore of this unfortunate condition.

For generation after generation, women have been dependent upon their charm and tact. The most successful women, from a social point of view, have been, too often, those who are merely ornaments, depending upon men for their ease and status. In society, they have had to gain their ends by flattery and all kinds of petty deceit, regarded as a sex without minds, without the right to think or to cultivate their intellect and individuality. Why should women be square? They are expected to lie, to cheat, or be absolutely downed. The habit is strong, and now that the women are waking up, are taking their stand in the world, are they going to continue to use their old methods? No, the new movement recognizing the equality of men and women is causing a great revolution of feeling. Women can be square, too; tact is not needed where respect is given. And there is no better place to start right, and prove their ability than in boarding school, where girls are just beginning to think and realize their own worth. How we love a girl who is square, who is always on the level, not afraid to express her opinions to your face, just playing the game the best she knows how. We all admire that sort, we all want to be of the same kind, then why not try. Deceiving

gets us no where, it is simply putting off something that is bound to come sooner or later; what are lies but the confession of cowardice, a weakness we have played up to because we are afraid to take the consequences. Men say we are always afraid and it is natural for us; we are even called the weaker sex, but it is not so. We are not weaker; that excuse does not work any longer. We are all equal, with the same amount of strength and courage, only in some, a great many perhaps, it is almost hidden by the habits of generations. Break away from these habits. Show that the stuff is there just the same, and when the test comes, prove that we can take it like men, even better. Go on forward, in the hardest ways instead of easier paths; give a hand to others and pull them along; show to the next generation that women have let go of their old, tangled ideas forever. There is only one way to show this and that is the greatest thing in the world, just to be square.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

THROUGH THE FOG.

[This narrative is based on a true experience of Thomas Nickerson, of Nantucket.]

Far north on the icy waters of the Atlantic Ocean, a heavy whaling dory drifted hopelessly in the sullen solitude of that vast expanse. Twelve half-starved, weak men, once hearty sailors, now mere hulks of men, were the only living things to disturb its grim silence.

They lay in the storm-beaten boat, worn with hunger, two of them entirely unconscious. One haggared, gaunt creature peered over the bow of the blackened boat, his hollow eyes staring ever towards the almost indistinguishable gray line between sea and air. At the stern, another silent form weakly dragged a board in the water, vainly striving to guide them somewhere, he knew not where. But the heavy grayness that surrounded them seemed impenetrable. Hopelessly, aimlessly, had they been floundering for forty days in this gray mist, and never, never did it allow them to escape from its enfolding clutch.

Forty days before, the good whaler "Mary Ann" had been plowing her way cautiously among the icebergs of the north Atlantic. But one day more and a solitary fishing dory, alone, remained floating near the spot where the stanch whaler had been.

In the middle of the night a sharp command had rung out into the dense fog,—a bell sounded, blocks screeched, there was a dull splintering, the swash of whirling waters, and then—silence.

The next morning the sun peered through the mist and beheld eleven rough sailors and their captain, huddled in one boat, all that was left of that great whaling expedition. And so for forty days after that, it awoke each day to watch them, the one true sentinel of that stark and sullen solitude.

Only each day there was a difference, at least after four weeks, for up to that time they had had pretty nearly enough to eat. Then the hard biscuits and the few bottles of water suddenly seemed to diminish. It was their first realization of a shortage of food.

One more week dragged on, and the rations became smaller still. Already the men began to look paler and shrunk. Their coarse, damp clothes hung on their wasted frames, and a strange light gleamed from their dark eyes.

Only once was the deadening gloom broken. A sudden start of the forward watchman, his breathless gasp aroused them from their lethargy.

"Do you see it?" he hoarsely hissed. "Is it,—no, it can't be, yes, it is, it's a ship!"

"Thanks be to God," shouted one thin, grizzled sailor in a croaking voice. "Sam, here, look over there," he hysterically yelled at one of his mates, who was huddled limply in the bottom of the boat, as he shook him into consciousness.

Sam mumbled a few incoherent words, and sank down again in a dazed stupor.

"Your shirt, Dave," commanded the Captain, and in a short time the distress signal waved in the air. All day they took turns waving, the silent tension interrupted only by an occasional hoarse shout. But the two far-away masts of the schooner crawled along the horizon and were finally swallowed up in the darkness of oncoming night.

"One box and one jug left," murmured the Captain, and that was the only word said as this last hope vanished in the gloom. The men hunched lower in their places and stared with dull despair into the vast emptiness.

And so the days passed, the dead monotony broken only by the daily portion of one biscuit and a few swallows of water. Sam grew worse and muttered and sometimes laughed savagely and then fell back unconscious on the damp black thwarts. By now, two other men were barely able to stir, so weak and starved were they. They had eaten the last portion of biscuit, which, divided among them, amounted only to a few crumbs for each.

Two more days and their rubber boots were gone, the hempen ropes and the pasteboard box that had held the hard-tack.

"Mates," the Captain then said, "Mates, I guess it's time to draw lots."

In grim silence did they face the awful meaning of his words.

"Sam," grunted one suggestively.

"No," growled the Captain in a savage tone, "No, we'll draw."

After several moments of deathly silence, the first mate stirred, and turning round, began weakly to sliver a few splinters that to these men meant life or death.

Ten long pieces and one short one he held forth to the men.

"Eleven?" quarrelled the Captain in surprise, "where's the other?"

The mate just stared at him and gradually the Captain understood. His throat tightened and a sob shook his spare frame. Touched to the very heart by this noble display of loyalty he choked out the words "No, men,—count me in,—we're all the same now," and he dropped his head in his hands, overcome by the devotion of his men.

With agonizing precision, each man slowly drew out the tiny splinter that was to decide his fate. All but two had drawn and they breathlessly watched Jake, the negro, draw, for Sam, still unconscious, as agreed by all was to have the one that was left.

Jake put out his trembling, scrawny hand and with a jerk pulled out the shortest splinter. Dazed, he let it drop out of his fingers and sat as though transfixed, and then slowly turned to his master.

"Jake, you've been a faithful slave to me, and I'm sorry it has to come to this." Then the Captain choked, "Oh, we can't do it. Just one more day!" and shuddering in horror he covered his face with his hands.

That night the groans of these starving men pierced the chill, dense fog. Horror was mingled with their cries of anguish and weird visions distorted their feverish dreams.

The fatal day dawned, their constant sentinel, the sun, dispersing the fog with his power.

"When the sun has ——" began the Captain, but he never finished. With a wild cry, he stood up and then swayed, overcome with weakness. Hanging over the bow of the boat, he strained his blurred eyes in the direction across the level of the sea towards the horizon.

"Yes, it's coming this way!" he screeched, and the startled men, thinking him insane or the victim of some heavy illusion, turned wearily and peered ahead.

Jake saw it first, and rolling his eyes towards heaven, fell down in a faint, gibbering weirdly between his teeth.

With hardly strength enough left to rejoice, they laboriously dragged their exhausted bodies to their knees and gasped a fervent "Amen" to their Captain's prayer.

HAZEL COFFIN.

THE DAM.

There was a roaring of water in the distance, and even though night was shutting down, we headed our canoe in that direction. We had been told that in this part of the lake, was the dam which we wished to find. Our canoe glided under a bridge, into a secluded nook shaped like a horseshoe. The banks were overhung with willows, which separated the water from the sky. The roar became louder as we moved forward, carefully steering our way in the shadows. Suddenly there was a sharp turn in the shore and there in the star-lit stream loomed high into the air a black mass, which the increasing roar told us was the dam!

I anxiously paddled towards it, fearful lest I might go too far. The black shape grew into a wall, guarding the top of the dam, so I knew we could not drift over. Cautiously I swung the canoe around and there on the brink of the dam we held our place listening to the noise of the torrent as it dashed its way to the rapids below, amid the mist which rose about us in the still night air.

MARGARET WOOD.

THE AWAKENING.

The soft rays from a light suspended over the dressing table fell upon the fair hair of the woman, making it glisten. To the child, standing in the doorway, she seemed too lovely to be merely earthly, she should have belonged to that class of dieties described in her fairy book. Softly the child walked to the dresser and stood there, a slender, fair little girl, much too solemn for a six-year-old.

"Mother, to-day is my birthday."

The woman glanced at the child, then back at the image in the mirror.

"Yes, Rosalie, I know it is. Didn't Elsie have a cake for you?"

"Oh yes, Mother, it was a nice cake and your gifts and Daddy's were lovely, but won't you please, just 'cause it's my birthday, put me to bed and tell me a story?" The blue eyes were wistful. Mrs. Lansing kissed Rosalie.

"I'm sorry, little daughter, but you see Daddy is ready and I can't keep him waiting a minute. Run along; that's a dear."

Quickly, so that Mother could not see her quivering lips, Rosalie went into her own room and began to undress.

Finally, in her little white nightgown, Rosalie stood in the middle of the floor, listening. Surely, Mother hadn't yet gone downstairs—she would tip toe in and have a last peep at the lovely, shimmery, new evening gown which, Rosalie thought,

looked like cobweb sprinkled with dew drops. The little girl worshipped her mother, rather awfully to be sure, yet devotedly. At the door she stopped. Why, there was Mother in her big chair, reading the magazine which had come that afternoon, and she had said Father was waiting. Puzzled, the child crept off to bed and lay there staring into inky blackness, hurt to the heart by her Mother's apparent falsehood. Surely, it was a mistake; perhaps Daddy had been called away. Thus she reasoned, but always that terrible doubt came bobbing up, refusing to be put down. Her throat felt dry and choky, and her eyes smarted with the tears she tried to hold back. They just would squeeze out, however, so Rosalie buried her little face in the pillow, and softly, so as not to disturb Mother, sobbed out the grief of shaken ideals.

It was late in June and at a tea table, set under a magnolia tree in the rose garden, sat Mrs. Lansing and a friend, enjoying the gentle breeze of late afternoon and gaily talking of the summer festivities. As Rosalie approached, she wished she were a grown lady, and might dress in frilly things and have tea in the garden. There wasn't much fun in being a little girl when there was no one to play with except Elsie, who seemed always to be busy. With a smile for Mrs. Long, Rosalie went to her mother.

"Dearest, you haven't forgotten that you promised this should be a 'party' night and that you'd sing for me, have you?"

"I had forgotten, Rose, and I'm very sorry I can't keep my promise. I have an important engagement, but some other time when I'm not so busy——"

Sadly, Rosalie walked out of the garden, stopping behind the hedge to smell a pink rose bud. It was then that she heard her mother say:

"I hate to disappoint her but I really have little time to give her. I only made the promise because she teased me and I had to. We're going to the theatre tonight, but I couldn't tell Rose that because she knows such an engagement can easily be broken. The child does have such queer, set ideas about promises."

Rosalie's eyes grew big. Then it was true,—Mother, her own Mother, didn't keep promises and told untruths. Was everybody in the world like that?

The brilliant sun shining from a cloudless, blue sky promised soon to dispel all signs of the storm, which had raged the previous night. There had been a terrific thunder storm followed by a cloud-burst, which had turned the roads into swirling torrents, and the fields into muddy lakes. Morning, however, brought the sun, and now the course of the water was marked only by mud, which would soon dry in the July heat.

Mrs. Lansing, followed by Rosalie, came down the broad porch and stepped into the waiting motor. Rosalie climbed onto the running board:

"Mother, when you come back won't you take me down to the creek to see the new bridge?"

"Where is Elsie? Can't she take you?"

"Elsie's gone home for the day."

"To be sure. Well, I'll meet you at the crossroads in an hour, but if I'm not there walk on towards the dam. It's a longer way, and will give me more time to catch up with you," and, with a gay wave of her violet parasol, she was borne out of sight. Rosalie, her face flushed and eyes bright, ran into the hall and snuggled, such a small figure, into the arm chair facing the grandfather's clock. Would that hour never pass? She could scarcely wait, for Mother was such a good chum when she had time. Ten more minutes—five—and finally the whole hour gone. Rosalie sped off the porch and down the smooth road towards the crossroads. There she stopped for there was no sign of Mother. She'd wait awhile, then go on as Mother had said. Another long wait, then the impatient but happy child started for the dam.

In the meantime Mrs. Lansing had met a friend in town:

"You're just the person I wanted to see, Nan. They're having a sale of the loveliest waists at Simon's and you'll simply have to go with me to see them."

"Very well, Madge, but I can only stay a minute because I promised to take a walk with Rose and I'm already half an hour late."

Sometime later, emerging from the store, Mrs. Lansing was stepping into the car when the heading on a bulletinboard, across the street, caught her eye:

DAM BREAKS. MUCH DAMAGE DONE.
DETAILS NOT YET RECEIVED.

Stunned, Mrs. Lansing gave the order to go home quickly. Things turned black, while through the darkness she seemed to see a still little form, wet and deathly pale. Why hadn't she met Rose when she had promised? Then they would have gone directly to the bridge, which was above the dam, and Rose would now be safe. The awful truth that she wasn't fit to be a mother dawned. How often had she unthinkingly broken promises!—and now she had caused her own baby's death, for Rose was such an obedient little thing she would carry out her mother's instructions to the letter. By degrees the darkness passed away leaving only a numbness, and Mrs. Lansing sat, with her heart so heavy it seemed to suffocate her, gazing at the road with almost unseeing eyes.

The shrill siren whistle of a motor ambulance cut the air as it sped past, while two reporters with their black cameras clung to the step. Vehicles of all descriptions swarmed down the road on the way to the scene of disaster. A car carrying blue uniformed nurses passed the Lansing car, and the mother wondered vaguely, as in a dream, if they realized how dreadful this tragedy was or if it were merely an unimportant event in their every day routine. Why did all those people pass her? She ought to get there first because Rosalie would be frightened at all the noise; but no—her baby was dead, what had she been thinking of? The awful realization stabbed her afresh, and her hands clenched so tightly that the nails made purple marks in the soft palms. What was that little pink bundle in the grass beside the road, unheeded by all the hurrying throng—it couldn't be—yes, it was Rose. The machine stopped and with a sob Mrs. Lansing jumped out and picked up the child, who looked at her with sleepy eyes.

"Oh, is it you, Mother? I meant to go to the dam, but it was so hot and I was so tired. Uh, you're holding me so tight it hurts and——why, Mother, you're crying!"

ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

AN APPEAL TO JUSTICE.

Mrs. Stirson stood before her mirror and tipped her hat a little more on one side. It was purely from force of habit, this tilt, and her thoughts were very far away as she powdered her small nose and stuck a bit of perfume on her blouse. She frowned and bit her lip nervously.

"It's got to be a success, that's all," her voice was a bit unsteady. "I don't care what Bob thinks, but the mass meeting sha'n't laugh at us and say, 'I told you so.' They're all sneering now, with their everlasting question, 'Why should women want to vote anyhow?' Oh!" she stamped her foot, "something must happen this afternoon. I'm not discouraged, I'm not, but our speaker can't break the antagonism—— Well, something must happen, that's all."

At that precise moment, the telephone rang. She turned with relief and picked it up from the table by her bed.

"Hello! Yes—— Oh, is it you, Marian?—— I know, I've been trying to keep up my courage, but it's hopeless—— What?—— What did you say?—— Where did you find her?—— Oh, that dreadful locality!—— What can she do? Yes, yes. I'll be right down. It's the last straw you say? Good-by."

"Mercy," there was a hint of hope in her voice, "I'm sure I said something was going to happen." She picked up her coat and hurried downstairs. "Oh, if the people of this city weren't so narrow-minded, so wrapped up in themselves. If they would only wake up and see things, instead of living in the past. It's going to be a crisis this afternoon and I wonder how many of the old, self-satisfied, Bible's-enough-for-me people realize it."

Down at the club, Marian Wescott sat watching hopelessly the shrunk, half-deformed woman opposite her.

"Don't you see," she explained for the fortieth time, "that if you tell your story this afternoon, as you've told it to me, you'll never have to suffer so again. Do you suppose people can hear that and not rise up in arms? Why it's horrible! If you won't

think of yourself, think of your children, those six, starved, half-dead little things. And yet they say men like your husband should vote and women can't. Oh! the injustice of it. You must speak this afternoon; these people must understand through proof."

But the woman of the slums shrank farther back into her corner. "Oh, I'm afraid," she muttered, "I ain't ever been anythin' else but afraid all my life. I'd like ta do it for you, Miss Wescott, you're the only friend I have but you don't know what it means. I'm afraid."

"But you mustn't be afraid. You've never stood up for your rights before, stand up for them now." Marian's honest face glowed with excitement. "That's what we're all trying to do, stand up for our rights. It's a man's world, man's idea and man's rule, and see the result. You and hundreds like you, starving to death, abused, thrown from one cellar to another, with no chance of saying a word. What are the slums but the achievement of a few men plus bribery and money. It's exactly like the old feudal system, one man is paid to do something; the man above him gains this, is also paid to act for one above him, and so on, more complicated, more corrupt, and not one person has a mind of his own. Tell me, who pays for all this?—the women and children; the women who have no chance to say what shall become of themselves and those children who are soon to become citizens.

The other woman moved her hands nervously and her pinched face seemed to gather some of the enthusiasm of Marian. "I don't be half understanding what you mean," she said slowly, "but I guess maybe I get the idea. I never thought about it in that light; it ain't fair! I see it. I'd like to say a few things today. If they kill me afterwards, it don't matter."

They met Mrs. Stirson in the anteroom of the big auditorium, and her tilted hat only added to the worry on her face

"Marian, it's simply awful! Do you know that there are about four hundred people here, every man, woman, and child in the city, everyone of them hating us until the atmosphere is absolutely intolerable! Our speaker is weak against such feeling. Oh!—to think that people we have been brought up with;

prominent men of the city; women who are educated, brilliant; can be so ignorant, so prejudiced that they won't learn or let, anyone else. Oh! this spirit of democracy, this freedom of thought, show me where it is today!"

"Kate Stirson, it's got to come right." Marian's voice was confident. "They want proof, that's all, and I've found it. In that next room, famished, eaten up with consumption, abused and crushed, is the woman who will bring home the truth. Two weeks ago I found her in the most horrible condition imaginable. Today, I brought her by force; she understands some things of the injustice done her; she'll fight for her children, and when the people hear her story, there'll be the greatest uprising ever known."

The first speaker went in and made not the slightest impression. Stolid, wooden faces looked back at her. Smiles of derision greeted each point of her argument. Men yawned openly, and women examined each other's clothes and began to design their fall wardrobes.

There was dead silence when the speaker ceased, no applause, no sign of interest, and in the anteroom, Kate Stirson and Marian Wescott gave one despairing look at each other and pushed the trembling woman of the slums to the front.

The whispering and restlessness stopped suddenly. There was not a sound but the ticking of the big clock above the platform. Was this a suffrage speaker? This stooped, broken-down woman with one scrawny hand over her heart, who stood and looked out over the sea of faces with big, frightened eyes. A wave of sympathy swept over the place. Men and women leaned forward, they had not expected this.

The slum woman choked and sank back against the desk for support. All the horrible years came reeling before her like great, black shadows across a screen; the fear that was her birthright began slowly to overpower her—but suddenly came the picture of six half-dead little children at home, weak, wretched and with not a chance in the world. Then, quite calmly, she began to speak, haltingly at first, feeling her way, telling them her story, sparing them nothing; a simple description of absolute misery; how she had drudged and slaved only to be beaten and kicked by a

worthless brute; how the children were abused, deformed, poor, helpless things that she could not save; of her husband's paid interference in the rotten politics of their ward, and of how he drank up the money and she slowly starved; then of his death and the watch that was kept on her for fear the system would be found out. When she tried to escape, men put her into worse places; if her children died, it did not matter; that she should die seemed their one ambition. Consumption came on in the damp, unlighted cellar; some days there was nothing to eat until she was obliged to steal for the sake of her children. And so Miss Wescott had found her, by the merest accident, and human sympathy had proved too much for her.

There was a pause; women in the audience wept softly; the picture she painted for them in her homely, ungrammatical English was only too plain. Men looked worried, some began to edge towards the door, then the thought, "Who are the men responsible for this?" swept so unanimously through the audience that it came as a question. People held their breath, men half rose from their chairs, and out of the silence came the woman's reply—"I ain't never heard their names, nor seen any of them, but they ain't of the working class,—that kind has human feelin's. These men ain't even human!"

Was that a sigh of relief or merely a gust of wind passing through the crowd?

Suddenly came Mrs. Stirson to the side of the now completely exhausted woman and half supporting her, looked out at the excited faces. She spoke eagerly, forcefully, bringing home truth after truth, old arguments and new, always beside her the proof of what she said. It was not so hard after all to speak to these people; she had no idea what she said, yet somehow the words came and she knew they were the right ones. At the end there was a tumult of applause, people rushed towards the speaker, everyone talked at once, there was almost a panic.

Bob Stirson leaped over a bench and grasped his wife's hand. Admiration and respect shone from his eyes, and his voice was husky as he offered his congratulations.

And so the great mass meeting was a success. Slow, easy-going people suddenly began to think. Women were indignant at

their own stupidity, men gave in stubbornly because opposition was useless and there was no doubt that the "Cause" was right.

Kate Stirson went home in glowing silence. Something had happened. By one frail woman's efforts, the whole city was slowly beginning to awake from its apathy to a broader point of view. This strange woman of the slums, with her unhappy story, accomplished what no one else could possibly have done and the reserve of years was broken down at last.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

THE STORM.

It was a sultry night in August; the air was heavy with that oppression which so often precedes a thunder storm. The sky was overcast, and once in a while the faint rumble of thunder could be heard in the distance.

Suddenly there was a crash, and for a second, a vivid blue-white streak of light lit up the beach, showing the breaking waves in ghostly whiteness, then—darkness. Everybody, except a few courageous ones, rushed into the house, fully expecting the rain to come down in torrents; but nothing happened and soon, one by one, they came cautiously out again.

A few minutes later, the horizon was lit by a streak of lightning, followed by a loud clap of thunder. Then the storm seemed suddenly to swing around from the east to the north, for another streak of light flashed across the sky there, with such rapidity that for a brief second everything looked startlingly sharp in outline and then blurred.

A minute later the northern sky grew light, turned to pale, golden yellow, and then changed to a wonderful deep rose.

"A house struck!" was the cry that went up among us, but our last word was drowned in a loud clap of thunder. Lightning instantly followed, then the dead black of the night, except for the growing light in the north. From the northwest came a loud

peal of thunder, following which two blue streaks flashed across the sky in quick succession.

Again the sky grew pink, this time in the west. Some building, not far away, must have been struck, for now and then we could see fiery tongues leaping up against the glowing color of the sky. The light in the north was gradually fading. Slowly, it turned to coral, then changed to pink and finally disappeared.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour more, thunder pealed and lightning flashed in weird rapidity. Then, little by little, the storm subsided, the fire in the west died down, and half an hour later the stars were out, twinkling away as if nothing had happened.

ELLEN BURKE.

THREE YEARS IN A HOSPITAL.

After I had spent seven years at boarding school, a year at college, and three years at normal school, three years more did seem a long time, but when you want to do something very much indeed, you somehow manage to do it in the end.

The eighteenth of September was the probationer's happy or fatal day, for some of us found it one and some the other. Almost as soon as we came in at the main entrance, we were taken to the office, and there the registration took place. Following that, we were shown to our rooms. Some of the girls had theirs in the nurses' home, but the majority of us had them outside of the hospital grounds on Charles Street. It was about a fifteen-minute walk from the hospital, and, though the distance seemed endless, we finally arrived. My room was at the top of the building which meant four long flights to climb. It was a large room with three beds in it, but how cheerless it seemed that afternoon! My trunk had not come so I had absolutely nothing to occupy my time. I didn't even have my probationer's uniforms and I wondered what I was ever going to do without them. My roommate came soon and with her some more probationers. We

spent the time until dinner getting acquainted. After dinner we met the superintendent of nurses, and were told the rules and regulations, besides which we were given little books in which was stated plainly and decidedly, in black and white, just what we must and must not do. One "don't" that went home to me especially that night was "Don't borrow anything." This was because we were to appear in our uniforms at breakfast and be ready for work. In order to be prepared for this, I had put one uniform in my suitcase, but for some reason, the suitcase did not find its way to Charles Street that night. My other uniforms were in my trunk which had not yet arrived. What was I to do? I didn't quite dare appear without my uniform the next morning and yet I didn't quite dare borrow one, even if I should be lucky enough to find one that would fit. I finally did borrow one from my roommate who was just about my size, and so went to breakfast in fear and trembling.

After breakfast, we went to see our practical instructor, and after a short talk, she said she would inspect our uniforms, shoes, and the way of wearing our hair. The last was to be worn on top of our heads, neatly combed; the barrettes must be small. I was on pins and needles for fear my borrowed uniform would not pass inspection, so that when it did I heaved a sigh of relief.

We were assigned to different wards that morning; that to which another girl and I went was Ward ——, a closed ward; that is, a ward where there were private patients; but not all of the patients were private patients, for here were some of the sicker ones sent here after operation, until such time as they were able to return to the upper or open ward from which they came. The open wards consist of one large room in which there are twenty beds. They are partly convalescent wards; the patients come here when they enter the hospital, are prepared for operation and go down from here. Then, in the course of a few days or a week, according to the case, they return, convalesce, and are discharged from here.

My first morning on the ward I was given a broom, and one of the nurses showed me how to sweep, while my co-worker was given a duster and told to dust all of the rooms. I didn't so much mind sweeping the halls, but to go into one of those rooms took a great

deal of courage. Though I soon got over being badly frightened, there was one room which I was always afraid to go into, for in that room was a "trained" nurse and as her door was almost always closed, I conceived the notion that she didn't want to be bothered with us.

In the afternoon, we went to class and learned how to make an empty bed, an extremely complicated performance. First, went on a bottom sheet, then, a rubber sheet, then, another sheet folded in some queer way, then, a top sheet, two blankets and a spread with square corners. Should I ever be able to make a bed?

At four-thirty, we were off duty for the rest of the day, and it was a very tired group of girls that walked down to Charles Street that night. One day was over, and the opinions as we compared notes that night were many and varied. The next morning, the head nurse gave me an empty bed to make and told me to time myself. I went into the room, shut the door and faced my problem. At the end of three-quarters of an hour I emerged a victor, for the bed was made after the hottest and hardest forty-five minutes I ever experienced. The fact that the bed had been pulled apart several times was not apparent, but could easily be suspected.

From that time on, three afternoons a week, we had classes when we were told and shown how to do all the various things for the patients, such as making a bed with a patient in it, giving a bed bath, taking care of typhoid patients and so forth. We had classes in which we practiced the things we learned in class. We were also allowed to try them in the ward. It seemed as if there was a great deal to learn, and we must have been very stupid.

Before we were quite a week old, I was one day sent in to watch a patient who had just come from operation, and was not yet out of ether. I was told to watch her very carefully, not to let her swallow her tongue or to let her choke. I was terrified, and the smell of ether fairly sickened me, but not for the world would I have let anyone know it. Of course, one of the older nurses came in to the room every few minutes to see if everything was all right, but I was so intent on watching my patient that I hardly noticed her. I was glad when I was finally told that the patient was out of ether and I could go. It was good experience, and

undoubtedly very valuable, but ever after when I saw an ether patient come into the ward, I busied myself somewhere and fervently prayed that I wouldn't be told to go in and "special" her.

The first of October, we began having classes every morning in Anatomy and Physiology. These classes lasted an hour and a half, and every three or four weeks we had a written lesson. This class and our practical class were the only ones we had during our probation period.

At the end of our second month, we had our typhoid inoculation in four doses. With the first one, we were literally "stabbed in the back" for the fluid was injected into the scapular muscle. I very much doubt if any of us went to bed at all that night, for no matter which way we lay, our shoulders ached miserably. The next day our left shoulders were so stiff and painful that we had great difficulty in getting dressed and especially in combing our hair. The other three doses came at intervals of five days, and these were injected into the left arm. The local reaction was not quite so bad, except that our arms were swollen, hot, and somewhat painful, especially, if we bumped them accidentally. The general reaction was also unpleasant and we had symptoms which were similar to those of a mild attack of typhoid fever.

The eighteenth of December was the great day on which we learned whether or not we were to be accepted, and would receive our caps. How heavy those caps felt at first, and how we wrecked them with bumping them into things! Our regular uniforms we did not get till later, for we had to wait until they were made.

A month after getting my cap, I went on my first night duty. I was very thankful that it was on a ward where there was another night nurse, for, as long as the day nurses were still on duty, it did not seem so bad, but there was a great emptiness after they had gone, and the night work began in earnest. I dreaded it at first, but the night passed quickly, and it was a comfort to hear someone around whom you could talk to occasionally.

We had our first year classes from February to June, when examinations were held. The classes consisted of Embryology, Bacteriology, Massage, Bandage, Cooking and Medical Clinics. The clinics we had with one of the doctors, and we went around

to the different wards, seeing different cases. He told us the patient's symptoms and history, and then told us about the disease which the patient had.

The second year we had a second term of medical clinics, and two terms of surgical clinics, and lectures on surgery once a week. We also had lectures in Food and Dietetics and Therapeutics, with examinations at the end of the course. Besides these, we had a special lecture every week by some doctor from outside, or by one of our own staff.

During the second year a number of our class had six weeks' work in the Diet Kitchen. Here the nurses plan and cook the food for special patients, such as diabetics, nephritics, and so forth, work out the calories and then go to the ward and serve the patients their meals. Here, also, are prepared the extra diets which consist of an extra salad, dessert and meat and vegetables for such patients as need extra nourishment.

Some of us had a month or more in the sterilizing room, which is very interesting. Here all the supplies that are used in the operating room are made and sterilized. Every afternoon when the laundry comes up, it has to be carefully looked over and any that is torn sent back to be mended; the rest is folded, wrapped in a heavy cover, sterilized for forty-five minutes at fifteen pounds pressure, and put on the shelves ready for use the next day. All the sponges and handkerchief gauze used inside the body are sterilized for forty-five minutes at fifteen pounds pressure one day, then allowed to stand for twenty-four hours, and sterilized at the same pressure the following day. The instruments, rubber goods, and basins used in the operations are all boiled.

During our third year we have our operating work, and are in the operating room from three to eight or ten weeks. At the end of that time we go to Springfield for four months of obstetrical work. In our third year we also have an opportunity to have some special work which is elective. A three months' course at McLean Hospital with the insane, a two months' course at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, two months on the district, or else three months with the Social Service work. Besides this, most of the nurses have some executive work, when they are given a ward to run for a short time. There are very often operations at night

to which the nurses are invited. These are interesting and instructive. I well remember the first one I went to while I was still a probationer. The bells rang and of course we all went. It was a head case, a brain tumor and I can still hear the sound of that skull being cut. Of course we all wanted to see an appendix operation, and in the course of time we did.

In this way the three years pass, and though at times it seems as if they would never end, the last day finally arrives, perhaps all too quickly, and at last we put on our wide black bands and get our school pins and diplomas, and go forth into the world. I doubt if there is a girl who, when she puts on her black band, feels as though she had not earned it. At any rate she feels that the three years have been well spent, and the work has been more than worth while.

A ROGERS HALL ALUMNA.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE OLD GIRLS' DANCE FOR THE NEW GIRLS.

October 1st—

The old girls were very much dressed up for dinner that night, and it was rumored that there was to be a surprise for the new girls. There was, sure enough, for they invited us to the gym to dance and every new girl was given an attractive little bouquet of either pink or red roses.

As this was only the second day of school, no one was very well acquainted, but the old girls did their best to make us feel at home, and danced with all of us. Each girl pinned a card with her name on it to the front of her dress, and this helped us to remember each other's names.

When the evening was half over, some of the old girls mysteriously disappeared, and very soon we were served with pistachio and vanilla ice cream—our first introduction to the patriotic green and white color scheme. More dancing followed, and when the victrola was finally closed, we left the gym, feeling that we were much better acquainted with our schoolmates.

MABEL RUGEE.

THE ENTERTAINMENT IN THE GYM.

October 1st—

It was pouring when I awoke and I knew then and there that it would be utterly impossible to go on the Bacon Bat. I was very much disappointed, for the walk in the country is loads of fun.

After arriving home from a very wet morning down town, I heard rumors that Miss Parsons had planned something for us to do that afternoon and evening, and everyone seemed to be very much excited over it.

"We're going to have a basket ball game first," came from a girl who stood in a very remote corner of the schoolroom.

"Yes, and then a chafing dish supper in the gym. Welsh rarebit, chicken à la king, hot rolls, and ice cream! Just think of all the wonderful eats!" said another.

"Are we going swimming after the game?"—asked a "new girl," who seemed very anxious to jump into the tank.

"We certainly are, and, as some of the 'old girls' aren't going in, you 'new girls' can wear their suits. We'll probably have some stunts after supper and a jolly good time all round."

That afternoon we all went out to the gym bright and early to see the basket ball game. As we were very anxious to see what the "new girls" could do in that line, it did not take horses and carts to drag us there. It was a thrilling game, and we "old girls" in the balcony yelled ourselves hoarse, cheering for both sides, for, of course, we were absolutely neutral.

The swim afterwards certainly was cool and refreshing to us all, especially to those who had been tearing up and down the gym, playing basket ball.

When we went upstairs again, tables laden with all sorts of luscious things greeted us, and they surely did taste good as most of us were famished.

After that came the best fun of all. We had stunts of every kind, from walking on a tape while looking through the large end of an opera glass, to relay races of all sorts.

Katherine Wilson and Anne Keith certainly were comical, sitting there chewing away on a long string, at the end of which

bobbed a huge marshmallow. As they were not allowed to touch it with their hands, it was far from easy to procure the desired purchase upon the string; but they finally succeeded in getting the whole thing, candy and all, into their mouths.

We all decided that we had had a wonderful time and wished the same thing happened oftener during the year.

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

Saturday, October 9th—

"Here come the machines," called one of the girls in excitement.

"How many are there,—three?" asked another.

"Yes, one is a limousine, but I want to go in one of the open cars," she returned.

Finally we were arranged so that a chaperon was in each car, and started the tour to Lexington and Concord.

The first house for inspection was the Hancock House in Lexington. There we found many relics of interest and wonder. As our time was short, we went quickly through, but in our haste did not overlook the bed in which Hancock and Adams were sleeping when Paul Revere spread the alarm that the British were approaching.

Still in Lexington, we visited the Munroe Tavern, where the British had a fine carousal and shot a hole in the ceiling of the barroom upon leaving. There we examined everything from garret to cellar. All the family relics were safely cabinetted, even Mrs. Munroe's wedding ring in which was engraved, "Hearts united, still contented." We were also shown the old bread trough in which bread had been made for three generations. There were hundreds of other articles large and small, which we had only a chance to scan.

From Lexington we motored to Concord. Aside from its absorbing historic interests, it is known the world over as the home of some of America's foremost writers and philosophers.

First of all we went into the home of Louisa May Alcott. In every room we found things just as they had been when she lived there. Some of little Amy's drawings on the walls and doors were carefully preserved under glass. Downstairs we found her studio containing several sketches and plaster casts. Over the fireplace in the living room was carved, "The Hills are reared; the seas are scooped in vain, if learning's art be lost upon the plane."

We tried to obtain admission into Wayside, the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, but the family now in possession was not at home. Nearby was the arbor where the first Concord grapes were grown. We glanced at Ralph Waldo Emerson's home (The Orchard House), and soon afterward at that of Henry David Thoreau. Our machine came to a halt in front of the Antiquarian Society's house in the square, but unfortunately for us, as they were holding a meeting, we could not enter. We crossed the street to the Wright Tavern, built in 1747, which was the headquarters of the Minute Men before war broke out. On the 19th of April, 1775, it was the headquarters of the British officers. Here Major Pitcairn made his famous boast, while stirring his toddy, that he would "stir the blood of the d—— Yankee rebels before night." In the same dining room that had seated Washington and Lafayette, we had most delicious sandwiches and tea.

On leaving there, we crossed to the further side of the Concord River on the modern "bridge that arched the flood" and there saw the bronze statute of the Minute Man marking the place where "once the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." The statute was made by Daniel Chester French, a Concord boy.

On our way home we visited Sleepy Hollow Cemetery to see the graves of Emerson, Alcott, and Hawthorne.

MARGARET G. WOOD.

FOOTBALL GAMES.

One of the best parts of the fall term at Rogers Hall is the fine chance we get to see the Harvard football games. Since

there were quite a few football fans at school this year, we had a nice crowd for each of the three games we saw, and the fact that we had luncheon at the "Mary Elizabeth" instead of at school before we left, added greatly to our enjoyment of the day.

The nicest thing about a party composed of girls from ten or twelve different states is that no matter how the game turns out, some one is sure to be happy. Supporters of the Crimson were delighted with the results of the Penn. State and Virginia games, while Harvard opponents had cause to rejoice over the Cornell victory.

Now football season is over, and we who graduate in June think with longing of the games we shall be missing next year.

ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

THE TRIP TO WACHUSETT.

October 16th—

The sky was heavy, and trees were sighing when we came down to breakfast on the morning of October fifteenth and by ten o'clock it was raining torrents. Everyone tried to keep up her courage though, and we all watched the sky hopefully, for was not that the day of days, when we had planned to start on our trip to Mt. Wachusett, the nearest real mountain, and the first that some of the girls had ever seen. Indeed, Fortune seemed disinclined to favor us that day. Undaunted, however, we set out about noon, seventeen strong, well equipped with raincoats, sweaters, kodaks and bags.

When we reached the Gate House on the other side of Fitchburg, we were all glad to leave the trolleys behind, and started off with a vengeance to "undo" Mt. Wachusett, rain or no rain.

The last of the trampers reached the Summit House about half past five, and hastened to dry their toes before the huge, roaring fire, and my! how good supper tasted and how rapidly it disappeared. After supper, we danced and played games until Miss Parsons sent us off to bed, saying that if we intended getting up to see the sunrise in the morning, we must retire.

But the next morning to our surprise (and secret joy, for now we could lie in bed), we found a heavy cloud all around us. By nine o'clock, though, the sun shone out feebly at first, but gradually getting the best of the fog, and many snapshots were taken of the Summit House, the many little picnic spots, views of the valley, and groups of girls. Several expeditions went off to explore, but all returned to join in the games of "Tag" and "Sticks" on the lawn.

All too soon, lunch was over and we were on our way down the mountain. We descended by an old Indian trail, which was shorter, by four miles, than the carriage road, up which we had gone. The last two miles were awfully long, and even the apples we picked up along the road, failed to help much. However, some "pop," purchased at the little "station," enlivened us somewhat and by the time our car came we had quite revived our spirits. And weren't we glad when we rounded the corner and saw the stately white columns of dear old Rogers Hall, welcoming us back again.

MARJORIE POTTER.

THE MASS MEETING IN LOWELL.

October 28th—

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw spoke at a mass meeting this fall in Lowell, prior to the date when Massachusetts cast its vote on Woman Suffrage.

Although known everywhere as one of the leading orators of this day, we hardly expected the force and cleverness with which she spoke to us. She was very witty and brilliant, especially in her satire against the antis. She continually referred to those home-loving women who left their homes to follow her around the country.

Not once did she attempt to win over the antis. This, she declared, was almost impossible, but also unnecessary. Her method seemed to be to antagonize them all the more, in order to gain all neutral people on her side. The antis are numerically small. And so it is the enormous class of indifferent people whom she hopes to affect through her talks.

Her sarcasm was not bitter nor sneering. It was rather brilliant and so true as to make it comical. For instance, to illustrate the poor literature gotten out by the antis, she read us a paper that was presented to her by its proud author. At the top of the page she read, "There are 2,000 reasons why you should vote no, six of the most important are:"—and there followed six weak little arguments easy to be refuted, out of the whole 2,000. After reading those, she said she wondered what those other 1,994 arguments must have been.

She also pointed out how contradictory many of their printed statistics were. For instance, they say that women would not vote if they could and point to some suffrage state to illustrate the large majority of women who fail to respond at election day. In their very next argument they are liable to show us the evil effect woman suffrage has on the legislation of that same state. How inconsistent this is! Especially after they have just taken pains to show the minority of women who vote and then accuse them of the evil laws passed. Dr. Shaw said that it is seldom necessary to answer any of the antis arguments. They generally answer them, themselves, in their next argument, as in this case.

She did not seem to be trying to thrust points for her own side; if she did it, she did it in the negative way, by ridiculing the antis.

At the close of her speech she became very brilliant, inspired by some former insolent remark of a western farmer who muttered as she was leaving a crowd, "What do women know about war anyway?"

It wasn't hard for her to tell us what women know about war and what they endure, with the awful realization of it taking place right across the ocean.

The next day, one met the question everywhere, "Are you converted?" and the formerly very violent antis replied, feeling very uncomfortable, "Why no, of course not!" In a few days they gained more courage and replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I'm sort of on the fence." And there we are still clinging, pondering the deep question, for it is a vital one, and one that everybody, after careful study, should decide for herself. HAZEL A. COFFIN.

November 1st—

Ralph Adams Cram was the speaker at a very interesting illustrated lecture given in Colonial Hall on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City. He gave us a great many details on Gothic architecture, as the Cathedral itself is a Gothic structure. Mr. Cram has the name of being the greatest consulting architect on Gothic architecture, in America, and he, himself, has planned the nave of the church. ELOUISE BIXBY.

Thursday, November 4th—

Mrs. Richardson recently gave a reception in honor of the Reverend Mr. Billings, who has resigned, as the Pastor of the Unitarian Church, and all the Rogers Hall girls, who attend Mr. Billings' church, were invited. Immediately after dinner we got into our coats and started. Since it wasn't far, we walked, and upon arriving found we were about the first, but that didn't bother us greatly, for soon after we had eaten our very nice refreshments, a victrola was brought in and we, our own exclusive party, danced. As Mrs. Richardson herself said, we certainly furnished entertainment for a great many of the guests, to judge from the way they stood about the doorways.

When Miss Parsons left, about quarter past eight, she said we might stay a little longer, but about nine we retired from this unusual frivolity and reached home just in time to partake of the customary nine o'clock luncheon of crackers and milk with the hard workers.

MARJORIE WILDER.

THE NEW GIRLS' VAUDEVILLE.

November 6th—

"Ladies and Gents. I wish to announce that the first act on the program will be a scene in a District School."

Charlie Chaplin announced this from the stage in the Gym to an expectant audience, which had come to see the New

Girls' Vaudeville. Then, Charlie, bowing first to the right and then to the left, and tipping his hat in true Chaplinesque fashion, strolled leisurely across the stage. As he was about to go behind the scenes, he turned and gave the audience one last look, then disappeared.

At the disappearance of this well-known personage, the curtain was drawn, revealing a schoolroom in spick and span order. Almost immediately, the teacher, Elizabeth McCalmont, entered, dressed in the proverbial costume of the district "schoolmarm", her hair was strained from her forehead into a knot at the top of her head, kept in place by a big comb, and little scolding locks over each ear. She wore a full, gored skirt and a shawl across her shoulders. Picking up a bell from the table, she went to the window and rang it, then she swished majestically back to her seat at one end of the room.

The first scholar to enter was a scared looking individual, who, after saying "good morning" to "Teacher" tiptoed nervously to his seat at the back of the room. The rest of the pupils soon followed: a girl with a huge pile of books under her arm, which marked her as the school "grind"; a boy in a blue suit and Eton collar who stuttered and stammered over nearly every word he spoke; a dumb girl who wished "Teacher" good morning with her hands. Then came a very shy looking boy who hastily sat down in the front row. Last, but not least, came two young persons who answered to the names of "Sally Cutenhammer" and "Ignuts Badfellow." They came in fighting and making faces at each other, and had to be separated by Teacher. School had just begun when a late comer entered.

"Leezie Hurryup!" exclaimed Teacher, "Late again! Have you any excuse to offer?"

"No'm," meekly replied Leezie, then, biting her finger nails, she started towards her seat. Ignuts stuck out his foot. Leezie stumbled, nearly fell, and reached her seat in confusion, not, however, until she had made a face at Ignuts.

At last Teacher called upon the scholars to each say a piece. Sally and Ignuts arose. Going to the front of the stage they each made a bow, and then each recited with lightning rapidity. The nervous looking boy arose next and tremblingly said his rhyme,

all through which Ignuts poked the boy's back in front of him. Sammy Jones, the boy who stuttered, was the next person to recite. He stammered out a line or more, then, when he saw the others laughing at him, he burst out crying and ran to Teacher for consolation. A girl who had been studying during this was then called upon. She arose and said:

"I did not prepare myself for this extemporaneous recitation."

This brought forth a titter from Ignuts, who was sharply reprimanded by Teacher. The shy boy was called on next, he began: "Mary had a little lamb" and stopped, crying, in the middle.

During the remaining time until recess, Sally and Inguts were continually trying to fight with each other and had to be separated very often by Teacher. All through the rest of the morning, Ignuts was upsetting the equilibrium of the schoolroom. He was either poking people in the back, or pulling their hair, or making faces at them. I am sure that Teacher must have drawn a sigh of relief when recess time came and with it the curtain.

While we were making comments and whispering about the play, Charlie Chaplin appeared in the audience. He was greeted by almost instantaneous applause. At this he screwed up one corner of his mouth in imitation of a smile. Then he doffed his hat to one of the girls and tried in vain to sit in her lap. Upon being refused he commenced walking 'round us. Every once in a while he would stop and make eyes at someone, or screw up his face in a fantastic grimace. When everybody was helpless with laughter at his antics, Charlie disappeared, only to reappear on the stage.

"The next act will be 'Yama Yama,' " he announced gravely.

Scarcely had he gone behind the scenes when the curtain parted, showing the stage in dead blackness. Pretty soon one or two lights were turned on, and Almeda Herman in a black and orange Pierrot costume came on and with a flash light in her hand, danced a bit. After she had finished this dance, she went off, returning a minute later with twelve people, six of whom were dressed in pajamas and diving caps and the other six in night-gowns and boudoir caps. The stage was darkened and Almeda's followers lighted their flash lights, then, dancing about the stage,

they sang the song "Yama Yama." In spite of the loud applause, they were either too modest or shy to give us an encore, but merely danced across to the other side of the stage.

When the lights were once more turned on, Elizabeth McCalmont, no longer in "schoolmarm" garb, but in her own very pretty clothes, came onto the front of the stage and sang, "Kiss Me" from Mme. Modiste. She, too, was either modest or shy, for she refused us an encore, so we contented ourselves with Charlie who appeared on the stage to announce the "Apaché Dance" by Doris Jones (Sally Cuttenhammer of the District School) and Katherine Wilson (Sammy Jones of the District School).

The dance was very pretty, very well done, and the costumes very striking. Doris wore a wonderful flame colored scarf draped about her in Spanish style. Katherine in black knickerbockers and a white shirt, with a red sash around her waist and a moustache looked truly Spanish. Both girls are dark and they were well suited to the parts they took.

When the dance and encore were ended, Charlie once more condescended to visit the audience, and again he was received with open arms. This time he made us laugh harder even than before, for he kept tripping over his own feet and carrying on absurd flirtations with the girls. We felt quite disappointed when he left us, but he soon came onto the stage to announce "Captain Bing."

The performers in this were: Cordelia Durkee, Edith Kingsley and Elizabeth Johnston in white Peter Thompson suits with red ties, and Gertrude Pritzloff, Almeda Herman, and Mabel Rugee in white trousers, white middies, red ties, and sailor caps. With their arms on each others' shoulders, they danced while they sang "Captain Bing." It was very effective to see a red and white clad line of "midies" and girls against the woodland setting of the stage. Shyness or modesty seems to be a marked quality of the New Girls this year, for again we were refused an encore.

When Charlie appeared after this act, he was greeted with shrieks of laughter, and after he had imitated cats under your window at night and Nix, nearly everyone had hysterics. After he had started everybody almost crying, he returned to his beloved

stage, and came before the curtain. He took out of one of his hip pockets a saw and commenced to file or rather, saw, his finger nails. At this everybody roared, and when he produced a mason's trowel and commenced to clean his finger nails, the tears streamed down our cheeks.

"Ladies and Gents," he began, "I wish to announce"—pause—"that Miss Linthicum manicures finger nails."

He stopped while we laughed some more.

"Also," he continued, "that the next act will be six 'Marys.' "

Again he disappeared, and Katherine Wilson, in men's clothes, came out onto the stage. She sang six songs about Marys. The first about "Tip Top Tipperary Mary." The curtain parted a little as she began and Dorothy Hunter, in a white skirt, a blue military coat, and a "monkey" cap, appeared. Elizabeth Johnston took the part of Mary the Flirt, dressed in an "awning skirt," a fluffy, white fur around her neck and other smart essentials. Next came Louise Dimick as the little girl, with long curls and a short low-waisted dress. Edith Kingsley, the old-fashioned Mary, followed, in a full pale pink dress. Jessie Eleanor Knorr took the part of the country Mary, and with her pail on her arm looked all ready to milk the cows. The part of "Mistress Mary, quite contrary," was taken by Cordelia Durkee, who tilted her chin in the air and looked at us with withering scorn. At the end of the songs, all six Marys came onto the stage and when the curtain had been drawn for the last time, we all felt extremely sorry. Ice cream was served by the new girls and Charlie Chaplin, with his wig and hat off, proved to be none other than Mary Kelly! The real Charlie, though, couldn't have been funnier. After the refreshments we danced and when we stopped it was with great appreciation of the entertainment the New Girls had provided for us, which was certainly a success.

ELLEN BURKE.

THE DREAMER.

November 7th—

Before Prayers we all gathered in the schoolroom to hear Mrs. Weil read. The play, the story of Joseph and his Brethren, was called "The Dreamer" and as Mrs. Weil is a charming reader we doubly enjoyed this Biblical drama. ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

MR. ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES' LECTURE.

November 15th—

On the evening of November fifteenth, we were delightfully entertained by Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes who lectured on "Wild Birds and How to Attract Them." Mr. Baynes is a charming speaker, and he told of his knowledge of birds and his great love for them in a very beautiful manner. Our interest was greatly increased by the stereopticon slides, which were shown by Miss Harrison. So enthusiastic did we become concerning the protection and conservation of birds that, then and there, a bird club was organized, and the temporary officers were chosen. Katherine Nesmith was made President; Hazel Coffin, Secretary; and Anne Keith, Treasurer.

IRMA RICHARDSON.

November 20th—

Saturday afternoon the History of Music class went to see "I Pagliacci" at the Boston Opera House. A few other girls who were interested and also financially able went in with us.

Musically, this opera of Leoncavallo's is extremely beautiful. He is his own librettist, and the music is very passionate and stirring. The cast was very good too, Maggie Teryte being the heroine, and Giovanni Zenatello the hero, while the Prologue sung by George Baklanoff was marvelous.

The scenery, however, was not particularly attractive, nor was there an opportunity to display any magnificent costumes among those simple peasant people of the play.

After the opera, Pavlowa danced in an attractive little ballet, "Coppelia." The theme was very original, and Pavlowa herself won everybody by her exquisite dancing. Her whole being seemed throbbing with rhythm and gracefulness.

HAZEL A. COFFIN.

THE SPREAD AT THE COTTAGE.

November 28th—

Thanksgiving dinner was such a satisfying affair that the cottage girls who received boxes from home could not individually consume them, so we decided to have a spread Sunday evening at six-thirty.

Everything was brought down including a huge freezer of ice cream supplied by Miss Von Beyersdoff, a small electric stove and a chafing dish. The three tables in the room were beautifully decorated (that is to the hungry eye) with two large cakes, ham, pickles, olives, rolls, and last but not least the materials for Miss Harrison to make her delicious cheese-eggs on toast. Just as she was about to start the toast we suddenly found ourselves in utter darkness. There was great consternation for several minutes and cries of, "Where's my bug-light?" "Do give me a match!" and "Can't someone find a candle?" were heard from all directions; but someone had sent for Thomas and at this point he arrived on the scene and fixed the lights, then all started to work again.

Miss Linthicum presided over the coffee percolator, and one of the girls made fudge sauce for the ice cream, which we consumed as soon as the main part of the meal was finished.

When everyone had eaten as much as she wanted, we all went into the practise room and sang hymns. This ended a good time for all and after many good nights everyone went to her room.

KATHERINE G. WILSON.

ATHLETICS.

THE NEW CLUBS.

Instead of having the usual House, Hall and Day games it was decided to divide the school into two athletic clubs in order that the teams should be more evenly matched, the games more exciting, and the rivalry keener.

The old girls were divided by Miss Macfarlane and Miss Harrison as evenly as possible and the two groups then elected

presidents and completed their preliminary organization. Margaret Wood and Mary Weiser were elected presidents of their groups; Hazel Coffin and Elizabeth McConkey, treasurers.

On November first the executive officers of the clubs selected the new girls by a process of alternating choice. The names of the new girls who were the "first six" were published. They were Almeda Herman, a younger sister of a former baseball captain of the House, Louise Jennison, and Dorothy Hunter, selected by Margaret Wood; and Gertrude Pritzloff, Elizabeth McCalmont, Mary Kelly by Mary Weiser.

There followed general meetings of both clubs in which they chose names, mascots and colors. Margaret Wood's club became the Kava, and Mary Weiser's the Cae. The significance of these names are supposed to be known by no one but members, and great precautions are taken not to divulge the secret. The Kavas then selected the lion as their mascot and orange and blue as their colors; the Caes, the brown bear, and red and white as theirs. The animals are already installed, and it is well that we have only two clubs as otherwise we would have to build a barn to hold them. "Caemo," the bear, is about the size of a Saint Bernard pup, and "Vic," short for Victory, the lion, is slightly smaller but has an eloquent roar and can give the Kava cheer with remarkable effect.

The next important step was to get the teams ready for the hockey games which were scheduled for the twentieth of November. Both clubs worked very hard and as the eventful day drew near, the excitement increased. Finally November twentieth arrived, but what a day! Before the morning was half over it was pouring and hockey was out of the question. But in spite of this dismal beginning, the girls were not discouraged and arranged for a game of basket ball instead. Teams were chosen and the game was called at two thirty. The line up was as follows:

KAVA.		CAE.	
D. Johnson	Centre	E. McCalmont	
A. Keith	"	M. Rugee	
H. Coffin	Guard	R. Allen	
K. Jennison	"	G. Pritzloff	
M. Wood	Forward	M. Wilder	
A. Herman	"	M. Weiser	

Despite the fact that very little basket ball has been played this year the game was very fast and comparatively free from fouls. The final score was 22-16 in favor of the Caes.

THE HOCKEY GAME.

This great event took place on Saturday, November 27th, at half past two. The day was ideal, and the field, although somewhat muddy and slippery, owing to the frosts and the snow-fall, a few days previous, was as good as could be expected. The Caes, grouped at one end, with their mascot, Caemo the bear, all decked out in red and white, waited impatiently for their team's appearance; and the Kavas, at the other end, with Vic, the lion, in his colors of orange and blue, as eagerly waited for their team. Both teams eventually arrived upon the scene of action, the Kavas in dark blue jerseys, and the Caes in red. The game was started amidst the cheering of both sections. After a few minutes of fast playing, the first goal was made by the Caes. But after this, things did not go as well with them. At the end of the first half the score was 3-1, in favor of the Kavas. Between halves the two sections cheered and sang, trying their best to outdo one another.

When the whistle blew for the second half, both teams were ready to fight once more for the cup. At first the ball kept pretty nearly in the center of the field, but after a few minutes the ball went flying down the field toward the Kavas' destination, and was sent through the goal posts. After this the Kavas gained steadily, although the Caes fought hard to recover their lead. Marjorie Wilder, especially, played a notably hard game and no one was more individually brilliant. But it was the individual against a team; no more harmonious action has ever been seen at Rogers Hall than the attack of the Kava forwards. Again and again a Cae back would attempt to block their play only to have the ball passed out of her reach. When the Kava line reached the circle there was no hit or miss drive for the goal but a series of passes usually from Hazel Coffin to Almeda Herman and then a hit for the goal that was driven as hard as a baseball.

Only twice, during the game, was the ball in the Kava circle, for their full backs playing well down the field were able to break up the attack before the danger point was reached. Katherine Jennison's work at full back, where she blocked practically every ball that came in her direction and returned them for long distances, and Margaret Wood's perfect backing of her forwards were the features of the game. When the whistle blew the score was 8-1, in favor of the Kavas, and it was hard to realize that the game, looked forward to for so long, was over.

The line up:

KAVA.

H. Morse
A. Herman
H. Coffin, Capt.
D. Jones
M. Wood
A. Keith
K. Jennison
R. Brown
K. Nesmith

L. Wing
Inside Forward
Bully
R. Wing
R. Half Back
L. Half Back
R. Full Back
L. Full Back
Goal

CAE.

E. Carpenter
M. Rugee
M. Weiser, Capt.
R. Hoyer
M. Wilder
E. McCalmont
E. McConkey
E. Stevens
E. Gleason

Score: Kava, 8; Cae, 1. Goals by A. Herman, 4; H. Coffin, 3; H. Morse, 1; M. Rugee, 1. Rachel McCalmont in place of K. Nesmith the second half.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

[The Alumnæ Editor again places before you her appeal to send in notes and items of interest about yourselves and any of the old girls. She will promise not to quote you if your object; but you see how much more alive you can help to make this department if you do your share.]

August 14th, Charlotte Green, '12, was married, at her home in Lowell, to Mr. Herbert Wardwell Blaney. They will be at home after October 1st, at 305 West Monroe St., Bloomington, Ill., where Mr. Blaney is an instructor in the State University.

October 21st, Alice Lang was married in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in Duluth, to Mr. Henry H. Bogardus. A number of the old girls were on for the wedding and reception and among Alice's attendants were Kathrine Kidder and Katherine Steen. After December 1st, Alice will be at home at 813 Waveland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

October 30th, Elizabeth Wilder was married in High St. Church to Mr. Clement D. Sargent, with a small reception afterward at her home. This was very much of a Rogers Hall wedding for Helen Nesmith, '10, was the maid of honor and Eugenia Meigs was one of the bridesmaids, while many of the old girls were present. After a short wedding trip, the Sargents will be at home at the bungalow, "Cedarwold," Swampscott, Mass.

November 3rd, Anna Newhall was married in Swampscott to Dr. Daniel James Ellison of Plymouth, N. H., but who is now settled in Lowell where they will make their home.

In August, a third daughter, Eleanor Hills, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe Smith (Mary Dewey, '97) at their home in Leominster.

November 24th, a son, Ephraim Sayre Fogg, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Orlando C. Maiden (Irma Fogg) in Philadelphia.

The 1911 girls graduating from college this June were Alice Billings from Radcliffe, Anna Kuttner from Barnard, Tracy L'Engle, Bonney Lilley and Helen Munroe from Wellesley.

Alice Billings is staying at home this winter but plans to study salesmanship another year. After December 1st, she will live in Belmont where her father has accepted a call to the Unitarian Church.

In June, Anna Kuttner took the Civil Service examination for inspector and received an appointment at one of the New York City Laboratories where she is very enthusiastic about her work. (The editor wishes that Anna would send SPLINTERS a more detailed account of it as her friends seem hazy as to its exact character.)

Tracy L'Engle is studying this winter in New York in one of the dramatic training schools and living at 327 W. 85th St. She spent the summer in Florida and Maine resting in preparation for her new work, in which SPLINTERS wishes "Beau Brummel" every success.

August 15th, a daughter, Ruth Marion, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Quigley (Lucile Kemp) and she is already entered for Rogers Hall some sixteen years hence, when her mother hopes that "proms" will still be in vogue! Lucile's address is now 13 Auburn Ave., Columbus, O.

In September, Dorothy Woods and Dorothy Castle visited Marie Elston and Florence Mars in Duluth and report a wonderful time together. Florence is as well as ever and later in the year will visit Dorothy in Kansas City. Dorothy is busy with her singing lessons and is rapidly developing into a golf enthusiast as she is at the links by eight o'clock in the morning! She expects to convert Dorothy Castle when she visits her in October.

Hilda Smith, '14, spent most of the summer in So. Ovington, Me., a few miles below Bangor on the Penobscot River. She saw Lillis and Helen Towle several times and the girls took her for long rides in their car. In September, Hilda was visiting friends at Lake Sunapee, N. H., and enjoyed a very strenuous two weeks of out-door sports and pleasures.

In November, Helen Towle visited Helen Eveleth, '14, in Lowell and both girls came over to school one Sunday for supper.

Doratheia Holland, '12, went with her mother and friends to the expositions in San Francisco and San Diego and was most enthusiastic over her trip. Alice and Susan McEvoy, '10 and '12, were on the same train going out and Alice discovered Doratheia from her 1912 class ring. On her way home while in Kansas City, Doratheia saw Corinne Dean Douglas and her husband who came to the station to meet them. After Christmas, Doratheia hopes to visit Cynthia Byington Head, '12, who has just built a beautiful home in Utica, N. Y.

In November, Amy Condit, '11, was visiting her brother in Middlebury, Vt., and spent Thanksgiving with him. She reports that Carlotta Heath, '11, has invested in an automobile and will realize the ambition of her life as soon as her roadster is delivered.

In September, Kathrine Kidder, '14, visited Katherine Steen, '14, in Allegan and they had a reunion with Edna Krause and Grace Coleman Smith, '13, before going to Duluth for Alice Lang's wedding. Kathrine then visited Agnes Kile, '14, in Akron, where she saw Gertrude Dexter, '13, and Susanna Rodier, '14.

Of the 1915 girls, Thelma Borg has entered Wellesley, Dorothy Burns is studying music in Boston and taking an extension English course at Boston University, Marie Elston and Sara Stevens are at the University of Wisconsin, Ruth Greene is at Miss Bangs' and Miss Whiton's School in New York City for a year's work before taking the Montessori training, Marian Huffman is studying Domestic Science at Teachers' College in New York, Jeannette Miller is at Louis Institute in Chicago, Rosamond Norris, Edith Stevens and Marjorie Wilder are back at Rogers for advanced work.

Margaret Bigelow came back for the Hockey Game after Thanksgiving and gave us a humorous account of her house-keeping lessons where the "practice" side is worked out in her own home. She has also taken charge of the youngest class in her Sunday School in Worcester and is awed by the weight of the responsibilities she has assumed.

Genevra Whitmore was unable to enter Smith as the doctors decided it was better for her to undergo an operation for appendicitis early in the fall. This was most successful and Genevra is much stronger than she has been. Since she left the hospital, where she wrote, the girls made a conservatory and library of her room, she has been visiting with her mother. She expects to enter Smith in the fall of 1916.

Mary Anne Aley, '14, was back for the opening of school as sponsor for two of the new girls from Wichita, Mary Kelly and Jessie Eleanor Knorr. Mary Anne also came down to spend Thanksgiving at Rogers.

The "sisters" entering school this year are Miriam Dyer, Kate's younger sister, Almeda Herman whose sister Frances Herman Neale came with her for a flying visit, Katherine Jennison's sister, Louise, who is to enter Radcliffe and Elizabeth Whittier, Edith's younger sister. Besides the sisters, Helen Adams, '04, has a cousin, Ruth Spearman, who will enter Wellesley in the fall. Helen spent Thanksgiving with Ruth at school and gave an enthusiastic account of her return to Vassar for the Jubilee. Through her we learn that Molly Pillsbury, '06, is on an important committee in Chicago for raising the Vassar Endowment Fund.

Josephine Morse, '07, was a visitor at the Expositions this summer and in a brief call, after her return this fall, she told of a delightful visit with "Miss Annable" while she was in Seattle.

The other girls, who have visited school this fall, are Eileen Patterson, Helen Smith, '14, Lillis Towle, '13, Betty Huston, Polly Piper, Marian Huffman and Dorothy Burns, '15; Geraldine Simonds Angus, '08, who brought her husband for his first view of the school, and Elizabeth Bennett, '96, who came with Mr. Baynes for his lecture in November. She loves her new work as his secretary and all the out-door interests that it includes.

The first exhibition of the Lowell Art Association, at the Whistler House, was devoted to the work of artists who were born or who live in Lowell and we are proud to show how many R. H. girls were represented as artists while Betty Eastman, '13, and Isabel Nesmith, '05, were present on the walls! Blanche Ames Ames, '95, had three paintings, "The Jewel Casket," a winter landscape and a portrait of Mrs. Butler Ames. Jessie Ames Marshall, '99, lent a self-portrait. Louise Allen Hobbs contributed only a small group of sculptures as her other work is at present on exhibition in Chicago. Ruth Burke gave an interesting variation to the exhibition in her reproductions in wax and enamel of the heads of Cosimo dei Medici and his wife, duke and duchess of Florence. Florence Nesmith, '00, sent some recent work of hers in silver and enamel that received much praise in the Boston exhibitions this fall.

Lucretia Walker is to spend the winter in Louisville, Ky., where she will study short story writing with a private teacher.

Lydia Langdon, '13, has decided that she will return to Rogers for some further work and expects to enter the first of December for work in English, History and Literature.

Molly Beach, '07, is spending the winter in Boston and the family have taken a house on Gloucester St.

All the old girls will be interested to learn that Miss Glorvigen unexpectedly visited her home in Norway this summer and had much of interest to tell of her stay for a time in Berlin and Dresden. She says that it seemed as though America must be at war so little was going on in the Musical World as compared with the opera and concerts in Germany.

Early in the fall, Helen Huffman Miller, '08, had an operation for appendicitis but is now fully recovered. She and her husband have recently moved to a new home.

In November, Miss Parsons made a short visit to Washington and New York where she met Carlotta Heath, '11, and Marion Huffman, '15. On her return she spent a night in Northampton and met the R. H. girls in College at a tea.

When the Middlesex branch of the National Red Cross Society was organized in November, Ruth Burke was chosen secretary of the committee to complete the organization. She has again taken charge of the war relief work in Lowell, where two days each week are devoted to sewing and making hospital supplies.

Mildred Moses Harris, '09, and her husband started in October for a two months' trip to the Expositions and Mink hopes to see Cornelia Cooke in Portland, Ore.

Norah Bourne has changed her address and is now living at 10 Hopkins St., Providence.

Ethel Stark, '14, after her visit at Reunion, spent some weeks with Ellen Lombard in Colebrook, then visited Lorena De Vere, '14, in Canton before going home. Lorena is at Western Reserve University in Cleveland this year.

Clara Danielson, '95, in addition to her business secretary duties has taken charge of the collecting of articles for Christmas gifts to some of the homeless Belgian refugees who are being cared for in Oxford, England. Her address is still The Charlesgate, 535 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

While Katharine and Dorothy Kessinger, '10 and '13, were in Portland, Ore. this summer, they saw Cornelia Cooke, '08, and Cully Cooke Crumpacker, '10. Cully gave a dinner to the girls for six and great was the surprise when they learned that Cully herself had cooked every dish of the elaborate dinner. The girls called on Kate Field Sharpe; who was entertaining Gwendolen Perry, '11, but unfortunately they were not at home.

In the Suffrage parade in Boston this fall, Jessie Ames Marshall carried the banner for the Lowell division and Dorothy Burns, who is living at the Stewart Club this winter, had the honor of representing her state by carrying the Wyoming banner.

Mary Lucas has moved to Flatbush, N. Y., where she is living at the Aberdeen Apartments, 46 Linden Ave. She is continuing her library training at Erasmus Hall in Brooklyn.

Marion Sibley is studying this year at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia.

Carrie Baxter, '14, has gone to the Philippines to spend the winter with her sister.

This fall, Nathalie Kemp, '11, visited Grace Lambden in New Rochelle for several weeks.

In December the Social Service League of Lowell will present the operetta, "Fi-Fi of the Toy Shop" and several of the old girls have leading parts: Ethel Hockmeyer, '13, will be the Toy-maker's daughter, Gertrude Parker, '12, a black doll, while Helen Nesmith, '10, Natalie Conant, '08, and Rachel Jones, '11, are also in the cast. Harriet Coburn, '95, Eugenia Meigs, Bonney Lilley, '11, and Helen Nesmith are serving on the committee of the play. Hazel Hanchett, '08, is secretary of this Social Service League of Lowell and many of our Alumnæ are acting as volunteer workers.

Ellen Lombard, '14, and Kathryn Jerger, '14, are again in Boston this winter, Ellen at Emerson College and Kathryn at the Art School.

Gertrude Parker, '12, is playing for Mary Kellogg's dancing class at Rogers this winter and is also giving piano lessons.

Helen Smith, '14, and Margaret Clarke are taking the course at the Bryant and Stratton Commercial College in Boston.

Harriet Hasty, '13, is spending the winter in South America with the friends for whom she kept house last winter.

In September, Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02, came to Lowell for her long promised visit and brought Babs with her. Miss Parsons entertained her at lunch and a small tea was given by Mrs. Luther Faulkner when the Alumnæ had a chance to see Alice. The baby is quite as adorable as her fond mother predicted and for the benefit of all it may be added that Babs has her mother's dimples!

Susan McEvoy, '12, is a senior at Vassar and has again been chosen a member of the Debating Team. Her rank in scholarship is very high for her first three years in College.

Elizabeth Callahan McElwain, '12, has moved to Cleveland from Louisville.

Lucy Pond, '10, spent the summer on a ranch in Wyoming and called at school to see Miss Parsons early in the fall.

Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, and her husband went on a trip to Honolulu and the islands in May and June, as Mr. Rogers was a member of that Congressional Committee.

After commencement, Ruth Sprague went to Muskegon, Mich. to visit Ruth McCracken, '07. This winter she is in New York, studying music and taking an extension course at Teachers' College. Her address for the present is 333 West 85th St., the Arts Club.

Cornelia Cooke, '08, has been elected chairman of the Oregon State Congressional Union, the organization that is working to secure the suffrage for women by an amendment to the Federal Constitution.

June 19th, Grace Elizabeth Watson was married to Mr. Harry H. Davis at Fort Plain, N. Y. After October first they will be at home in Fonda, N. Y.

July 20th, Ruth Heath was married to Mr. Angus S. Cassils at St. George's Church, Montreal.

June 17th, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Croxson (Marguerite Roesing, '07).

After Wellesley's Commencement, Helen Munroe, '11, motored to Muskegon. She expects to be at home all the year for her sister will be married in September.

In the summer, Marjorie Minton, '10, visited Millicent Painter, '11, in Kittanning, Pa.

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EDITORIAL

READY-MADE THINKING.

I overheard, the other day, the phrase "ready-made thinking," and it set me wondering what it meant. Surely everyone thinks for himself. It is physically impossible for anyone to do another's thinking, although some lazy people probably wish that it might be done, and fitted on as easily as an expert fits a pair of gloves to one's hands.

But what about this new idea? One might think from the sound of the phrase that "ready-made thinking" is for sale at some department store. And it is, to be sure; not in the clothing department, but where books are sold.

We turn to our books to discover things which we cannot actually observe for ourselves, and, in this manner, we widen our intellect and increase our store of knowledge. We think we are becoming brilliant and broad-minded. But are we? Suppose somebody should put the question, "What do you think of the present conditions in Germany?" Having read recently one article on the subject from "Current Opinion," perhaps, we could glibly give an account of the viewpoint given there. But suppose we were caught on some subject that we had not read about or heard discussed; for instance, the comparative value of foreign and domestic missionary work. We had not given the subject much consideration, and not being in the habit of thinking things out unassisted, we should be at a loss to state what our opinion really was. The narrowness of our thinking capacity is often revealed suddenly in this manner. The victim generally replies, "I don't know. What do you think about it?" And then, when the other's view is expressed, often adds, "Yes, I think so too."

There are too many "I think so too's," especially in a small school like ours, or in any school for that matter. It is only natural. We have never had to face the problems of life, for we have always been protected and advised as to the right course

to follow. To be sure, very few of us, if any, will ever come in contact with the deeper problems. But what we think about them will determine the standard of our ideals, whether or not they shall be "hitched to a star."

I wonder if we really ever analyze what we think about a subject, or do we take someone else's opinion to save ourselves the trouble? Are there as many Anti-Suffragettes as profess themselves to be such or as many "peace at any price" people? I doubt if each one of these people has thought the questions out thoroughly for himself.

In the same way we hear one girl say, "Doesn't so-and-so look a sight in that dress?" The remark is made again by another girl, and pretty soon it is an established opinion that "so-and-so does look a sight in that dress." That is one time when we should be careful not to express our view. We have not trained ourselves to think alone and are too liable to agree with what someone may tell us.

If we accustom ourselves to do a little more individual thinking about things which concern us in every-day life, we are not only increasing our store of knowledge and becoming more broad-minded, but are forming ourselves as individuals with individual viewpoints and are lifting ourselves from the common "I think so too" class.

HAZEL A. COFFIN.

THROUGH DARKNESS

The night was dark and hung heavy with the scent of flowers. Way up in the blackness the moon slipped stealthily behind a cloud, and its muffled light, wavering down through the stillness, traced softly the lines of a tiny cabin crouched at the forest's edge. It was a rude cabin made of logs and stones, the whole shape so indistinct that it seemed beautiful. The same light that touched the cabin, rested still more softly on the figure of a boy sitting on the rough doorstep,—a very tiny

figure, bent as though weary with the world, and looking in the dimness very thin and fragile. The picture was a harmony of black and gray light, a harmony that sank deep into the heart because it was so lonely and pathetic.

Suddenly the moon broke through the clouds, and there in mid-heaven, rocked like a great burning jewel and sent down over the shadows a flood of white light. The cabin, in relief, lost much of its beauty, the bare outlines were broken and unbalanced, the sagging door yawned wide open and showed no sign of light or welcome within. All was emptiness and ruin.

The child, in the moonlight, looked even thinner and stranger. He lifted big, sullen eyes towards the great light, and his face twitched with unhappiness. It was such a small, pinched face, with the blue veins showing very plainly; the mouth drooped as though ready to snarl, and the whole expression was rigid with repugnance.

"I hate them," he muttered, "I hate them all,—old fat Aunt Berry always slapping me and telling me I'm the devil's own, and old skinny Aunt Ross always pushing me and saying I ought never to have been born." His eyes wandered restlessly over the wavering silver patch of light cutting off the forest, but he did not see the beauty.

"I wish I hadn't been born," he gasped, clenching his small fists. "I'm just like the dirt. Oh, how I hate them!" A breeze came whispering around the corner and made him button his coat tighter. "I hate the moon, too," he shivered; "it watches me the way they do,—oh, everything watches me. I wish I could die."

Suddenly he sat up. From the forest came a deep sigh that rushed back and forth through the tree tops till the child almost shrieked. The light, too, faded behind a big wall of blackness and went out like the puff of a candle. But the forest sighed on softly and seemed to say—"There ---is ---a ---child ---who ---hates ---everything --- who hates everything. What --- shall --- happen --- to a child --- who hates everything--- who --- wants --- to --- die? Something --- must --- happen to the child ---. Let it --- come out of the darkness --- into the darkness ---. Let it come to --- me --- the forest."

The boy rose and with dilating eyes crept towards the voice; it fascinated him, the soft, swishing moan of it, and, although terror turned him ice-cold, he could not help going forward. In his horror he tried to say the only words he knew—"I hate it; oh, I hate the sighing," but no sound came, his teeth seemed locked together, and mockingly the forest whispered on, "A child --- who --- hates --- everything --- something --- must happen."

The boy stumbled and thorns pricked his face till it bled. A river came rushing down across his path, and the water, as he crossed it, scorched his feet like red-hot anger. Yet he must find the voice. It seemed to be nearer. Great branches caught at his clothes and tore them like paper, and all the time the air grew hotter and hotter till he could hardly breathe.

"The voice, the voice," he gasped, groping into the centre of the forest where a huge tree, the king of all, spread out its hundred gnarled branches over the rest.

In the silence the very air rippled with heat. Then came the voice, harsh and grating—"The child --- is --- here --- the child --- who --- hates --- everything! Hate -- is -- the -- most terrible --- thing in the world. Let --- the -- punishment -- be great."

Then in the stillness there came a great crash; the ancient tree, the voice of the forest, fell with a groan that rent the whole wood. The boy covered his face with his hands and went down in the darkness; he could feel himself crunched into the burning earth by the great weight of the trunk; deeper, hotter,—he sank into unconsciousness.

* * * * *

Lying prostrate there, the boy opened his eyes with a cry of terror and gazed around. All was quiet, however. In the east the dawn was just turning the sky rosy, the forest appeared gray and misty, the dew on the cabin step was heavy. Painfully he raised himself from his cramped position and shivered with dampness and excitement. But the expression on his face was no longer sullen. "I never meant to hate anybody like that,—I didn't know. Oh, I'm going home before they miss me"—his dark eyes filled with tears, his voice choked. "I—I just hate the word hate!"

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

THE BLESSING OF THE VINEYARDS.

I was awakened suddenly by the sound of singing, and rising quickly, I ran to the window. The picture before me made me feel as though I were still dreaming. The flush of an Italian sunrise tinted the horizon and the snow-capped mountains against it. The nearer mountains were not yet illumined, and rose in dark outline on a cloudless sky. The atmosphere was wonderfully clear and the air cool. A deep blue lake stretched toward the mountains as far as the eye could see. Rolling hills of a greyish green covered with vineyards, olive trees, and here and there a dark cypress or a white villa, extended on the right. In the morning hush the singing, which had awakened me, sounded sweet and clear. Up the steep hill before me, came a group of women and children dressed in bright-colored peasant costumes. Higher and higher along the winding, dusty road they came, singing. At their head walked a priest, carrying a cross entwined with bright spring flowers. The odor of roses and the fragrance of wisteria scented the air. As the procession reached the summit of the hill the singing ceased. The little group stood still while the priest planted the cross on a small elevation. Then turning toward the rising sun, he stretched forth his hands, over the vine-covered slope before him, in benediction.

ELEANOR GOODRICH.

THE EVOLUTION OF A HEROINE.

The sun moved slowly towards the west; the shadow of the orange tree moved too, leaving the girl in the direct rays of the sun, but she did not notice it, so engrossed was she in her first really truly grown-up love story. She lay on her stomach, chin resting on her hands, elbows dug into the warm, gray sand,

and eagerly drank in every word on the printed page before her. Finally with a sigh, she shut the book, and rolling over where the tree cast its shadow, she lay absently gazing at an ant hill in the sand. From the corner of her eye she could see a figure moving across the hotel porch, and turning her head lazily, she recognized Clay. At first she noticed nothing remarkable about him, but soon a wonderful revelation came—why, he was terribly like the hero in the book. To be sure the hero's eyes were dark, and Clay's were gray, but his tall form, black hair, and firm chin answered the description perfectly. Then, too, he had other qualities characteristic of a hero; he was a Yale junior, on the football squad, who had been seriously injured and was recovering his health in Florida. Surely this was an ideal setting for a romance, but what about herself as a heroine? The story girl's name had been Gloria, but perhaps Mary would do, only who ever heard of a heroine with freckles, even only a few, on her nose? Doubtless Clay loved her; hadn't he always sought her from among the rest? What would Mother and Father say when they found she and Clay were to be married?—for of course they would be, although probably not for many years. A voice broke somewhat rudely into her reverie, in spite of the fact that the voice itself was very sweet.

“Mary—hurry, dear, if you want to go motoring with us!”

“Coming, Mother. I wanta drive, may I?”

With a bound Mary was on her feet, speeding towards the driveway. The sight of Clay reading on the porch made her slow down to a walk. Somehow it seemed out of place to prance in such a harum-scarum manner when one was contemplating marriage.

The next few days dragged because there were so many things to be remembered—not to yell nor use slang, to be careful to walk and sit in a ladylike manner, and then, too, it was a lot of bother to put cold cream on those freckles every night in hopes of bleaching them.

Lost in romantic dreams, Mary strolled one morning into the grove and climbed into her favorite tree. What could she do to make Clay realize her importance as a heroine? Plan after plan came up only to be rejected. The smell of burning

twigs drew her eye to a pile of brush, and like a flash a vision came to her mind. Hotels often caught fire—then why wasn't there the possibility of the Osceola's doing the same thing? The picture became very vivid—she awakes to find her room full of smoke and little creeping flames; rushing to the window she sees below the firemen and a crowd of onlookers, but no one glances toward the third story. She is being overcome by the heat and smoke and is sinking to the floor, when she feels two strong arms about her, while a masculine voice says, "Thank God!"—Mary wasn't quite sure about this part of the vision, still it must be the proper thing to say since the hero in the book had used that phrase.

A deep "Hello, up there!" coming from under the tree, startled Mary so that she lost her balance and fell to the next limb, where she hung suspended, partly by her arm, but mostly by the frills of her white petticoat.

"Wait, I'll get you down!" and Mary, with cheeks scarlet, submitted to the indignity of having her ruffles untangled by Clay, who made no pretense at hiding his mirth.

"Now, youngster, don't say I never saved your life."

That was too much, and with head held high and with pieces of much bedraggled lace ridiculously trailing, Mary strutted towards the hotel.

Two days later as Mary lay curled up in the sun room, lost in the final chapters of her novel, the sound of her own name distracted her from the palpitations of her heroine. At first she raised her eyes from the book with a dreamy look, which quickly changed to fire as the speaker went on. The voice Meb recognized as belonging to Agnes, one of the older girls.

"Clay, what ever has been the matter with Meb lately? She hasn't been nearly such a good sport. Usually she's just a nice little boy and adds life to the crowd, but somehow she's been different for the past few days."

"You're right, I noticed it too, but I haven't an idea what the trouble is. Meb's a great kid; reminds me a lot of my young brother."

The rest of the sentence was lost as Clay and Agnes moved farther away from the sun room door. Meb sat bolt upright

in the big chair; a crimson cushion slipped from behind her shoulder and fell to the floor; reaching for it, she hurled it to the other side of the room.

"So he thinks I'm a nice little boy, does he? I'll show him if I am."

Then drawing her legs up under her, and with brows so contracted that they made a furrow across her forehead, she settled back in the big chair to plan her campaign.

* * * * *

Mary had been very haughty, and in vain had Clay tried to get her to make up a fourth at tennis.

"No, thank you. Really the sun is much too hot."

Clay looked at the round little face, expecting to find the brown eyes twinkling, but they were sober, so, with a "sorry," he was off. Mary's eyes flashed. There! Now perhaps he was beginning to realize she was really a girl. She hoped her sacrifice would do some good, because it was far from a joke, this keeping out of everything she enjoyed.

The next morning found Mary on the porch bright and early, enjoying the beginning of a beautiful day. Presently Clay strolled up.

"Hello, Meb, had breakfast?"

"Good morning, Clay. Yes, I've had breakfast. Why?"

"How'd you like to canoe over to the island and fish?"

Meb hesitated; she wanted terribly to go and the lake looked so inviting, sparkling under a clear blue sky. After all, perhaps she could play her part just as well in a canoe.

"Why yes, I'd love to. You get the tackle while I find my hat."

A few minutes later she appeared at the boat landing, the sleeves of her white middy buttoned trimly around the sun-burned wrists, a Panama hat tilted jauntily over one ear, and a green parasol keeping the hot sun from the already tanned face.

"Where are the cushions?" Mary asked, her face showing surprise.

Clay threw some into the canoe.

"There, only I don't know what we want 'em for."

Stepping into the canoe, Mary settled herself comfortably among the striped cushions. Clay gazed at her in amazement, then without a word he put the extra paddle in the bottom of the canoe and pushed off. Conversation was strained, entirely different from the gay banter which usually went on between the pair.

"I haven't seen you driving the car lately, Meb."

"No, I've given it up. It's such strenuous exercise."

Clay started several subjects, but met with such cold reserve on Meb's part that he gave up in despair, and, mopping his perspiring face, he paddled viciously towards the island and ran the canoe aground.

They fished in stony silence, unaware of the black cloud coming up behind them. Mary was absorbed in her dreams, Clay intent upon his fishing. Now and then she noticed his quizzical gaze, and her heart quickened. In the story when the hero looked at Gloria she blushed and drooped her eyes, so that the long lashes brushed the rosy cheek. How on earth did one droop one's eyes? As for blushing, Mary knew her face was red, but she knew by her burning ears that they were too, and somehow red ears don't belong to romance. Perhaps Clay was just becoming aware of the fact that she was more than "a great kid."

All at once the presence of the cloud over their heads turned the water a sullen gray, flecked with white. Clay observed this first and looked at the sky.

"I hadn't noticed that cloud. Guess we're in for some wind, so we'd better not start back just yet. Come on, let's go to the big rock and get as much in the shelter as we can."

By this time the wind was blowing a gale, so picking up their tackle, they started for the rock. The branches overhead creaked and groaned, while the fine sand was whirled into their faces. Suddenly Clay grasped Meb's arm.

"Look out, here comes an awful gust."

Scarcely had he spoken before they were almost lifted off their feet by the fury of the wind, which whirled sand and twigs against them with terrific force. Suddenly, with a crash, a dead limb broke from its trunk and fell to the ground, striking

Clay. For a moment he reeled, trying to retain his balance, then his big body collapsed on the sand, as motionless as the piece of wood, which pinned his shoulder down.

* * * * *

A dash of cold water in his face brought him to his senses, and he opened his eyes to find the old Meb bending over him. Each freckle stood out against the pallor of her face. As for the hat, it was nowhere to be seen; in fact little remained to indicate how proper and neat the little girl had been such a short time before. The middy sleeves were rolled above the elbow, the white skirt was streaked with dirt, and Mary was knotting her once spotless tie into an emergency sling.

"The wind's gone down a little, and I think we can reach the mainland. Can you walk if I help you?"

Clay smiled wanly, and with the girl's help managed to walk slowly to the canoe. Things were hazy; he knew something had struck his shoulder, of so much he was sure because of the shooting pain in his left arm, but how whatever it was had been removed, he had no idea. This time Clay occupied the bottom, while Mary took her position in the stern. The waves tossed the canoe as if it were a shell, but, in spite of the fact that her muscles were bursting with the strain, Meb kept headed for the landing, fighting for every inch. Her throat was dry and each breath was a gasp, but always she kept saying to herself, "You've got to keep steady, you've got to."

Minutes seemed hours, for now each breath was torture; still Meb kept on, fighting until a bump told her the canoe had struck the landing. Someone, she didn't know who, helped Clay out, while someone else half carried her to the hotel.

The next day, Clay, his arm now in a very professional looking sling, called Mary over to his chair on the porch.

"Meb, I want to thank you for all you did yesterday. I—well, I can't seem to express myself, but anyhow, you're just the best ever."

Red to the ears, Mary stammered something about its being nothing, then began to talk of something else, very trivial to be sure, but at least a relief from the embarrassment of being praised. A great load seemed to be lifted from her,

and somehow or other she wanted to jump and shout. From behind the big green fence which separated the grove from the kitchen garden and woodshed, she heard unearthly howls, which told her that the boys were in their bandit camp. After a few words of inquiry about Clay's arm, she put her hand on the porch railing, vaulted it, and went flying towards the green fence. Clay smiled as he saw the flash of thin, black stockinged legs, and heard the bandits' whoop answered lustily. As she ran, Meb vowed never, never to read a silly love story again; being chums was lots nicer than being in love.

ELIZABETH MCCONKEY.

THE BIRD OF THE HEAVENS.

“ ‘For a bird of the heavens shall carry the voice and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.’ ”

An old Rabbi, bending over his parchments, his yellow face seamed with wrinkles, pondered on the words he had just read.

“ ‘And that which hath wings shall tell the matter,’ ” he muttered, “ ‘for a -- bird -- of the -- heavens -- shall carry --’ ” his voice trailed off into silence. He crouched over his holy scripts, thinking; his eyes opened in wonder and he looked steadily at the parchments before him, as if seeing some strange vision.

Finally he straightened a little and pulled out from beneath the pile in front of him, a parchment whiter than the rest, and inscribed in scrawly characters.

“ ‘And He doeth great wonders, so that He maketh fire to come down from heaven in the sight of men,’ ” the Rabbi read slowly, and he gazed intently at the pile before him, as if witnessing a curious sight.

“ ‘And -- it shall -- come -- to -- pass,’ ” he muttered softly.

* * * * *

The pink dawn was just breaking, and the sun, a great ball of fire, slowly rose over the Hill, behind which an English

regiment was entrenched, somewhere in France. The soldiers, alert and ready for action, joked good-naturedly among themselves.

The day broke, hot and dry. The German shells burst with a roar overhead, but the soldiers, used to the noise, paid little attention to them.

About a hundred feet away from the trench, two men, one in the uniform of a Colonel, the other with a Captain's bands on his sleeve, were talking together in low voices, outside the Colonel's dugout. From time to time they glanced apprehensively at the bursting shells, frowned a little, and the Colonel made notes. A shell came over the tree tops on the Hill and burst not fifty feet away from the two men. The Colonel scowled.

"They're coming too close," he said, shortly. "You say MacLeary can't quite make out where they've hidden their guns?"

"Yes, sir," he said, glancing at a crumpled paper, "that there wasn't a sign of anything. Just that the shells seemed to come from the northeast."

"M--m, Thurston will find them if anyone can. He's to fly two hours after sunset. The order's already given." He turned on his heel and walked into his dugout.

The Captain took a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it, and, settling himself comfortably under the shade of a tree, began to write a letter home.

It was night, hot, yet cooler than the scorching day. The sky was somewhat overcast and the moon came out from behind the clouds only for a few minutes at a time. A group of officers were gathered around an aeroplane, waiting for it to ascend; it looked like a great white bird, there in the dim, yellow light of the lanterns. A man dressed for flight was oiling parts of the machine, tightening nuts, and taking account of ammunition.

Finally he climbed into the pilot's seat and another leather-clad, wool-wadded figure climbed into the seat in front of him. The pilot bent over the steering gear, and with a sudden whir, the machine began slowly to rise. The men below watched its progress. Higher and still higher it mounted, and when the

moon suddenly came out from behind a cloud, it looked like the ghost of some huge bird, flying, white and glistening, through the dark night.

MacLeary, the observation officer, from his high, snug hut, hidden in the Hill's tree tops, watched the course of the machine; at first disinterestedly, until far off, a great white shaft of light shot down from the clouded sky above; then he leaned forward eagerly, and intently followed it with his eyes. The light zigzagged over what must have been hundreds of acres of ground, but what from the distance looked like vast blackness, broken now here, now there, by a long ray of light, glaring and pitiless. Suddenly the light disappeared and fire seemed to drop from the sky. Across MacLeary's mind flashed a fragment of an old Bible verse, learned once for Sunday School and since forgotten until then:

“ ‘He maketh fire to come down from heaven in the sight of men.’ ”

“ ‘Strange,’ ” muttered MacLeary to himself, “ ‘how things one learns when a kid come back to one.’ ”

“ ‘What did you say?’ ” asked his assistant, sleepily.

“ ‘Oh, nothing,’ ” replied MacLeary.

It was not until the small hours of the night that the aeroplane returned; then it flew slowly over the Hill, and with a noise like the purring of a great cat, began to descend. The same group of officers who had clustered around it a few hours before, came up as it reached the ground.

As he stepped out of the machine, Lieutenant Thurston spoke to the waiting Colonel.

“ ‘Their guns are cleverly concealed,’ ” he said, “ ‘due north-east from here, in a cornfield. We nearly missed them, they were so completely covered by the stalks. Ormstead made a rough map of the position of their trenches,’ ” he finished, turning to his companion.

“ ‘Come in here and we'll look it over,’ ” said the Colonel, and the two men followed him into his dugout, where, in the dim, suffocating, yellow circle of the sputtering lamp, brows knotted and foreheads damp, they studied map after map, and formed plans, that, on the morrow, should make “ ‘fire to come down from heaven in the sight of men.’ ”

ELLEN BURKE.

OUT OF THE DESERT.

Feb. 12, 3.00 P. M.

The great Sahara desert. Silent waste stretching before me, hot sun, quiet sand dunes, not a sign of life as far as eye can see. And somewhere, maybe very near, maybe miles away, Charles is hiding. Hiding like a thief, because he is accused of a crime he did not commit. I can't say all this, but I can safely write it, for the Arabs cannot read. What should I do without my little baby and my diary? To Jean, even though she does not understand, I can talk my native tongue, and in you, precious Little Book, I can write my thoughts.

Feb. 13, 10 A. M.

Just a year from to-day that I came here with Charles! How fast the time went at first, how happy we were together, on our strange desert honeymoon, how different all was, but how perfect! And then little Jean was born,—it seemed as though life could not hold such wonderful happiness. But it was too perfect to last, all honeymoons must end, they say,—but to end as ours has! They accuse Charles of murder, and they mean to kill him. They have no law. The uncertainty of his safety, the shame of his accusation, is dragging me down; but I must be strong, for if I give up, what will become of little Jean?

Feb. 14, 5.00 A. M.

It's lovely and cool this morning, too fine a day to sleep, so I will take my baby and go down by the big rock and watch the sun rise. How wonderful the sun is on the desert, and how I love it! Maybe, somewhere, Charles, too, is watching it.

10.00 A. M.

I've tried to tell the baby, but she does not understand, but Little Book, you will. I'm happy again—but I must write connectedly or you won't understand either. I went to the rock, how long ago it seems, and watched the sun rise. Jean lay beside me in the sands, and when a wind arose I picked her up and held her close to me so that the sand might not blow into her eyes. The wind blew quite hard; I thought we were going

to have a storm, so I started back to my tent, when at my feet I saw a bit of paper. I don't know why—maybe it was instinct—but I picked it up, and this was written on it:

“I am happy and I must write you, Jean, even though you will never see this. For a time I had believed there was no chance of my ever seeing you again, but now there is a big chance. I have escaped my pursuers, for how long I don't know, but now I am trying to find my way back, through the desert, to you and my baby. God grant I may—and, if I do, it will be your love, faith, and prayers that bring me back. Away off here in the silence, I am thinking of you, and you are somewhere, maybe near, maybe far, but wherever you are, you are thinking of me, and praying for me. God bless you!”

Charles wrote that, Little Book! It was his own dear writing, and he is living, and God grant, coming back to me. Oh, Little Book, nothing money could buy, nothing in the world, could have brought me greater joy than this tattered Valentine, blown me by the desert winds! ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

A NEBRASKA STORM.

“How dark it's getting, and only five o'clock! What do you suppose the trouble is?” I rushed out of doors, followed by several girls who had been spending the afternoon with me. “Goodness, girls, look at those clouds! They'll be over us in a minute. Shall you have time to run home or had—” But before I could finish speaking, the girls were flying toward their various homes. I ran into the house, calling mother and other members of the family, and as father had just come in, we gathered around him, watching the clouds and ready at a minute's notice to run for the cave.

The air had become very thick, and it was somewhat hard to breathe freely. Although the wind was not blowing violently, the clouds were rolling and tumbling and growing fiercer every

minute. Hanging almost over our heads, they were very low, and blacker than coal, with an occasional white streak running through their raggedness, which indicated to us a great deal of wind.

“Father, don’t you think we had better get near the cave?” Jane edged nearer to her father, who was helping one of the boys with his lantern. “Don’t be a crybaby, Jane, you have plenty of time to reach the cave. No cyclone can come any faster than you can run,” said Tom, but, nevertheless, he kept his eyes on father and also the cave.

A sudden lull seemed to spread over everything. Not a sound could be heard. Everything was at a standstill. The silence was fearful. Not a twig or a leaf moved, even the birds stopped singing, and the penetrating silence made us shiver with the dread of what was to follow.

Father told us we had better go down into the cave, and handed the lanterns to my brothers, who, with my mother and sisters, went to the cave. Father stood guard outside, until the crisis should be reached. There was a dreadful three minutes of expectation, which seemed hours to us, waiting below, while father watched, and the unbearable silence still lasted. Finally the upper door of the cave opened and father came down, closing both doors tightly after him. “This is either going to tear up the town or go a few miles to the north; it remains to be seen which,” he informed us.

The silence was broken. The wind began to rage and to scream and to hurl trees, chimneys, and all manner of things upon the cave. It seemed as though a thousand demons had been let loose; we could not hear each other speak; the lanterns had gone out and we could not see an inch before us. A sudden blast,—we thought it an explosion—a shattering, terrifying sound, as though the very earth were being blown to pieces, and we knew our house had been taken.

The children were crying and huddled about mother and father, who were trying to comfort them.

Perhaps ten minutes later, father, thinking the worst over, opened the doors and went out. We followed him. The worst was over, but never have I seen such destruction. The house

had been torn to splinters, and one would hardly have known a house had been there, as even the splinters were hard to find. The furniture of the house was everywhere. The piano was standing upright in the center of the drive, and the legs of the piano bench were neatly and firmly fastened into the side. This freak of the storm was a piece of art and would have been rather funny if we had not felt so tragic at the loss of our home. In the trees still left standing, and over telephone wires, were hanging various articles. For days afterwards there were brought to us furniture and numerous other things that, taken by the storm, had been found miles away from home. The animals in the neighborhood had been ridiculously treated; some of the chickens lost all their feathers and were running around featherless. Another strange thing was a house that was turned completely and accurately around on its foundation, the back door having been put in the exact position where the front door had been. Other homes had not been touched. Ours had been taken completely and everything in it ruined, but we were thankful to have escaped. You may be sure that now every June we spend the evenings watching the clouds, and one of the first things my father did when our new house was completed was to insure it against future cyclones. EDITH KINGSLEY.

PICKLES EX MACHINA.

“Hey, Annie!” yelled old Jake McIntosh, as he drove up to the kitchen door in his ramshackle buggy. “Say, Della’s got some new pickles fur yuh, just done up yesterday. She says ter send the twins over fur them some time ’fore dinner.”

“Thanks, Jake,” called Annie Perkins. “I’d ha’ brung ’em myself but they was down cellar and I had ter hurry over ter the village,” added Jake, and clucking the lazy mare into motion once more, rattled out of the dooryard in his shaky old buggy.

Then all was quiet around the sunny dooryard on that early July morning. A gray maltese cat basked on the warm stone step, blinking lazily at the droning bees among the blossoms of the Baltimore Belle that framed the doorway.

Within the house Mrs. Perkins was singing softly an old English lullaby. Coming out to hang some clothes up to dry, she spied the blue-checked aprons of the twins in the orchard, and called, "Molly, Polly, here a minute!"

They came reluctantly, so intensely absorbed were they in some mysterious discussion.

"Jake McIntosh stopped here, girls, and said for me to send you up for some pickles Della has for me. Don't you want to do this for mother?" she added, for she noticed their unhappy faces.

"Well, we were goin' to—."

"No, we weren't," interrupted Polly, suddenly seized with a bright idea, "we'll just love to go. Come on, Molly, down the lane; it's shortest," and grabbing her dazed sister by the sleeve, she pulled her up over the stile into the shady lane.

"I thought you wanted to do what I said," pouted Molly, when she had found breath enough to speak.

"Well, I do, you silly. Don't you see what we can do now?"

"Nothin'," grunted Molly.

"We can too. What about having a tea party in the play-house on the way back?"

Molly's dark eyes opened wide. "Instead of in the orchard?"

"Sure, and we'll have pickles at this one, 'stead of just plain currants."

"Oh, do we dare?"

"Sure, I do. You're a fraid cat if you don't."

"I'm not either," bristled the insulted one. "Come on, let's hurry."

Inspired by the unusual delight of their errand, it wasn't long before the twins came hurrying back through the lane, puffing, their faces as red as poppies, discussing excitedly the plans for a dolls' birthday party.

They stopped at the old moss-covered playhouse, which stood just beyond the stone wall, and a vigorous brushing and cleaning immediately began, almost to the destruction of this frail, miniature cabin.

"Got the dishes washed, Polly?"

"Yep, you start the fire for the tea, and I'll get the mint leaves to make it with. Got a dish for the pickles?"

Pretty soon a little silver bell tinkled, calling the guests to the party. Sally Ann was there, with her sawdust stuffing oozing out of one leg, Billy Watt, minus a wig, and the beautiful Cornelia with real lace on her party dress. At the head of the table, Polly took care of the birthday child, a curly-headed infant in long clothes, to which the proud mother fed mint tea, blueberries, and many a pickle.

"There goes Tom with the hay-rack!" Molly suddenly exclaimed. "Goodness, you don't suppose it's dinner time?"

Bang went the chair over backwards and Sallie Ann with it, while the twins, grabbing the pail of pickles, darted through the door.

They got home in time, but after dinner were still discussing on the doorstep the narrowness of their escape.

Della McIntosh soon disturbed their whispered conversation.

"Is yur Ma ter home?" she asked.

"Go right in, she's in the kitchen," answered Polly.

"Goodness, what if she knew," Molly suggested in a frightened tone.

"You little goose, how could she?"

Sitting listlessly in the shade of the arbored step, they formed beautiful fairy-like dreams, on that hot summer day. Each had a very vivid imagination, especially Molly, whose large black eyes had the thoughtful expression of a dreamer, while Polly's bright blue ones suggested a quickness of comprehension, a daring to act quickly.

Between the slams of the iron, so industriously plied by Mrs. Perkins, the drawling country accent of her neighbor drifted through the open door.

"Speakin' of cookin', Annie, did yuh hear about my pickles?" she asked, greatly distressed.

Pickles!—the familiar word jarred the twins into wide-awake consciousness.

“No,—why, what about them?”

“Wa’ll, yuh know all them delicious big cucumbers I raised by myself—what do yuh s’pose I went and done to ’em? Pickled ’em in kerosene! And there’s the whole twenty jars all no better ’an poison!”

“Oh, Della, do tell! What—”

With these words a beautiful fairy dream crashed to an abrupt ending. Images of doctors, medicine, and violent pains did not fit very well with dainty fairies at a flower ball. Crouching out on the step, two pale, little shaking figures stared at each other in terror. Molly pressed her hand to her stomach, Polly groaned—a moment of breathless tension, and then with a rush, the two culprits flew through the door, their faces white with horror. Claspings their hands to their stomachs, they howled out the prophecy of their instant death, and threw themselves at their mother.

“Oh, mother, I ate five!” screamed Polly.

“What impudent children,” exclaimed Mrs. McIntosh, not grasping the full meaning of their agony. “Well, any way, befor you’d hear it from somewheres else, I thought I’d tell you that this second batch I sent you are all right,” and with a curt good-bye, she slammed the screen door.

Eyes staring wide, and mouths agape, Molly and Polly sank weakly at the feet of their frightened mother. The fierce pains seemed suddenly to stop, and after a minute’s silence, Polly peeped from the folds of her mother’s apron and giggled hysterically, while Molly tearfully poured out the tragic story of the pickles.

HAZEL A. COFFIN.

A TURTLE HUNT.

One night last June, while I was visiting my cousin, who lives about fifteen miles south of Palm Beach, we decided that a turtle hunt would be good fun, so we had an early supper and just about dusk rowed over Lake Worth, crossed a narrow strip of land, and came into view of the Atlantic.

The full moon was just rising, and although I may be prejudiced, I think there is nothing so beautiful as a Florida moonrise, especially when seen from the beach. The ocean was comparatively calm, with just a continual, subdued roll and roar. This, and the noise of the shells rolled by the waves as they broke and receded, were the only sounds to be heard. We stood on a bluff, perhaps fifteen feet high and about thirty or forty feet from the high tide line. Looking southward, we could see an unbroken shore line; behind us, the cocoanut and palmetto trees were silhouetted against a sky still pale with the pink of the fading sunset, and to the north, as to the south, stretched a long white beach.

As the time was just right for our hunt, we hastily prepared ourselves. Some went south and the rest of us went north. The boys, three or four of them, thinking they might see a turtle and have a chance to turn her, took revolvers, as well as their big gunny sacks. We all walked barefooted in the water's edge because it is very hard to tramp in the soft beach sand with shoes on. We watched the beach ahead intently, each one endeavoring to be the first to discover a turtle's "crawl."

When the turtle comes up from the water, at high tide, she goes up the beach to the soft sand, usually a distance of about twenty or thirty feet, digs her nest with her front flippers, and lays her eggs. She covers up the nest quite skilfully, so that if it were not for the telltale crawl it could scarcely be found, and goes back to the water, but never over the same track.

We walked about two miles up the beach, but seeing no crawls, we gave up in despair, and after a short rest, began to retrace our steps. When we arrived at our starting point,

we found the boys there, rushing madly around to find dish pans, axe, and knives that we had brought with us. They had discovered a turtle just half way between her nest and the water, had turned her, and were now going back to butcher her. We all started down the beach toward the scene of slaughter; the boys ran ahead and left three of us girls some distance behind.

We walked along the water's edge, chattering and having a wonderful time, when suddenly one of us spied a huge black shape several yards ahead of us. The moon had long since gone under the clouds of an approaching storm, and it was so dark that we couldn't tell whether the shape were man or beast. Quite often panthers or wild cats, of good size, and very occasionally black bears, come down to dig for turtle eggs, so one can imagine our fright at seeing this mysterious shape. We started to slip around it up the beach, but noticing that it did not move at all, we cautiously, with woman's curiosity, crept up to it, and to our surprise and great disgust found it was only a barrel, washed up by the waves.

Profiting by our scare, we hurried on down the beach, led by the lights of several lanterns, and came upon the party just in time for a ride apiece on the turtle's back before she was murdered. The turtle was a fairly small one, as the shell was only about three feet across and not more than four feet in length. The scene of slaughter I shall eliminate as too horrible. We girls wandered around the beach while the boys butchered their captive, washing the meat in the ocean and piling it in the pans.

Finally, about eleven o'clock, we started home, well rewarded, and laden with eggs and tender turtle steak. The storm, as is the way with most Florida storms, had blown over, and the stars and the moon, now high in the heavens, shone brilliantly as we rowed back across the lake, a long half mile home.

MARJORIE POTTER.

THE TRIUMPH OF MRS. LUCKENBACH.

Mrs. Luckenbach hobbled off the car and stood peering up at the store in front of her.

"Yes, here 'tis, I've gotta wait here for Jonathan, so I might just as well go in and set down. What a funny door, like mosquito nettin', only stiff!" She entered cautiously but saw no Jonathan.

"Wonder if that man in the white coat'll let me set here. Guess I'll ask him. Young man, could I please set here and wait till Jonathan comes?"

"Certainly, lady, take any seat, till Jonathan comes," replied the clerk with the usual fresh sarcasm. Mrs. Luckenbach pulled her bonnet strings tighter.

"Land sakes, wasn't he nice! Looks so clean lookin', too, in that white coat. I wonder if they allys wear them white coats in drug stores. I ain't never been in one before. All those bottles an' things standin' around, wonder what the're all for. Like as not to cure sick folks with, I don't dast ast though." The door slammed and she rose hastily to see if it might be Jonathan; one fat hand on her umbrella, she stood fascinated. Not Jonathan, but two ladies entered.

"Land sakes," she gasped, "look at them stylish clothes an' all. Wonder what they want here—oh, that white coat man's a-bringin' them sompin' in glasses! Ain't that purty,—all red and nice. The're going to drink it through straws,—hump, my mouth's good nuff for me. I wisht I had some too; maybe I can if I ask real bold like." She sidled up to the counter.

"Hum—didn't even look up—kachoo!"

"Can I serve you?"

"I want—I want sompin' to drink."

"Certainly—what'll you have?"

"Why, I don't know—what you got?"

"Root beer, sarspriller, claret lemonade, grape juice, and soda water," he rattled off.

“Land sakes, you take my breath away! What a they got? I’ll take like them—those ladies there—that reddish stuff.”

“Oh! hum. Certainly, a claret lemonade. Just a moment.—Here madam!”

“Much obliged.”

“Cheque, please!”

“How?”

“Cheque, please.”

“What’s that? I’m a trifle deaf.”

“Money, please,” impatiently.

“Oh, yes,—soon as Jonathan comes. He’s to hitchin’ up our buggy an’ buyin’ feed for our chickens. He’ll be comin’ soon, it’s purty near time to start along now.” The clerk’s manner thawed a trifle.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“We’re in from the country to a rally.—Hum-m-m, real nice tastin’ stuff! What did you call it?”

“Claret lemonade.”

“Clar- - I never could pronounce that Frenchy stuff.” She sipped in silence for a while, and then—“Say, young man, this tastes funny.”

“Exactly what you ordered,” snapped the clerk. “There’s claret in it, of course.”

“What is clarout anyhow?”

“A wine, a red wine from—”

“Wine! Oh, the Lord forgive me! You’ve given me wine—the idea. I’m a temperance woman, a temperance woman, I tell you. Came all the way in from Emans to a temperance meetin’. I thought it tasted like the stuff we hed at Cousin Amanda’s weddin’! Givin’ me wine, are you?—on a plain everyday, no funeral, or weddin’, or—”

“But, lady, you ordered—you—”

“I ordered wine—I guess not! I’ll show you—I—”

“Madam, please calm down, really—”

“Calm down! You tell me to calm down, do you? Calm down yourself—you—you—just wait till Jonathan comes!”—In the midst of this tirade she stopped short; the horror of her

sin dawned upon her. She, a temperance woman, about to attend the greatest rally in years, had just taken claret! Stunned, she bent to raise her fish-net bag from the floor, the ferrule of her umbrella almost dislodging the eyeglasses of the clerk.

"Be careful with that umbrella—" Slowly Mrs. Luckenbach's attention was once more drawn to him of the white coat. She stared at him vacantly for a few seconds and then her expression changed. The zeal of the reformer now gleamed through her spectacles! "A convert, a convert to our cause!" she cried with unfeigned delight. "Are you a temperance man?" she asked severely.

"Moses!" gasped the clerk. "Moses, she's worse than a suffragette."

"Are you?" persisted his tormentor.

"Look here," said the clerk, regaining his self-control, "suppose you give me my fifty cents."

"It's my bounden duty to convert those who have strayed from the fold. Young man, s'pose you come along to this here rally with me. If you come," she glared at him meaningly over her spectacles, "if you come, you get your fifty cents!"

"My dear lady, I can't even consider it for a minute," condescendingly.

Mrs. Luckenbach's ardor abated for a moment, but only for a moment, and then she was struck with an idea, as brilliant as it was sudden.

"Who—gave you a license to sell—clarout?" The clerk's manner changed. Now, it was his turn to grovel, and hers to rule.

"Why -- er -- really you see -- "

"Yes, I do see. I see very well an' plainly, young 'un, an' I have a little scheme—you come along to this temperance rally, er --" she paused meaningly. The poor clerk squirmed under her steady gaze. He was trapped, but he manfully tried again.

"It's not my fault—blame the boss."

"If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," quoted the once timid, now glib tongue of Mrs. Luckenbach. "Are you coming—oh, here's

Jonathan!" In the doorway stood a burly figure. The clerk was awed.

"I can tell him about you," he hissed.

"Well, if you tell, you know what I'll tell, an' I wonder who'll git in wust." Then aloud, "Come in, Jonathan." With a nod at the shrinking clerk, Mrs. Luckenbach continued: "You see this young man, well, he ain't temperance yit, but he thought he'd a-like to be, an' he thought he'd come to the meetin' and take the pledge along with us," she ended triumphantly.

"Wal now, ain't that fine!" boomed Jonathan. Then, looking proudly at his Ingersoll, "We best be startin' right along, it's gettin' late. It begins at one, we gotta mile to go, an' it's twelve now!" The three left the store together. Jonathan, big and hearty, leading; the clerk, like a dejected prisoner between two guards, next; and last, but by no means least, staunch Mrs. Luckenbach, murmuring to herself, "It takes us wimin'—I just guess!"

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

SCHOOL NEWS.

PADEREWSKI.

December 3rd—

On Friday afternoon, Miss von Beyersdorff and Miss Peterson took a few of us to Boston to hear the most famous living pianist, Ignace Jan Paderewski, play at Symphony Hall.

We reached Boston in time to eat a very hurried lunch at Filene's; in fact, Elizabeth McConkey and I were forced to leave our desserts almost untouched because of lack of time. We then continued our trip to the Hall.

At exactly half-past two, Mr. Paderewski made his appearance. He is an odd character, in both aspect and manner. He demands absolute silence while playing. For instance, he once heard the creaking of an opening door, and he absolutely refused

to go on playing until the door was closed. At another time, he heard a slight noise in the gallery, and stopped in the middle of his piece, looked toward the gallery, and waited until all was silent before he would resume playing. He has, however, the wonderful power of interpreting every piece he plays in a way which makes a beginner, such as I am, extremely envious, and the great burst of applause which greeted him showed how much his efforts were appreciated. IRMA RICHARDSON.

THE ANDOVER CONCERT AND DANCE.

December 4th—

There was suppressed excitement all over Rogers Hall, Saturday, but you'll never guess the reason. The Andover Glee Club was coming down to give a concert.

The entire morning and a large part of the afternoon were spent in decorating the gymnasium with banners for the occasion. Immediately after luncheon everyone began to dress, and at four o'clock the ushers went over to the Hall, where they awaited the arrival of the guests.

The Glee Club arrived about half-past five, and after depositing their coats in the gymnasium, they returned to the Hall and were taken through the drawing-room and presented to Miss Parsons and several other members of the faculty. When these formalities were over the boys were introduced to their various partners, or at least to those who could be found. For fully ten minutes, on every hand were heard such cries as, "Please, someone, find Miss White!" "What is your name, please? Smith? Oh, I think you're Miss Brown's escort!" and, "Won't one of you ushers please come here and take Mr. Green through?" Then everyone seemed to have found "him" or "her," as the case might be, so we all went over to the gymnasium to hear the Musical Clubs.

The concert proved to be very entertaining, and when Rogers Hall Mandolin Club played with that of Andover the applause was deafening. The Glee and Banjo Clubs also gave

several selections, and Mr. Charles Gleason sang a solo. After the concert everyone returned to the schoolroom, where an informal supper was served.

After supper all went back to the gymnasium and had a wonderful time dancing until ten o'clock. Just after the last dance all the boys gathered in a circle and cheered lustily for Miss Parsons, Rogers Hall, and, last but not least, "An-n-dover, An-n-dover, An-n-dover!"

KATHERINE G. WILSON.

December 6th—

The French lecture, given by Madame Guérin, was anticipated with pleasure by those who had heard her last year. This time we enjoyed a talk on the life of Jeanne D'Arc. Madame Guérin impersonated the Maid of Orleans in costume, and her daughter acted as her page. The lecture, and the accompanying stereopticon pictures, gave us a clear idea of the life of this famous French heroine.

ELEANOR B. GOODRICH.

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE TEA.

December 7th—

As the Domestic Science Tea was to be given in the afternoon, the girls all saved their appetites and ate only a little lunch. It was a very formal affair so that we all arrayed ourselves in hats, coats, and gloves, and those of us who lived in the same house where the tea was held, went out the back door and in the front.

We were ushered formally in to meet the hostesses, Doris Jones, Hazel Coffin, Almeda Herman, and Marjory Adams. They received in the House parlor, which was decorated with Christmas holly and red and white carnations. Then we were escorted into the next room, where there were pink carnations on the mantel and table. Here we were served by some of the younger girls, while the older ones poured.

Everything was made by the girls themselves, and nothing more could have been desired in the way of dainty little sandwiches, fancy cakes, and assorted candies.

The girls looked almost like strangers to us in their coats, hats, and gloves, sipping tea and talking ceremoniously to the guests.

The Domestic Science girls are to be highly congratulated on their success, and we certainly showed our appreciation by leaving not even a candied mint leaf on the table.

RUTH E. ALLEN.

“FI-FI OF THE TOY SHOP.”

This was one of the most unusual and delightful evenings of the first term. Miss Parsons entertained the councilors and a few teachers at a box party to see “Fi-Fi of the Toy Shop” at the Merrimack Theatre.

At dinner, we councilors sat at Miss Parsons’ table, which was very prettily decorated with a beautiful little bouquet of flowers at each place. After dinner, coffee was served in the drawing-room, and several girls played the piano for us.

Soon afterward we were all in taxis and being hurried to the theatre. As there were seventeen people, Miss Parsons had two boxes together.

The play was presented by the Lowell Social Service League under the direction of Mr. John Rogers. The cast was entirely of amateurs.

The story was the dream of a toy man’s daughter, Bonnie (Ethel Hochmeyer), who fell fast asleep in the woods. In her dream all the dolls in her father’s toy shop came to life and were very mischievous. Fi-Fi, a valuable Parisian doll, whom all loved, spurned the love of Lieut. Tin Heart and that of Prince Lollypop and ran away with the Man in the Moon. This proceeding caused great agitation and excitement in the toy shop while the search for her was going on. Ink Spot (Gertrude Parker) was the best rag doll “ah eber” did see, “One moh

reebah to cross." And every time that Doll's Head (Natalie Conant) opened her mouth, there issued forth a most contagious laugh, followed by a very solemn expression, which was quite amusing.

There was one very attractive scene in the Milky Way, where the Man in the Moon and Fi-Fi sang a very pretty little song.

After much communication with Mars and other planets, the couple were finally located by the Telephone Fairy, who ordered them to return home at once. All the dolls were very happy to have Fi-Fi with them again, and after the departure of the Man in the Moon, Fi-Fi was wedded to Lieut. Tin Heart, the ceremony taking place in the garden in Fairyland.

The closing scene was in the woods again, where Bonnie was sound asleep. She awoke at the close of the wedding and rose to her feet, greatly bewildered, but soon realized that she had been dreaming.

All through the play were chorus dances, such as the dance of the Paper Dolls, China Dolls, Live Letter Blocks, Winds, Jumping Jacks, Noah's Ark Animals, Flower Girls, and Bridesmaids. The latter group was composed almost entirely of Rogers Hall girls. Among the cast were Mary Holden, Ruth Bill, Leslie Hylan, Barbara Brown, Elizabeth Talbot, Elizabeth Eastman, Beatrice Jennison, Helen Badger, Sarah Hobson, Helen Eveleth, Charlotte Green, Isabel Nesmith, Harriet Coburn, Hazel Hanchette, Eugenia Meigs, Mary Sherburne, and Bonnie Lilley.

When the performance was over, we made our way back to the taxis and school, after spending a very gay evening, thanks to Miss Parsons.

MARGARET G. WOOD.

MRS. MOSHER'S TALK.

December 9th—

Upon the invitation of Miss Parsons, Mrs. H. P. Mosher of Boston, gave an extremely interesting talk on the war. It was

made doubly interesting to us because of the fact that Mrs. Mosher spent the past summer in England. She went over with her husband, Dr. Mosher of the Harvard Unit, who was closely allied with the hospital corps at the front in France; thus Mrs. Mosher was able to give us a very vivid picture of what was going on almost on the firing line.

She told first of her experiences in making boots at the Red Cross headquarters in London. As this was hard and tiresome work, she was able to spend only the morning at it; the afternoons she spent making bandages and splints for the horses, and she told us of the splendid care they, as well as the soldiers, receive. She also read aloud letters from soldiers at the front, telling of their hardships and their difficulty in procuring the many things they often needed, such as socks, ear protectors, and telescopic lenses for their guns. She had with her many interesting articles such as badges and emblems of the different battalions and regiments, a hood worn as a protection from gas bombs, dum-dum bullets, pictures of the life in the trenches, a periscope used to look out of the trenches, and a German helmet. We were allowed to take these articles in our hands and examine them for ourselves, which made them seem even more interesting or dreadful, as the case might be. We all felt the force of Mrs. Mosher's informal talk because of her enthusiasm for the Red Cross work and also because of the fact that she had so many personal experiences to narrate, which made us feel almost as if we had been there ourselves.

DORIS MAREE JONES.

CINDERELLA.

December 11th—

“Girls, how many of you want to go to the Movies, Saturday morning, and see Mary Pickford in Cinderella?” cried someone. There was a general chorus of “I do,” and when Saturday morning came, there were about twenty girls anxiously waiting for the time to start.

When the curtain rose on Cinderella, there was a great deal of clapping, and stamping of feet, which showed that Mary Pickford was a favorite with everyone. She was very good as Cinderella, and when the curtain dropped and we knew it was time to go home, nobody was disappointed and all hoped we should go again soon.

ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

THE ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE.

December 11th—

Monsieur Delamarre, Secretary of the Alliance Française in the United States and Canada, came to Rogers Hall to give us a lecture on this organization. There had been a branch of this society here in Lowell a number of years ago, and a few French enthusiasts wished to reorganize it. Miss Parsons kindly offered Rogers Hall as a meeting place, where the question could be discussed and decided upon.

Just before the meeting a reception was held in the drawing-room, and the "French girls," in rather halting French, offered coffee and cake to the guests. Then everyone assembled in the schoolroom, where Monsieur Delamarre gave an interesting talk on "The Princesse Mathilde," and later helped the Lowell people to reorganize a branch of the Alliance Française.

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

December 12th—

Leo Ornstein, the Polish pianist, gave a recital at Colonial Hall, that many Rogers Hall girls attended; they were both inspired and delighted with his programme, which consisted of pieces familiar to most of the girls. His technique is marvelous and his interpretation leaves nothing to be desired, although it is very free and original. His two compositions, the "Valse in G Major," and especially the "Wild Men's Dance," showed his originality and genius.

MARJORIE POTTER.

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY.

December 16th—

The gymnasium was brilliantly lighted, a fire crackled merrily in the big open grate, and gay voices and the smell of evergreen added to the Christmas spirit.

Each one of us Rogers Hall girls had a small girl from the Girls' Friendly Society, to look out for, and their flushed faces and sparkling eyes betrayed how eager and excited they felt over this big event.

Games were suggested, such as drop the handkerchief, cat and mouse, and going to Jerusalem. Such a scrambling, yelling, and laughing as there was when the cat caught the mouse or two girls struggled for one chair!

Pretty well exhausted and ready for a hearty supper, we all trooped downstairs where little tables and chairs had been arranged around the swimming pool. Girls acting as waitresses hurried to and fro with chocolate, sandwiches, hot rolls, chicken, and other goodies that everyone loves; ice cream and cakes were not forgotten.

With wonder and awe, the little children looked into the swimming pool.

"Ma'm, do you go in that, ain't it too deep?"

"Yes, we all go in swimming quite often," I replied. "How should you like it?"

"Umh—swell," was the expressive answer.

After supper we returned once more to the gymnasium, where the lights were turned out, and on pulling back the stage curtains, a big Christmas tree stood revealed, covered with many tiny colored electric lights, sparkling stars, tinsel, and bright-colored balls.

"Oh -- oh," gasped the children, "ain't it pretty!"

Two large circles were formed, and in the dim light we marched around the room singing, "O Tannenbaum," "Stille Nacht," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "Away in a Manger," and "The First Noël." Then presents were given out, and all that could be heard for the next fifteen minutes was the tearing of paper and cries of delight.

It was then time for all our little friends to go home, so, with a few parting cheers from the Kavas and Caes, and a Merry Christmas to all, our party broke up.

CONSTANCE MILLER.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

January 17th—

On Monday afternoon, a few girls from the drama class attended a very interesting lecture given by John Masefield, the famous English poet. The greater part of his talk was taken up by the reading of his essay on Shakespeare, which dealt with the three great tragedies, "Hamlet," "King Lear," and "Macbeth." After finishing his essay he read a few poems, which were requested by people in the audience, and in closing his lecture, gave a few lines here and there from his "Everlasting Mercy."

RACHEL BROWN.

THE RED CROSS SUPPER AND ENTERTAINMENT.

January 22nd—

As we girls are members of the school chapter of the National Red Cross Society, it has been our custom to aid the organization in different ways. We have made pajamas, rolled bandages, etc., for the relief work, and helped some poor families here in Lowell by sending extra nourishment to a sick boy, and bedding and clothes to some other children. As half of our membership fees are sent to Washington, it does not leave a great deal of money for us to work with and therefore it is necessary to earn it. Last March, we gave a supper and concert which proved to be such a success that we decided to try something similar this year.

On Saturday morning, Miss Harrison, with a committee of four girls, made sandwiches, fruit cocktails, and all sorts of

good things for the supper that night, which turned out to be so delicious that it was hard for us to know when to stop eating.

Promptly at six o'clock, people began to arrive in the swimming-pool room, where supper was being served at small tables. The attractive menus, and the candy table, which was managed by Lucy Clark and Connie Miller, were the most popular things for a while; soon waitresses were going to and fro and the food supply was fast diminishing. This kept us occupied until about seven, when all the guests went upstairs to dance.

At 8 o'clock, Charlie Chaplain (alias Mary Kelly) appeared, and announced that we were to have a succession of stunts, the first of which was to be a scene at a district school. The Hall and House gave a very pretty impersonation of the different popular songs of this season, and Katherine Wilson and Doris Jones did their Apache dance, which drew such great applause at the New Girls' Entertainment. The cottage stunt proved to be very interesting, with Almeda Herman as the great Maharajah and Mabel Rugee as Live-and-Learn, the child mind, who could tell blind-folded, by proximity and perception, what objects were placed before her. The "Mary Act," which was also in the New Girls' Entertainment, followed this, and the different girls who took the parts of Marys won great applause. The Glee Club closed the program with "When Life is Brightest" and the school song, in which we all joined.

The whole affair was a great success; we all had lots of fun as well as hard work, and added fifty dollars to our Red Cross Fund.

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

A SUNDAY NIGHT TALK.

January 23rd—

Sunday evening, after the usual informal supper in the drawing-room, Miss Cottar of the Lowell Social Service League talked to us about her work. She told us of three ways in particular in which this newly formed League had already proved helpful to Lowell. It helps people who have been sick,

or out of employment, to get work; the Confidential Exchange helps churches and charity organizations so that they will not be deceived by undeserving people who try to obtain money they do not need, or to get more than their share. She closed her talk by speaking enthusiastically of the interest of training volunteers, among whom are several Rogers Hall graduates.

RACHEL MCCALMONT.

MR. HUNTER'S TALK ON ASTRONOMY.

January 28th—

We had the great pleasure of hearing Dorothy Hunter's father speak on the subject of astronomy. He began by saying that he was not an astronomer, but a business man who had taken up astronomy as a hobby. His many interesting slides showed us how small the earth is in comparison with the rest of the universe. After he had finished speaking, he suggested that any girl who was interested should ask questions. However, the girls were a little bashful until he came down from the stage, when we all flocked around him and asked question after question. He spoke of the new telescope, said to be the largest in the world, which is to be placed in the observatory on Mt. Wilson. The stone of this is eight feet in diameter and the process of polishing it has been going on for five years. His talk made us wish that we could all study astronomy.

RUTH SPEARMAN.

THE ANDOVER THÉ DANSANT.

January 29th—

Even before the Andover thé dansant became anything more than a rumor, considerable excitement was aroused among us; and, of course, when the day dawned on which we were actually to go to Andover, one can imagine our state! At

1.20 on the eventful day, our special car was at the gate and Rogers Hall boarded it. The ride down was rather tedious but we arrived eventually. We were met at the car and from there we went to Peabody House, the new building, which is a beautiful one.

After we had tried to make ourselves as beautiful as possible, we emerged from the dressing room and were introduced to our partners. Then we were escorted upstairs, past an orchestra on the landing, to the room where we were to dance. We were given very attractive dance orders with the Andover seal on them. As soon as the last stragglers arrived, the orchestra began a one-step and our respective "wonderful times" began.

About six o'clock we went down stairs for refreshments. There were one or two large tables about the room and many little ones, all of them decorated with flowers. After we had eaten a delicious supper we again went upstairs to dance. Instead of the regular orchestra, an orchestra made up of Andover students played for the dancing, and they played so well, and the names of the dances (posted on a music stand) were so funny, that we were sorry to have the regular orchestra begin again.

I have never known the time fly so fast. We were all having such a good time that when the orchestra began to play "Good-night, Ladies," we were much surprised. After we had said good-night to Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Eaton, and Miss Parsons, we went down stairs, got on our things, and met our partners in the hall; we then went to the car, at which we cast baleful glances. After we were all on board, Andover gave us a wonderful cheer. We, also, gave them one, but were in some doubt as to whether they heard it or not, as the car was well under way.

Conversation was hot and furious on the way home. Every girl thought that she had had a better time than the next girl, and each one was anxious to tell about her good time. Rogers Hall certainly carried away a delightful impression of Andover and will always remember the *thé dansant* as one of the best times of the winter of 1916.

KATHARINE NESMITH.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

The Editor of the Athletic Department thinks that the Rogers Hall Almunæ may be interested to hear of the cups that have been offered as prizes for the various athletic contests this year. The first of these prizes, a handsome silver loving cup, presented by Hazel Coffin, has already been competed for by the two clubs, whose organization was described in the December SPLINTERS. The cup was won by the Kavas, in the fall hockey contest, and has now been engraved with the names of the members of the successful team. Margaret Wood has presented a beautiful cup for the winners of the coming basket ball game. Both teams are working very hard to get ready for that important occasion, and it bids fair to be a close fight. Another cup, presented by Anne Keith, is to be devoted to swimming. The swimming meet does not take place until the warmer weather begins, and during the cold weather there has not been much swimming; but when the contest does come we want to be fully prepared for it, so that there will be much competition.

Miss Parsons has offered a cup to that club which shall have the most points for carriage at the end of the year. This helps the girls greatly in their efforts to improve their carriage, as they have not only themselves to consider, but their teams also. The only thing lacking is a tennis cup, and we have good hopes of getting one, as the tennis season is still somewhat distant.

Owing to the fact that skating has become such a fad this year, Miss Parsons very kindly arranged to have one of the tennis courts flooded. As soon as this place was made, the weather proved favorable for freezing; we soon had a first rate rink, and it was not long before we were trying it. On one rare occasion, we were allowed to skate until nine o'clock on a Saturday night and surely did enjoy ourselves. We have had several very thrilling hockey games there, and the venturesome ones have gone so far as to try to accomplish the "outer edge," which has caused many queer antics on the part of these

beginners. Some of the girls from Florida, who had never seen snow and ice before, enjoyed their first experiences with winter sports.

Even with this attraction, however, we were not satisfied to remain at home, and on a bright but cold Saturday morning a crowd of us started for the Country Club, where we had a very delightful time tobogganing and skating. We stayed out for luncheon that day and returned to school about two o'clock.

On the following Friday, we went to the Club for dinner, and, as it was Cora's birthday, we serenaded her continuously; when the cake was brought in, decorated with tiny bunches of violets, a loud clapping of hands ensued, which was immediately followed by our singing the greeting, "Happy Birthday to you!" We danced between courses, and I hate to think of the comical spectacle we must have made trying to be graceful in our heavy skating shoes and moccasins, but, nevertheless, a small detail like that did not trouble us in the least and we kept on until another course of the dinner called us back.

Before long, girls were racing madly outside, trying to get toboggans. On account of a recent rain, the snow had been pretty well melted, but after a biting cold night, it had frozen as smooth as glass and we fairly whizzed down the slide. As it was moonlight, no artificial illumination was needed, and the dark forms shooting along the surface of the snow seemed grotesque.

Very few girls skated, but those who did reported the ice as wonderfully smooth and all said that they would not have tobogganed for anything.

As we had a special car to carry us both ways, we sang and joked on each ride and really destroyed the equilibrium of the conductor, who was compelled to stand inside on account of the cold.

We are all hoping that cold weather will set in soon again, for Miss Parsons has promised us another trip to the Club and we are looking forward to it with great pleasure.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF.

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

Helen Smith, '14, is taking a secretarial course at Bryant and Stratton's in Boston and already Helen's new handwriting is the wonder of her friends.

Alice Cone, '09, is taking a domestic science course at Simmons College this year and living with friends in Brookline.

Harriett Davey, '05, visited the San Francisco Exposition in the fall and one day had the excitement of experiencing a slight earthquake shock. Earlier they toured southern California and on her way east she visited Nellie Calvin in Salt Lake City.

Tracy L'Engle, '11, is pursuing her stage career with more than a measure of success. This fall she was studying with Charles Rann Kennedy in New York and thanks to his influence and his wife's, Edith Wynn Mathewson, she secured a part in "Blackmail" and made her professional debut in Boston in January. SPLINTERS quotes an interview with Tracy taken from the Boston Herald just before the opening night.

"You see I am very bad material for the interviewer. I never starved in a garret, knocked for long weeks in vain on austere managers' doors, had to brook the displeasure of angry parents or met with any of the other cruel difficulties that make such picturesque reading when one finally gets a start in a career. I have always intended to go on the stage, and as long as I had fully made up my mind, my mother very wisely encouraged rather than thwarted my plans. She sent me to college, I believe, hoping in her innermost heart that I should outgrow my stage ambitions and become a teacher. One day, at college, Miss Mathewson and Mr. Kennedy were visiting Wellesley, when I was appearing in the title role of Beau Brummel. After the play, they both came back of the scenes and said that as soon as I was graduated they would introduce me to all the managers they knew. Mr. Kennedy volunteered to give me lessons three times a week in voice training, and we read together and discussed all the best old and modern dramas.

Then when I finished college, they took me to Harrison Grey Fiske, who let me understudy a good part in 'Mrs. Boltay's Daughters.' When that came to an unfortunate close Mr. Fiske rehearsed me for 'Blackmail.' Of course, my part is very tiny; I have practically nothing to do or say. I am understudying two of the really important parts, and I know perfectly well that some day soon I shall have a real chance!"

December 23rd, Mary Holden, '14, had her formal "coming out" at a dance in Colonial Hall given in her honor by her mother. It was a Rogers Hall party on a large scale, for all the old girls for miles around were on hand to welcome Mary, and the ushers even could mostly claim a sister or two from R. H. Mary had as her house guests Kathryn Jerger and Helen Smith and said her one regret was that more of the class of 1914 could not be with her.

The next Alumnæ debutante was Barbara Brown, '13, whose mother gave a tea in her honor on January 25th at their home. The dining-room was in charge of Barbara's friends, so that the R. H. turn to much of the talk was noticeable. The following girls assisted: Madeline White Kennard, Frances Billings Woodman, '09, Mary Holden, '14, Betty Eastman, '13, Helen Tyler, Katharine Nesmith, '16, Frances Redway, Bonney Lilley, '11, Leslie Hylan, '14, Gertrude Parker and Elizabeth Talbot, '12.

January 17th, Bessie Hayes, '06, was married to Mr. Arthur H. Manning in Kansas City, Mo., and they will live in McLouth, Kan., after a wedding trip in the south.

Ethel Osgood writes that her marriage will take place on the noon of February 19th in church, but that no invitations have been sent and all the arrangements are of the simplest. After her marriage her home will be in Binghampton, N. Y.

January 19th, a daughter, Carlotta Hope, was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stafford (Kathryn Hopson). Her proud god-mother, Carlotta Heath, '11, ranks the baby as equal to her other treasure, her roadster.

At Christmas, Dorothy Castle announced her engagement to Rufus Lisson, Jr., of Potsdam, N. Y., Dartmouth '14. Their marriage will take place in the fall, when Dorothy will live east

again. In February, she is expecting a visit from Dorothy Woods and Florence Mars on her return from Kansas City. All three girls are looking forward to the next Reunion and saving the date.

Florence Harrison, '02, spent Christmas vacation in New York and visited Carlotta Heath, where she met Joanna Carr, '08, and Amy Condit, '11, over the Bridge table.

Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02, writes that she has been a victim of grippe, catching it at Christmas time. Babs is growing daily more accomplished, for she is talking now and no word that mother uses is too difficult for her devoted daughter to at least try to copy.

In March the College Club of Lowell will give "She Stoops to Conquer" in their annual play for the benefit of the Scholarship fund and Bonney Lilley is cast for the part of Hastings, while Harriet Coburn, '95, and Julia Stevens, '97, are on the committee of the play.

Blanche Thompson is spending the winter in St. Petersburg, Fla., and revels in the southern weather with its constant opportunities for outdoor life.

Early in February, Mrs. Underhill and Dorothy will take a trip to Jamaica and Central America, making stops of some length at the more important towns in Cuba, Guatemala and Honduras. They will return early in April.

Bernice Everett, '02, is teaching the course in Household Arts in the Wilmington High School this year and living in North Wilmington.

Dorothy Burns, '14, is working very hard with her music, but in between times she reports she has seen Beatrice Greer, Polly Piper, Ellen Lombard, Kathryn Jerger and Margaret Clarke, who is still at the Conservatory of Music, while she is also taking one course at Bryant and Stratton's.

In February, Harriet Hasty, '13, is planning to go to South America with her mother for a visit. Harriet says her chief amusements in Paragould are to play bridge and plan menus.

Mildred Daniels is at home this winter in West Hartford, Ct., and is taking a course at the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy.

December 31st, a daughter, Elizabeth was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison King (Harriet Parsons, '05,) at their home in Jacksonville, Ill.

During January, Ellen Lombard and Mildred Daniels came out to school for flying visits.

January 29th, Betty Barton was married to Mr. Selden H. Smith in St. Paul.

Gertrude Lowell has passed her three months' trial and has entered the training course for nurses at the hospital in Hartford, Ct.

When the Ford peace party was in Copenhagen, Elinor Palmer Magruder, '00, whose husband is Secretary of the American Legation, gave a dinner in their honor.

In January, Sylvia Doutney Kellogg, '12, was one of the principals in a fairy operetta that was given in Hartford and she wrote that it vividly recalled to her "The Fairy Queen," only this time the stage was in a real theatre instead of the "old gym."

February 6th, the engagement was announced of Joanna Carr, '08, and Mr. Wilbur Alfred Swain of East Orange, at a tea given by the family.

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EDITORIAL.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

"I do wish SPLINTERS would print something interesting to read, sometime!" Yes, I actually overheard someone say that. Half a dozen other people agreed with her, and when I asked why they didn't help by writing something interesting themselves, they all said, "Why, it isn't our business, why should we do it?"

Exactly. It isn't their business and yet they do the complaining. Perhaps they see where things can be improved, still it is somebody else's business to make the changes, and if it isn't done—well, then comes the criticism.

What sort of homes should we have if every mother declined to do what was not strictly her business? The dusting of slovenly servants must be pieced out, the disorder of careless children must be repaired,—hats and rubbers and toys must all be replaced, though these are not strictly the housewife's duties. Yet to keep things running smoothly she must occasionally make somebody else's business hers.

School is, for the time being, our home; its attractiveness, its fun, its work, all depend on us. Yet I have heard so many girls just brimming over with ideas for the management of some school entertainment, who, when they were asked to put them into practice, replied, "Oh, no indeed, it isn't our business, we haven't been appointed to help." Then because the affair did not quite please them they said, "If people had only accepted our suggestions and let us do things, it would have been so very much better."

In student government, perhaps, we are dissatisfied with some rule. Thereupon there is a dreadful discussion among us, carefully excluding from the scene of action, the councillors whom we have ourselves chosen to make those rules. But after a furious argument everything dies down, the really helpful changes suggested are no one's business but the council's,—and the dissatisfaction continues.

So why not come right down to the facts. A great many things are our business, and in shifting them on to other people, aren't we showing ourselves lazy and weak-kneed? If there is something to be done, do it. If *SPLINTERS* isn't satisfactory, make it so. If there is real cause to find fault, have courage enough to state your opinions openly, otherwise how can you hope to gain any helpful changes? Stop, when you catch yourself saying, "Oh, that isn't my business," and see whether it is or not. Whatever is a help to the community at large, whether here at school, or at home, or in the outside world, is our business, and each effort we make with this view in mind, is one great step towards the goal of success.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

THE DREAMER.

The Boy, people said, was a dreamer. Often they would ask him what he was thinking about when he looked so steadily out of the window, but he never answered them except, perhaps, to say, "Nothing," and then he would go right on dreaming his dreams and people would shake their heads and whisper among themselves.

If the Boy had had his own way, he would never have gone to school and learned tiresome lessons—how many times three made twenty-seven, and all the other senseless things. But the Boy didn't have his own way, and so he ploughed through his books and looked out of the window oftener than the other children, until a sharp reprimand from the teacher made him turn reluctantly to his studies again. Then one spring day when the Boy came home from school, he was so happy that he ran all the way to tell his mother about it; he had learned to read!

After that it didn't seem so hard to study; for when the teacher found how the Boy loved it, she would let him take a book of poetry to read if he had had a good lesson. So the Boy learned to love poetry, and after school was over, he would go to a high, flat rock, beside a brook that twisted and turned down a heather-covered hillside. If the sun was shining he would lie

there and think of the poems he had read, and wonder if he would ever be able to write anything like them. And when the sun had begun to set and the sky was all pink, there would come to him,

“Such sights as youthful poets dream

On summer eves by haunted stream.”

As the Boy grew older, however, he didn't dream so much, but he played with his friends and he found that football and hockey and cricket were just as much fun as dreaming was. Sometimes on fall nights, when it was cold enough to have an open fire, the Boy and his father and mother, would sit around it, and they would tell stories. But the Boy always told the most stories, and after he had finished his mother would become strangely quiet.

Then came a day when the Boy went away to school and he began to read poetry again. He had never read any of the old masters and he revelled in Chaucer and became great friends with the quaint Canterbury Pilgrims; he gloried in Shakespeare's plays; and he rejoiced in the swinging rhythm of Milton's verse. There was a library in the school too, filled with the tales of old and nearly forgotten men and the books of modern authors. The Boy found new vistas opening to him in the shape of Kipling's works, and he pored over the verses of this author until he had read them all, and then he began on “Kim.” After that nothing would do but he must read “Stalky & Co.,” and “Military Tales,” and many other stories, the majority of which dealt with life in India. Then one day the Boy tried to write a poem and he found that it wasn't so very hard after all to make the words rhyme. That summer when he went home, he would go to the rock by the brook, sometimes, and again he would dream dreams.

When the Boy was through school, he began to write poems, and one day a few of them were published in a little book just the color of the great rock; and the people who read them felt as if they were reading things that had really happened, “But of course they couldn't be true,” they would add. The poems were, true in a way, though, for the Boy had written about,

“Such things as youthful poets dream.

On summer eves by haunted stream.”

ELLEN BURKE.

A SUCCESSFUL ALIAS.

The "Bermudian,"

Nov. 25th.

My dear Hetty,

I can not tell you how sorry I was not to see you before I left, but I decided quite suddenly to go to Bermuda for the winter.

I am able to be on deck, much to my delight, because we are now pretty far south and the weather is exceedingly mild and pleasant. As I look over the stretch of water, and see nothing but that expanse of green, and the blue sky, I feel very care free. But then you don't know of all my troubles.

To begin—it seems that James Douglas has been paying marked attention to my young cousin, Purden Jackson, and Mabel seems to make no objections; in fact she encourages the match. I have never seen this young man, but I shall never forget how his mother wrested the presidency of the Woman's Club from me, and I shall do my best to keep James out of the family. Poor, dear Mabel has had a nervous breakdown and is taking a rest cure at Battle Creek, so I seized the opportunity and insisted upon having Purden go with me to Bermuda. Do you wonder that my heart grows lighter as we get farther and farther from New York and the abominable "Jimmie?"

How is Marjorie getting along with her new home? The babies must be a great care, but then Ellen certainly is a treasure.

By the way, I met a most interesting man last night. He introduced himself as Prof. Douglas, instructor in entomology at Franklin and Marshal College, and said he took the liberty of doing so, on the strength of the fact that he had heard I was very much interested in the study of insects. I introduced him to Purden, and she showed a great interest in my hobby. I am so glad; perhaps it will divert her mind from Jimmie. It seems the Professor expects to spend the winter in Bermuda, and has offered to teach Purden more about entomology.

They were together on deck all the morning, and Purden says he would bore her if he hadn't so many interesting scientific things to talk about. I am glad he doesn't appeal to her, but not at all surprised. He is not the sort of man to measure up to my girlish ideal, and I presume Purden has many of my tastes. I always preferred the slender, immaculate type of man, while Prof. Douglas is exactly the opposite. He is——well, he is simply huge, full half a head taller than Purden, who is quite tall. It is true, his clothes leave nothing to be desired, but his hair is unpardonable. It stands straight up and is wavy.

My dear, whatever will you think of this letter! Here I've written you about nothing but Purden, and almost forgot the thing that really caused me to write. Will you tell me the name of the book you advised me to read? I have forgotten it.

Do write and tell me all the news. You really have no idea how I hated to leave the city, but my duty was clear. Next time I shall have more to write about.

Affectionately yours,

CLARA.

Hotel Hamilton,
Bermuda,

Dec. 20th.

My dear Hetty,

You were very kind to answer my letter so promptly, and I assure you I devoured every word of it. I wasn't in the least surprised to learn that Mr. Thatcher failed; haven't I always said Mrs. Thatcher's clothes must cost way beyond their means? Oh, if I could only see you for a good old chat but here I am, miles off.

You seemed quite interested in Purden and Prof. Douglas. The former is studiously pursuing the subject of insects under the Professor's kind observation. They devote each morning to long tramps in search of odd specimens. I shall accompany them soon, but as yet the Professor says I am so far advanced that it would bore me to have to confine myself to the limits of Purden's knowledge. The dear man is so thoughtful of my comfort.

The life at the hotel is really delightful, and I have met quite a few interesting people. One of the best bridge players (we play a great deal) is a cousin of Cassandra Foley's. You remember her, don't you? The young people are congenial and Purden seems to be having a lovely time. It seems that Prof. Douglas is quite a remarkable dancer, and he and Purden made a decided hit at the Charity Bazaar last week. I must say that Purden has grown to be a very attractive girl, quite contrary to my expectations. Every one remarks upon her beauty, which is greatly enhanced because she seems so happy. Evidently Bermuda agrees with her, and I hope she's beginning to forget Jimmie.

I have been asked to make up a fourth at bridge, so I shall close.

Affectionately yours,

CLARA.

Hotel Hamilton,

Dec. 26th.

Lois dearest,

Oh, Loo, I'm having the most heavenly time and Jimmie is the dearest ever. Please prepare to be maid-of-honor in June,—this June. Yes, we've set the date.

Yesterday he gave me my ring and I'm not ashamed to say it was the loveliest Christmas present I've ever had. True, it's just a very simple solitaire, but it's the most beautiful one I've ever seen. Oh, I can't describe it; you'll have to see it. It's such a temptation to wear it, but of course I don't dare. I feel that I ought to tell cousin Clara, but she'll get into such a temper when she finds that her adored Prof. Douglas is the abhorred Jimmie!

Oh, you'd die to see how innocent she is. It's absolutely pathetic. Last night Jimmie and I were taking a stroll along the beach. It was a marvelous night and the moon was so bright that I really should have been more discreet, but I scarcely knew

he had his arm about me, we were so busy "studying," I nearly bit a piece out of my heart when I heard "Pur-r-r-den" come from behind me in a voice that could never be mistaken. Jimmie proved himself a wonder (of course I always knew he was one, I mean he showed himself more remarkable than ever) and said in a very grave voice, "Miss Perkins, can you help me get Miss Purden to a chair?" Naturally Cousin Clara thought my troublesome ankle had gone back on me. How I ever kept from laughing is a mystery; however, I did and finally I was settled in a big chair on the porch. Jimmie insisted that Cousin join the card players, saying that he would sit with me.

To go back to Cousin Clara (I'd lots rather write about Jimmie and myself, but I guess you've already decided I'm mighty silly) well, she never suspected a thing, poor dear. In fact she told me this morning that Prof. Douglas was so unselfish.

Now dear, do write soon and tell me every single thing about yourself. Please get your fertile brain working and design a good-looking bridesmaid's costume in pink.

Always lovingly,

PURDEN.

Hotel Hamilton,

Jan. 3rd.

Dear Dan,

It's all settled and I expect you to be best man. She wants the wedding in June and what she says goes. I could conquer worlds.

As you see, your plan worked to perfection but I'll be hanged if I like the idea of telling "Cousin" I'm that "awful Jimmie." Purden feels conscience stricken at deceiving her, and insists that I break the news soon. Maybe I could conquer worlds, but maiden cousins aren't in my line. I've never in my life seen such an unsuspecting person.

For the love of Mike send me another book on ants. I've got to learn more about the domestic life of the *Angraecum sesquipedal*. "Cousin" asked me if they showed more intelligence

than the *Hydnophytum formicarum*. Lord knows, I don't. They might be names of breakfast foods for all I care. This professor business is no joke; I haven't worked so hard since I left college.

I guess Purden's had breakfast by this time, so I'll look her up for our "entomology lesson." This is a great life.

Yours,

JIM.

Hotel Hamilton,

Jan. 9th.

My dear Hetty,

I am so upset I scarcely know how to begin a letter, yet I feel I must tell someone about the terrible thing that has happened.

Prof. Douglas is none other than Jimmie;—he and Purden are engaged. They told me this last night, and I haven't yet been able to collect my faculties. How they have taken advantage of me!—but I must admit that they were pretty clever to have their trick escape my eagle eye. You know I have always been considered sharp and farseeing. Oh, it is terrible!

And the worst of it all is that James is not a professor of entomology. That cuts deepest. If he were, I could excuse a great deal.

Purden says her mother was unaware of the deceit; she knew nothing until Purden wired last night, then she and Purden's father sent their blessings. I am disgusted with them all. Purden and I leave for Florida tomorrow, where she will visit friends until her father comes to take her home. I wash my hands of the whole matter.

I am too worked up to write any more. Shall tell you everything when I see you.

Yours distractedly,

CLARA.

ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

OUT OF THE NORTH.

The house trembled and groaned, windows rattled, and the wind whistled around corners and down the chimney. Outside in the blinding snow, Roger, the faithful old St. Bernard, was on guard. A fierce growling and barking pierced the howling of the blizzard, and with a sudden startled look, gentle little Mrs. Mason laid aside her sewing and hurried out into the big, dark hall. With trembling hands she opened the door. The whirling, mad snowflakes stung her face, and the force of the wind almost took her breath.

Was it he? She took a step forward, for stumbling up the steps onto the porch, a dark, bent figure of a man struggled toward the warmth and cheer within. When he reached the doorstep he raised his head. Mrs. Mason grasped the doorknob convulsively and gave one deep sob of despair. "I guess he's never coming back," she groaned between set teeth. Before her, lit by the hall light, a thin, sunken face stared bewildered into the glare, and the man's scantily clothed figure shook from a sudden blast of icy wind. The usually calm little Quaker Lady bethought herself of her accustomed hospitality and stretched forth a delicate hand to help the stranger.

"Will thee come in, stranger?" she queried. "We've a right warm fire, and if thee will, thee can warm thyself, for 'tis a cold night out."

The dear Quaker Lady of the City of Brotherly Love did not hesitate one moment to take this unknown man into the very heart of her house. She helped him to an old-fashioned, plush armchair near the fire and then busied herself around the room while the stranger recovered his breath and grew accustomed to his new surroundings.

"Will thee have a sip of hot tea?" she soon asked.

"You're so kind," murmured the stranger in a rich, deep voice, attempting to rise.

"Surely this is no chance beggar," she pondered, "he has the manners of a real gentleman, but what ragged and worn clothes!"

"Margaret dear," she said as she was about to pass the library door, "there's a stranger in the sitting room. Will thee mind entertaining a bit while I make a little tea?"

Margaret was nineteen, as small and dainty as her mother, and with a certain irresistible friendliness and charm about her which made her the loyal friend of many a girl and boy, and above all her mother.

"Yes, Mumsie," she quickly replied, and with a sympathetic look asked, "Is she cold and hungry?" Softly stepping across the hall, she stopped suddenly in the doorway and caught the portière with one hand.

It was a man,—or a boy, which? With his elbows on his knees and chin resting in the hollow of his hands, the stranger was staring at the burning logs. His face was thin and strained, and the dark, wind-burned skin, tightly drawn over his clear-cut, regular features, only accentuated them the more. His hair, thick and dark, was wildly rumpled.

Behind her a strong draft banged a door shut, and the stranger suddenly turned his head. Margaret felt herself drawn by some invisible power. He looked at her openly and frankly, but there was something unfathomable in those deep blue eyes, as though they had seen and known things which the conventional world knew little about.

"Good evening," Margaret gasped the next moment, "Mother is getting some tea for you.—It's a little cold out, isn't it?"

"Well, rather," replied the stranger with the suggestion of a quizzical twinkle. "But won't you let me draw another chair up to the fire for you? though perhaps we should feel more at ease if we introduced ourselves. My name is Jack Holden. Here Holden searched Margaret's expression closely.

Quickly she looked up. "Holden," she murmured, "how strange!" Confused by the searching gaze of the stranger, she lowered her eyes.

"Did you ever happen to know or hear of anyone by that name?" he continued.

"Yes," she replied softly, leaning back dreamily in the huge armchair. "Perhaps you would like to hear about him. I think you are the sort of man who would appreciate him."

Holden wondered how she knew what kind of man he might be. It would be interesting to know, and especially to hear it from such an adorable little bit of mischief and seriousness as Margaret appeared to be.

"Anything would be charming from——," and then he caught himself, suddenly realizing their late acquaintance, but not before Margaret's heightened color betrayed her quick apprehension of the remark.

Embarrassed, she stared into the fire, and saw there, way back in its glow, as she always did, the image of that Jack Holden which her fancy had formed and dreamed about for so long. Slowly she described him in reverent tones, thinking aloud more than talking to this man brought in by the snow and cold; though she felt his intent gaze upon her, she dared not look into his eyes which reflected the vastness of a whispering solitude.

"I have never seen him. He is only a young man who is helping Daddy way up in the lonely Labrador region."

Holden grasped the arm of his chair. Then she had heard of him!

"Ever since I was fourteen I have looked through all Daddy's letters for pictures and things about him. Sometimes there wasn't much, but generally there was a lot, for Daddy liked this big, strong fellow almost as much as I did, although in a different way. To him he was a clean-cut, strong man, but to me he was, well—my hero, my knight who came at will into my day-dreams and secret thoughts."

Holden leaned forward, with a burning interest, and then with a desperate groan he realized that he was not the man she had been picturing for so long; he wasn't strong and big and handsome, but thin and worn, and although tall, slightly stooped; as for being handsome—well, he had been called the handsomest boy in Richmond, but that was long ago, long before the cruel ravages of nature in her wildest furies of the far North had stolen the ruddy glow from his cheeks in exchange for the hardened coat of tan, and given that alert, deep look to his eyes.

The half-smothered groan from Holden, interrupted Margaret's vision, and she remembered all of a sudden how she had been telling this stranger one of her girlhood's most secret

dreams. But he didn't seem like a stranger, and he seemed to know about things of the North. Still, she blushed slightly with embarrassment and was at a loss how to break the ensuing silence. He might help, she thought, but all he did was to stare at her. She could feel his look although she dared not raise her eyes from the fire.

"Wasn't there anything more than his being handsome and cheerful?" Jack inquired almost fiercely. "Indeed there was," Margaret fired up. "You should have read Dad's account of the time Jack saved him from freezing to death. It wasn't addressed in Daddy's hand-writing but he wrote it; probably he was in a hurry and a friend sent it for him. He's coming home soon, you know. They had been wandering around for days, lost in a blizzard, and with only the scantiest provisions, for they knew a cache had been placed somewhere near them. Dad became utterly exhausted, stumbling and falling every few minutes. He urged Jack to go on, but like the big, splendid fellow he was, he lifted Daddy right over his shoulder and struggled on through the storm with Dad entirely unconscious. Nobody knows what happened during the next two days for Jack won't describe it, but he reached the cache in time to save Dad's life and almost died himself with fever from the exposure and strain."

Holden smiled at her enthusiastic account of what she believed to be true heroism.

"Should you like me to continue your story?" he questioned slowly.

"Continue it!" Margaret exclaimed.

"Yes, I know a similar story which would just fit that, only a much nobler one,—and sadder too." He merely murmured the last phrase; a tight feeling at his throat choked him and made him pause.

It was going to be hard to tell of the sudden blow that Fate had dealt this cheerful, tender, little creature. And it had been he who had caused her all this sorrow and trouble. What right had he to be sitting in her home and to be looking into her face? But he had a message. He would tell it, and then hurry back to the lonely, barren solitudes where he would try to live down the heavy achings of his heart in his struggle for existence among the wild things of creation.

It was he who evaded a searching examination now, but little did he dream how much it was in his favor.

"It was a bitter cold night out," he began, "forty degrees below, and these two men lay on the cold, bare floor, one unconscious and the other half dead from exhaustion. Well, I won't go into details,—they're too horrible, but after four days the one grew stronger, the man that was known as Lew."

Margaret started, grew pale, and breathlessly watched Holden's face.

"There were plenty of good provisions in the cupboard," he continued, "but the other one couldn't touch a thing. He tossed and moaned in his sleep and grabbed feverishly the cup of water which his friend kept quieting him with. The fever grew worse, he became delirious, and it was frightfully gruesome for the other man to hear him calling out in the midst of that great hushed silence, but he stuck grimly to his post till the last remnants of the fever passed,—and his last chance to make the fortune of a lifetime had gone too! "Yes," almost shouted Holden, "he sat there day in and day out knowing that that dirty rascal of a Kelly had filed the claim to his discovery and was going ahead with the construction of the power plant already. I don't see how he did it," and shaking and clenching his fists, Jack Holden sprang up and began to pace the floor with violent strides. Turning around he saw Margaret starting toward him, anxiously following, every impulse in her wanting to sympathize with him, for he must have loved this man dearly. How black his eyes looked, how powerful his frame, but how haggard his face!

He laughed harshly, and strode over to her, "That wasn't all," he said fiercely. "It was the man that was known as Lew, who caught the fever then, that was known as Lew, I said, and the man who brought him to his death was Jack Holden, the man he trusted and wanted his daughter to marry, and I am that same Jack Holden!"

For a moment Jack stood there, with his head thrown back and his eyes flashing, until a voice sounding far away, broke the silent tension.

"Daddy," called Margaret as though in a dream.

With a shadow of the pain that must soon follow already creeping over his face, he waited, every muscle tense, until the cruel words of a just condemnation should break the stifling silence. Then without even one last word of pleading would he leave this girl whom he had no right to love, and return to the loneliness from which he had just come.

Slowly he drew back as Margaret raised her eyes to his, with a new, searching, pitying expression. Frankly he met their look with a challenging question. Could she forgive him? he thought. How tempting and yet how ludicrous was this impossible question!

He stooped for his hat, turning brusquely towards Margaret;—but one look at the imploring sadness of her dark eyes checked him. He knew at once that his question had been answered.

HAZEL A. COFFIN.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

I insisted I had engaged the stateroom; she insisted she had engaged it; and the purser insisted there had been a mistake. Probably he was right; at any rate it turned out that we had to share the stateroom, the queer, rather stoutish lady, and I. Naturally I was very much annoyed; probably she was very much annoyed; but there was nothing else to do, so we both ascended to our cabin and undressed in discreet silence. I had visions of being robbed, tortured, or murdered during the night, and probably she had the same visions. She asked if I liked the window open, I agreed, and accordingly it was opened. I asked if I might turn off the light, she agreed, and it was extinguished. We both lay silent. I didn't sleep, nor did she. Ten minutes passed, and then, "Are you asleep?" she asked. I really considered it beneath my dignity to answer one who had so rudely inconvenienced me, but I did say, 'No.' "

"I can't sleep, can you?" she continued.

"If I could, I would."

"Why can't you?"

"I am not accustomed to sleeping with an—er—a, companion."

That struck home, she was silent for a moment and then, "Oh, I understand, I'm sorry; I'm so used to it I don't much mind."

I did not mean to notice that remark either, but somehow, "You're so used to it, why, how?" just slipped from my inquisitive tongue. She was evidently eager to talk. "Why, I'm used to bunking with all sorts of people. I never slept with anyone so nice as you before though"—(she was diplomatic at least); "ever since I was little, I've been on the go travelling from one place to another—you see"—she paused almost apologetically, "I was in the circus." At that I sat bolt upright in bed! All my life I had wanted to talk to someone who had been in a circus, and here was my chance, to think I had almost thrown it away!

"You were!" The cordiality of my tone must have startled her. "Oh, tell me all about it."

There was so much to tell, and so little time to tell it in—all about the big circus tents, and the smaller circus tents, and the side shows, and the costumes, and whether the performers were as nice off the stage as on—all that in general and then herself, in particular. She had been, it seemed, a horsewoman! She wore fluffy red skirts and rode a big white horse round and round a circle and jumped through rings of fire. And once she had not gaged her distance correctly and the flames caught her skirts, and next thing she knew she was being rolled in the sawdust ring, all scorched and burning. It had been quite a time before she rode again, and then not as well as before—so she lost her position. She had nothing to do; in desperation, she married one of the acrobats. He was small—and she was big—she could almost put him into her pocket, she insisted, and he was always under her foot, getting in her way! For a while she travelled round and watched her husband perform—he earned the living for both. Then one day they had had a quarrel, and he had left her—(she sniffed pathetically here). The circus people were kind to her, all circus people are kind, she said, and she loved the life and couldn't bear to leave it, so the manager gave her a position as snake charmer. She did not succeed in that either,

not as she had succeeded when she was—"Madmoiselle Celeste Ceppris of the Southern Circus, leaps through flaming rings and lands unharmed"—her snakes were always slipping away and getting into other people's tents, so she gave that up—(by advice of the manager). She tried several other things and at one time was "Lady Lullu the Loop the Looper" and wore spangled dresses and looped the loops—oh yes, she had been a Jack of all trades, and she sadly admitted, master of none.

"And now," I asked, "where are you going now?"

She hesitated a moment, and then looking out of the tiny porthole said, "We are almost there now, I've been talking to you most all night, I'm getting off at Tukesboro." It was true, the dawn was already breaking in the East, and away off I could see the banks of her destination. She left her bunk and started to dress.

"What are you going to do there?" I asked. She smiled a queer little sad smile and said pathetically, "I love the old life so much I hate to leave it, but I can't make a success anymore." Looking down at herself she continued, "I'm getting big and heavy and I'm not as young as I once was. I'm leaving for good and all. You see I've got to do something, so—so. I'm answering an advertisement," she looked at a scrap of paper in her hand. "But I must get on deck now," she concluded hastily,—“and be ready to get off.”

I was still in bed. She was all dressed to go. I had passed a most interesting night, and I think she had enjoyed herself too.

"Good-bye," I said graciously, "I'm sorry you're going!"

"Good-bye," she said, "I'm sorry to be going." She left, and when the boat slowed down at Tukesboro, she got off. I started to dress then, and as I bent to pick up my shoe, there on the cabin floor was the scrap of paper she had held in her hand, the advertisement she was answering as her last resort! I was curious, I picked it up, and this is what I read:

Wanted—A capable wife, who is a good cook, good-natured, and fond of animals. Must not be handsome. Age between 35 and 45. Answer in person to John Bacon, 117 Wall Street, Tukesboro, N. Y.

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

THE GOLDEN HEART.

Patrick, the Gardener.
A Toad, a Prince in disguise.

The Flower Fairy.

The South Wind.

Jack Frost.

Tulips	}	Flowers.
Hyacinths		
Crocuses		
Violets		
Jonquils		
Narcissus		

TIME: Early May.

PLACE: A Garden.

ACT I—SCENE I.

[The curtain rises showing two flower gardens bordered with low bushes. The dark trunks of trees appear in the background. Just in front of the trees, in the middle of the path between the two gardens, there is a fairly tall sundial, gray with age, and green moss is growing in a big crack running diagonally across its base.

The heads of the flowers can just be seen over the border of the gardens, and each one wears around her head a wreath of the flower she is representing. It is late afternoon.

The gardener enters. He is a strapping Irishman, with a snub nose. His mouth is drawn down at the corners, and in one corner is a clay pipe. He has heavy red eyebrows, and a shock of red hair, straggling locks of which can just be seen from under his battered felt hat. His chin and part of his cheeks are covered with a bushy red beard. He is wearing blue overalls and a red flannel shirt and carries a rake in his hand.]

Gardener.

[Bending over right hand flower-bed.]

Well, well! Sure an' 'tis toime ye begun to grow. Watered ye, Oi have, sence ye first peeped above the ground, an' ye've not growed an inch sence. Coaxed ye, Oi have, 'til me back was near broke, an' the very earth around yer roots was so loose, Oi could ha' pulled ye up with me little finger. Now thim vi'lets an' crocuses, fwhat Oi didn't touch, is doin' foine. Be gad, Oi'm thinkin' thot thim Dutchmen have chated me, an' giv'n me good-fer-nothin' bulbs! An' me an honest man an' afther askin' thim fer th' best! Sure an' Oi must be afther tellin' th' misthress about this! [Exit.]

Pink Hyacinth.

I like that!—as if we hadn't tried our very hardest to grow and Jack Frost hadn't pushed us down each time we made any headway.

Red Tulips.

Well, I certainly shan't pay any attention to what that old grouch of a gardener says. He's only an Irishman.

Yellow Tulips.

Imagine Jan talking to us the way this creature does. Jan understood that Jack Frost pushed us down and this old thing thinks it's all our fault.

Purple Crocus.

Oh! keep still! You know the mistress sent Jan away.

White Tulip.

Well, I think it's humiliating to have to have an Irish gardener take care of us, when Dutch gardeners ought to. We came from Holland, and there we are considered—

Yellow Crocus.

Oh, we've heard all that before—

Purple Crocus [Interrupting].

Look out! Here comes Jack Frost!

All the Flowers [Shuddering together].

O—oh! where is he?

[They cover their heads with their hands.]

[Enter Jack Frost. He is dressed all in glistening white. On the ends of his fingers are icicles and his costume is trimmed with them.]

Jack Frost.

Oho! you think you'll grow, do you? [Jumping into the right hand garden.] Well, you won't while I'm here. [He tries to push the violets' heads down; failing to, he pinches their ears. The violets squeal. He laughs and jumps out of the garden. Skipping over to the other garden, he half sings:]

Oh, I am Jack Frost
A snow sprite bold,
I pinch the flowers,
And they grow cold.

[Jumping into flower bed.]

Everything shivers
When I come in sight,
I work in the day,
And I work at night.

[Pinches flowers.]

When I'm nipping buds
On every tree,
I laugh to myself
In frosty glee—

[Enter South Wind from behind trees. He is dressed in a long, greenish-blue cloak that completely covers him, and he is blowing on two silver pipes. Jack Frost catches sight of him and jumps out of garden.]

Jack Frost.

Oho! South Wind! And what do you think you are going to do to me?

[South Wind comes nearer to Jack Frost and continues blowing. Soft music. Jack Frost skips around the stage followed by South Wind, who finally gets near enough to blow on his face.]

Jack Frost.

Goodness! I'm melting! [Exit.]

The Flowers.

Oh! thank you so much, South Wind! You came just in time!

White Violet.

I do hope Jack will stay away, for it's awfully unpleasant to have him come here so suddenly. Just when we were growing so nicely too!

South Wind.

Oh, I guess he'll stay away now, for he doesn't like to melt, and he knows that my breezes are apt to take away some of his icy sparkle.

Blue Hyacinth [Sleepily.]

Did the—Flower Fairy send—you?

South Wind.

Yes, she sent me to blow you to sleep. Are you sleepy now?

White Crocus.

I feel—drowsy.

The Flowers.

So do I—and I.

[*South Wind* begins to blow soft music. The flowers nod dreamily and fall asleep.]

Slow curtain.

ACT I—SCENE II.

The garden, early morning.

[The Flower Fairy enters; she is dressed in pale pink and has a garland of flowers for a girdle. Her wand is wound with flowers, and on her head she wears a crown of the same. She dances about the two beds, touching flowers here and there, lightly, with her wand. The flowers awake.]

Flower Fairy [Laughing softly.]

Wake up, you lazy flowers! You'll never grow at all if you let the sun catch you napping!

Violets [Waking first].

Oh, it's the Flower Fairy! Wake up, Flowers!

Narcissus.

Oh, Flower Fairy, we're so glad to see you! You won't let Jack Frost hurt us any more, will you?

Flower Fairy.

Didn't South Wind come to guard you? I told him to.

Jonquil.

Yes, but Jack Frost had plagued us before he got here.

White Tulip.

And he pinched me so, I know that the edges of my petals are going to be pink, and I so wanted to be all white.

White Violet.

My petals are growing all purple from his pinches. I wish Prince Spring would come, so Jack would stay away.

Flower Fairy.

I'll tell South Wind to stay here all the time and then Jack won't bother you. Now I have a surprise for you—

Blue Hyacinth.

A surprise? What is it?

Flower Fairy.

Prince Spring is coming to our garden, and [Slowly] he will give a reward to the flower with the kindest heart.

All the Flowers.

A reward! What is it? Who do you think will get it? [Coaxingly.] Won't you tell us what it is, Flower Fairy?

Flower Fairy.

It's a surprise to all of us, even I don't know what it is! but now you all should hurry up and grow.

Jonquil.

Please won't you help us to grow, Flower Fairy? We've tried so hard and we can't all alone.

Flower Fairy.

Yes, indeed. [She touches the flowers and they rise a little; then, taking a willow whistle from her girdle, she whistles three times.] There, I've helped you some, now you must do the rest yourselves.

[Enter South Wind.]

Flower Fairy.

South Wind, I want you to guard my flowers and not let Jack Frost touch them as you did last night.

South Wind.

But won't the Gardener see me?

Flower Fairy.

Oh, no. Wear this talisman, [Plucking a flower from her wand] and you will be invisible to everyone but the flowers. I must be off now, for I have many more gardens to visit, and I must tell them about the surprise too. Good-bye, Flowers! [Exit.]

South Wind.

[Seating himself on the sundial.]

What did she mean by "the surprise?"

The Flowers.

Prince Spring is going to give a reward to the flower with the kindest heart.

South Wind.

How will he know which one has the kindest heart?

Yellow Crocus.

We don't know, but he will, for he knows everything. Now we're going to try our very hardest to grow.

South Wind.

Well, I'll help you all I can! [Jumping off sundial he dances around the flowers and sings.]

I am known as the "Warm South Wind,"
And I come to melt Ice and Snow;
Flowers, leave grass tips far behind,
Oh, children of Nature grow!

While I am blowing to melt Jack Frost,
And his icy comrade Snow,
Flowers make up the time you've lost,
And begin once more to grow.

Soft breezes that coax the birds to sing,
On my magic pipes I'll blow;
Warm breezes that herald the coming of Spring,
And help his flowers to grow.

Curtain.

ACT II—SCENE I.

The Garden about mid-day.

[The heads and shoulders of the flowers can be seen above the border. The South Wind is sitting on the sundial, blowing his pipes. Enter Patrick.]

Patrick.

Be gad! ef thim flowers ain't growed in th' night! an' it warn't warm, neither. Sure, an' th' misthress will be plased; she was afther sayin' to me last night that thim flowers would grow. "Patrick," she sez, "thim flowers will grow ef ye'll only give thim toime." An' I'll be hanged ef they didn't. [He begins to rake the beds.] She knows a powerful lot, does the misthress.

[The South Wind jumps off the sundial, and going up to Patrick, blows in his eyes, then he takes Patrick's hat and whirls it across the stage.]

Patrick.

Who'd ha' thought there'd be wind enough to take me hat off'n me very head? [He goes after it. The South Wind picks it up and whirls it into the midst of the flowers.]

Patrick.

Sure an' there's a good bit o' wind fer a May day. It's lucky it's warm or me poor flowers would be kilt.

[Enter Toad on left.]

Patrick [Seeing toad]

Hi! there! ye ugly thing, ye! Git out from under me feet! Ye're useful, but ye're uglier than a bullfrog itself an' ye're always in me way.

[He chases Toad who hops across stage and behind a tree.]

Voice from Behind the Scenes.

Patrick! Oh! Patrick!

Patrick.

Yes'm, Oi'm afther comin' to yez. [Exit.]

[Re-enter Toad.]

Toad.

Stately Tulips, will you give a poor toad shelter and a place to rest?

Tulips.

Why, the very idea! such insolence from a dirty creature like you! Be gone!

Toad.

Fragrant Narcissus, will you not give a poor toad a resting place?

Narcissus.

Of course not, you ugly thing, go away, you might soil our white petals.

Toad.

Is there no flower in the garden who will shelter a weary toad?

Violets [Whispering among themselves].

Yes, Toad, you may have shelter with us.

[Toad jumps in among the violets and the South Wind, sitting on the sundial, begins to blow. The flowers slowly rise, and jumping over the border, dance around on the stage.]

Curtain.

ACT II—SCENE II.

The Garden, early morning.

[The flowers are all standing up in the gardens. The South Wind is sitting on the sundial, dangling his legs and fiddling with his pipes, and looking extremely bored. Enter the Flower Fairy. South Wind takes up his pipes and begins, resignedly, to blow.]

Flower Fairy [to flowers].

How lovely! You've all grown!

Tulips.

Yes, we are all ready for the Prince, and we are tingling with excitement about the reward. Look at our border? It's green with envy because it can't blossom.

Narcissus.

When is the Prince coming?

Flower Fairy.

Soon, I think. I wonder who will be the lucky one!

South Wind.

Well, I think I ought to get a reward. You have to have an awfully kind heart to stay and blow for these flowers for days and days. [He winks at the flowers.]

Flower Fairy [Laughingly].

South Wind, at times I think you're quite cool. Some people would think it a great privilege to be allowed to stay with these lovely flowers; but if you don't want to, of course you needn't stay to see the reward given.

South Wind.

I think I'll stay, you see, Flower Fairy, I want to find out if the Prince agrees with me about which flower has the kindest heart. I wonder how soon he'll be here. [Stands up on sundial and looks around.] Why, here he comes now!

Flowers [Turning their heads].

Where? Where? Where?

[Enter Prince Spring, dressed in light green and wearing a white cape covered with flowers, thrown back from his shoulders; the cape is lined with pale violet. He wears a crown of flowers on his head and his hair falls to his shoulders.]

Flowers.

Hail to the Prince! Hail! Hail!

Prince.

Good morning, Flowers. [Surprisedly.] Why, how you've grown since the last time I was here!

White Tulip.

Why when were you here, your Highness? Surely not this year!

Prince.

Yes, I have been here this year. Now the poor toad comes in another form to give the promised reward to the flowers that were so kind to him.

Flower Fairy.

Who were they Prince, and what is the reward?

Prince.

The violets! and the reward is a golden heart, a magic heart that will always be kind.

[The violets jump over the border and kneel before the Prince, then the other flowers, the South Wind, and the Flower Fairy form a circle and dance around them.]

Curtain.

ELLEN BURKE and ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

AN ALLEGORY.

I was thoroughly disgusted with life. Mother said that if my disposition did not soon show a decided change for the better, she did not see how the family were going to live with me. I continued, however, to speak crossly to anyone who spoke to me and met every scrap of pleasantry with a satirical remark. After an unusually acid remark, that caused my small brother to weep bitterly, I went to my room, thankful that I could at least find a little peace there. I slammed the door so violently that the windows actually rattled, threw myself into a comfortable chair, and gazed mournfully into the cheerful fire that blazed brightly in the open fireplace and lit up the now dusky room. "How abused I am," thought I; "how I hate this place. People are so narrow-minded. What's the use of living, anyway? No one cares to have me around. Everyone hates—"

"Of course everyone hates you. Of course no one likes to have you around. Why should they?" I shook as though I had a chill, and my eyes, which had been seeing nothing, stared fix / with horror and incredulity at a hideous, dwarf-like creature that seemed to have risen with the flames, and, instead of going up the chimney, blew into the room. Her head was too small for the rest of her body, and her features were very gruesome. The whole appearance of this creature was so repugnant that I covered my head and did not dare to open my eyes for fear that I should again see the horrible nightmare.

"Can you blame everyone for hating you?" I heard again the words uttered in the thin, half-audible tone, and a clammy hand touched my face.

"Oh," I gasped, "what do you want? Leave me alone. Go—go!"

"Go! Why should I go? I have no intention of going. I can make your life almost as miserable as you have made me;—I don't believe anyone could really ever be so miserable as you have made me." The thin little voice broke, and the queer creature began to weep and to tear her hair.

Although this outburst was as unexpected as the questions, it somewhat eased my fears, and I gathered enough courage to look at her. She looked so repulsive, yet so pitiful, that I was ashamed of myself for fearing her.

"Why do you cry?" I asked her, "and how under the sun can I be the cause of your misery? The very idea, when I don't even know you! Why, I never knew you existed! Who are you, anyway?"

"Indeed, I know that you were never aware that I existed." She raised her ugly face and shook her bony fist at me. "Haven't I grown smaller and homelier every minute, haven't my eyes become dimmer and my head shrunken? Oh, how it has shrunk!" she moaned, "and my body aches until I cannot keep from screaming. I have worked so hard with you, begged you and implored you to help me, but all in vain, I only grow worse." The tears streamed down her faded, sunken cheeks, and she was nearly convulsed in her misery. "And I might have been so lovely," she bitterly cried. "I have friends, at least, they were once my friends. Oh, they were so beautiful, almost perfect, everyone loved them. I loved them—and they did love me—before you made me so hideous—so absolutely hideous! Why don't you help me, change me,—Why don't you?" Each sentence she uttered with increasing bitterness until her wailing finally merged into anger, and, after her last speech, she fell in a little heap of uncontrollable wrath upon the floor.

My face was wet with tears and I began, dimly, to realize how cruel I had been.

"Oh, I will help you," I cried. "I'm cruel, cruel, forgive me, I'm sorry, oh, so sorry." I tried to reach the little shrunken form, but just as I was about to touch her, a mist came before my eyes, and when it slowly cleared, I saw, instead of the gruesome

little dwarf, a lovely girl, who smiled at me encouragingly, and faded into the flames, whispering, "I am Conscience-at-peace; I am beautiful and strong; respect me again and I will love you."

EDITH KINGSLEY.

SKETCH DEPARTMENT.

THE POET.

It was a wonderful warm day in June, and as I walked along the street of the little Tuscan village, I wondered when I should have the chance to meet the poet, who was so much beloved in that part of the country. I had read his poems, and, as I walked along, I recognized the lake, the picturesque peasants, and the mountains that were mentioned in his verses.

Suddenly, my attention was arrested by a fascinating shop, in which were all sorts of lovely things. I was so absorbed in looking at them, that I did not feel a slight tap on my arm. On looking up, I found myself face to face with an old, old man. His hair was snow white, and his eyes had a dreamy, far-away look in them. "Don't you want to help a poor old man up hill?" he asked. "I am not so strong as I used to be, and it is hard for me to go up alone." I gladly acquiesced, and we started on our way. The old man was very interesting, and as I helped him along, I asked him all sorts of questions, which he answered readily. Finding him so easy to talk to, I told him of my desire to see the poet of whom every one talked, especially now that I had visited the village in which he lived.

He asked me what this poet was like, and I replied that from his verses he must be rather a young man, for they were so full of life and spirit. "I'm afraid you will be disappointed if you see him, my boy," said he. We had now reached the top of the hill, and as we stood looking over the broad expanse of vineyards, olive trees, and the wide river shining in the sun, I

gave a cry of delight. "Oh! wouldn't it be wonderful to be a poet, and write all about this?" I gasped. "Yes," said the old man, "that is what I've always wished for." And then, as if afraid to say anything more, he walked away to one of the nearby houses, and disappeared. "I wonder who he is," I said to myself. "If I ever meet the poet, I shall ask him if he knows the old, old man with the snowy hair."

About a week later, on my way to the hotel where I was staying, I met one of my friends. As he was a newcomer, I began to tell him all about the place, and the poet, and it was not long before I was speaking of the nice, old man of a week ago. "Why," said he, "you've seen the poet!"

MARY GOODRICH.

HERMIT LAKE.

Standing far up on the ridge of the mountain and looking down its steep side, one can see Hermit Lake, a vague little glimmer in the midst of its sombre surroundings of pine and fir trees. But the trail leading down to it is so steep, and so rich in beautiful things—thin little silver cascades falling over sheer cliffs, or a particularly lovely vista of a nearby mountain—that by the time one reaches the end, one is surprised to come out so suddenly from a trail through dense woods, on the little pond.

It is very small, very dark, and unspeakably lonely. Above its silent waters looms the mountain, a huge grey cliff, steep, bare, ominous, it casts its vast shadow over the little lake hidden away at its foot. On the other sides of the lake are woods stretching away endlessly. No signs of animal life are visible about this lonely little pond, not even a frog, croaking in the slimy mud. The great mountain rising overhead seems to overpower it, to crush it into lifelessness.

And there, season after season it lies, in the summer placid and silent, in the winter a cold white oval, perhaps even more silent, across which the storms, tearing down from the bleak ridges, swirl madly. And so the years pass by and little Hermit Lake still lies in its lonely isolation.

KATHERINE NESMITH.

THE SEA GARDEN.

It was the lowest tide we had had that summer, and before me, on the point of rocks jutting farthest into the water, was a cave. Made by an overhanging rock, with a little pool in the bottom, it sheltered a sea garden, and such a garden! Pale pink, brown, pure white, and deep orange sea anemones stretched out their flowery fingers to the water. Deep red and light pink starfish clung to the rocks. Here and there in bunches grew beautiful lacy seaweed of an unusual bright red or green, under the leaves of which tiny crabs hid, or scuttled round the pool, crabs with delicate lines and tracings on their backs. All round the top and sides of the cavern was a sheet of pale, sea-green moss, smooth to the touch and beautiful to see. White and gray periwinkles crawled here and there in search of food, and a wonderful old sea urchin, with a tiny one beside it, bristling with its spears, lay in a protected corner. A wave of the incoming tide ran into the cave, lapping against the wall encrusted with hundreds of barnacles.

HARRIET STEVENS.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

I was visiting a relative in a rambling old house where I had never been before, and the dark rooms, the long halls, the many staircases, and winding passageways, all bewildered me. On the first night of my stay I was sent upstairs to get a book, with complicated directions as to where to find it. The way to the room was long and tortuous, and I took a candle to light me on my search. The way led first up the broad staircase and then down a wide hall, turning off soon to a narrower one. Next it led down a few steps and around a dark corner. As I turned this corner the glimmer of a light ahead startled me. There was supposed to be no one in this part of the building and therefore no light. I took a few steps forward and my blood ran cold. A figure came walking towards me, holding a light. Petrified, I stood still, thinking of all the horrible ghost stories that had

ever been told me. The figure, too, stood still and looked at me. I was fascinated and felt myself drawn on. The figure began to move also and drew nearer and nearer, till our eyes met. Then bump!————— Oh, what a joke! I had met myself in the mirror, which stood at the end of a long hall.

ELEANOR B. GOODRICH.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE.

February 3rd—

At the monthly meeting of the Alliance Française, a large group assembled in the gymnasium to attend the lecture given by Captain Joachim Merlant. Captain Merlant is a French professor, who was decorated with the cross of the "Légion d'Honneur" for an act of bravery during the present war. He was wounded in such a way that he is unable to resume fighting. He appeared in uniform and told his experiences and impressions in a charming way, showing how even in war time amusing situations arise, and how the soldiers keep up their courage by jokes and cheerful words. For instance, when the cook of his regiment was chopping down a tree, a shell came suddenly and did the work for him. The man at once removed his cap saying, "Thank you," to the shell. At another time, while on a march, this same man was seen stepping carefully from hole to hole made by a bullet, for, he said, he had heard that a bullet never struck the same place twice.

Captain Merlant read us some poetry descriptive of the scenes which had surrounded him, and the various emotions which they had aroused in him. Amid danger, he found relief from the horrors of war in the beauty of a cloud at sunset, a

feathery tree top stirred by the breeze, or in the wide, wind-swept horizon. He made us feel that war does not bring out only bad qualities in men, but some of the finer ones too.

When Captain Merlant had ended, we rose and sang a stanza of "La Marseillaise," appreciating, as we never had before, the meaning of this stirring battle hymn.

ELEANOR B. GOODRICH

THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

February 5th—

It is safe to say that none of us who saw the Ballet Russe will ever forget it.

When the music began we all felt a thrill of excitement as the curtain rose and the lights were dimmed. The scene before us was entirely different from the usual ballet setting, because here the new decorative art, typical of the Ballet Russe, was used. The ballet was "Schéhérazade," the famous prelude to the "Arabian Nights," consequently there was great opportunity for gorgeous costuming and Oriental scenery, which were carried out on the most daring scale by Léon Baskt. The dancing was wonderfully graceful although of the maddest, wildest character. Here, as we found in the whole program, stress was not laid on individual, but rather on group dancing.

The next scene took us away from the Orient and brought us to the coolest, quaintest old-fashioned garden. The program gave us no interpretation of this dance, but one could draw one's own meaning from it. The dancers, dressed in snowy white, represented an old-fashioned nosegay; the only man was the full-blown rose in the center of the bouquet of dainty rosebuds. The music was an intermingling of Chopin's nocturnes and waltzes, the lights were dim, the dancing was light and airy, the dancers poised like butterflies hovering over flowers. The daintiness of their dance in the ethereal blue-green background formed an acceptable relief after the breathless riot of "Schéhérazade."

The last thing on the program was Prince Igor with the superbly barbaric dancing of the Slavic tribes. The costuming and decoration in this act were especially effective. The action took place before the crimson tents of the tribe, from among which rose columns of smoke from a dozen campfires. Here we found even a greater number of dancers than in any of the previous ballets. The frenzied dance of the archers was especially striking.

The only criticism any of us had to make of the Russian Ballet was that it was far too short.

ELIZABETH MCCONKEY.

PROF. PHELPS' LECTURE.

February 7th—

Those of us who heard Prof. Phelps last year were delighted when Miss Parsons suggested that we should go to hear him lecture at the Woman's Club on "Present Conditions and Tendencies of the Drama."

Before he actually begins the subject of the afternoon, it is his custom to speak informally on various new poems or novels. On this occasion he commented on the small amount of literature which has been produced during the present war. The only productions or any distinction are John Masefield's, "August, 1914," and a poem by Thomas Hardy. Rupert Brooke, he believes, is very much overestimated. His attitude toward old age vexed Prof. Phelps, who said he thought it a pity that anyone so scornful of the mellowness of age should die young.

After these preliminary remarks, he came to the topic of the afternoon, the modern drama. In his opinion, perhaps one of the most prominent figures in American drama is the eccentric Clyde Fitch, whom he knew intimately, and of whom he told many anecdotes. Instead of playing football with the other boys at school, Fitch always remained in at recess and wrote notes to

the girls. It was these notes that later earned Clyde Fitch \$200,000 a year. He knew more about women, Elsie de Wolfe said, than any woman she had ever known.

Starting when there was no American theatre, he worked for twenty years, until by his own hand he had produced enough plays to form an American drama. Among the best are, "The City," "The Climbers," and "The Girl with the Green Eyes."

In regard to the present outlook in English drama, Prof. Phelps confidently told us that he believes there have been more good dramas written in the last twenty-five years than at any other time, with the exception of Shakespeare's period. Among men who are living to-day and writing dramas, he mentioned Galsworthy, Shaw, Bennett, Jones, Pinero, and Barrie. Of the American dramas he gave as the best examples, "The Easiest Way," "The Witching Hour," and "The Unchastened Woman," now playing in New York.

It is the intimate manner in which Prof. Phelps speaks, as in his personal touch referring to Clyde Fitch, that causes him to hold his audience. His lectures are not lectures as the word is generally understood, but merely social talks on a serious theme, unprejudiced but possessing the power to sway his hearers. For instance, he suggested that what we really need to further the drama in America is to give up the star idea, the long run, and mad desire for financial successes, and to produce the drama on a stock company basis, as they do in Germany. There, after a play has been produced in Berlin a week or so, it appears in many other cities at the same time. In America, a play with a good run remains a year or more in New York, and after people stop talking about it, a third rate company takes it to cities like Lowell and other smaller towns.

He is very hopeful in regard to the modern drama. The men who are greatest in literature to-day are dramatists, Edmond Rostand, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann and also the Scandinavians, Ibsen and Bjornson. A further aid to the modern drama is the fact that people are now reading plays so much more. Every dramatist expects to have his plays printed and to have them appeal to the reading public, although they may not have a long run on the American stage.

HAZEL A. COFFIN.

THE SYMPHONIES.

February 11th and 25th—

During the month of February, we had two delightful opportunities to go to Boston to hear the Symphony Concerts.

On February eleventh, Anton Witek, a violinist of great ability, was the soloist. He played a Hungarian Concerto by Joachim, and afterward the whole orchestra rendered "Don Quixote," a musical interpretation of the queer antics of the quaint old Knight made so famous by Cervantes. To me, the most wonderful part of the whole concert was the playing of Don Quixote's ride through the air, and I believe that this was because the wind was made so real.

On the twenty-fifth of last month, we heard Harold Bauer, a very skilled pianist. Besides being a great musician, he possesses a bearing of ease, and, unlike Paderewski, gives no outward sign of impatience when his audience accidentally disturbs him. He has a wonderfully light touch and an airy way of charming his hearers.

The programme of the afternoon, including Goldmark's Overture to "Sappho" and MacDowell's Suite in A minor, was a very interesting one, but Brahms's Concerto in B flat major, played by Mr. Bauer and the Orchestra, especially pleased me. The perfection of Mr. Bauer's technique is, of course, unquestioned, but what to me seems most wonderful is his magnetic power and his ability to stir the emotions of his audience.

IRMA RICHARDSON.

A MUSICAL SLEIGHRIDE.

February 12th—

Oh, we had the best time last Saturday! Late in the afternoon nineteen of us piled into a huge sleigh and went up to the Vesper Country Club. It had been snowing hard for several hours, and

still continued, so that there were several inches of nice new snow. The driver handed us big fur robes, which we tucked all around us. As we slipped out of the yard we sang "Good-bye, Girls" to the poor unfortunates who did not want to go. From that time on until we reached the club we poured forth one song after another. For instance, while the horses did the "Syncopated Walk" to "Jingle Bells," we went from "My Castle on the Rhine" "Floating Down the Old Green River" to the "Isle d'Amour." "My Little Dream Girl," "I'm Simply Crazy Over You." "When You're Away" "On Bom Bombay" and "I'm on My Way to Mandalay" "Down Among the Sheltering Palms" or "Underneath the Japanese Moon," I'll be "Dreaming" of the old "School Days" "Back Home in Tennessee" "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose," and those "Nights of Gladness" "In the Good Old Summer Time" "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

Our chain of songs was broken when we drew up in front of the club. Jumping out, we all ran into the house after shaking the snow from ourselves. While most of the girls danced and got warm, six of us, who were more energetic, made for the toboggan chute. It was still snowing hard, but, regardless of the few inches on the chute, Almeda, Mabel and I were the first ones down, followed directly by Miss Orcutt and Miss Harrison, and then by Marjorie. Owing to the depth of the snow, our coasting was not successful, and we didn't get a slide as long as a minute, so back to the club we went.

Very soon dinner was announced and it was a very hungry crowd that thronged into the dining-room. After eating all we possibly could, we danced until the sleigh came back for us.

Eight o'clock saw us homeward bound. We reclined on the floor, buried in the robes, and packed in like sardines. Thus we kept warm, regardless of the snow that was still flying thick and fast. It had become quite deep, and the driver dared to intimate that he might be unable to "keep the road." Such remarks added to the vivacity of the party, for we were anxious for a safe return. Hardly had we started before the song bird alighted to remain until we drew up in front of school. He warbled "Chorus Girls Are Getting Pretty Frisky," for "By the Light of the Electric Glimmer" I saw "Forty-Nine Green Bottles

Hanging on the Wall." "Oh, Beatrice Fairfax, Tell Me What to Do!" "My Name is Samuel Hall" and "I'm Looking for Someone's Heart."

The lights of Merrimack Square aroused us, so we unfolded ourselves and stood up. It was not long before we came in sight of "Rogers Hall, Our School We Love." Jumping out of the sleigh, we scattered to our houses and tried to tell the others of our "Perfect Day," but "They'll Never Believe Me."

MARGARET G. WOOD.

THE ALTMAN COLLECTION.

February 14th—

The class in Art History attended a lecture at the Woman's Club, by Alexander G. Van Laer, on the "Altman Collection" of the Metropolitan Art Museum. Mr. Van Laer spoke first of Mr. Altman himself, telling how he started with a little basement shop, and, prospering, built up his present large business.

When Mr. Altman began to make the wonderful collection of pictures, on which he has probably spent millions of dollars, realizing his own inability to judge of works of art, he determined that he would have no picture that had not been pronounced genuine by experts; yet, even when the genuineness of a picture had been proved, he would not purchase it unless it appealed to him personally. He gave this wonderful collection to the Metropolitan Museum under this condition: The fifty-two original pictures should be hung precisely as they were in his own home; that is, in the same order, and with the same lighting effects and background. Therefore, when one enters the room containing these pictures, it is Mr. Altman's own room that one sees, even to the paper on the wall.

As Mr. Van Laer had stereopticon pictures to accompany his lecture, it was much more effective. The first picture shown (the first on the right as one enters the room) is a Rembrandt,

which Mr. Van Laer, and probably many others, rank with the Sibyls and Prophets of Michelangelo. The subject is "Young Woman Cutting her Nails," and represents a young peasant woman, seated, and so busy that she is quite oblivious to any one. She sits so that the light from the window above her falls on her light-colored head covering. The mantle on her shoulders is dull red, blending beautifully with the dark olive-green background. But, standing out from everything else, are the hands, marvelously natural,—the hands of a peasant woman, yet truly beautiful. This picture, painted in the darkest years of Rembrandt's life, expresses his inner self, as almost none of his other pictures do.

One can easily see that Rembrandt is a favorite with Mr. Altman. Among the other Rembrandt's are: "Man with the Magnifying Glass," a portrait of Rembrandt's own son; "Lady with the Pink," his son's wife; "Woman in an Armchair," painted in Amsterdam when he was just beginning his career; "The Toilette of Bathsheba," which forms a striking contrast to most of his other works, and in which he sacrificed many of his old ideas; and one of many "Portraits of Himself," painted just after his hardest years.

There are several pictures by Van Dyke; several by Velasquez the Younger; one by Fra Angelico; one by Verrochio; one by Botticelli; and many others equally beautiful.

Before he stopped, Mr. Van Laer spoke of several of the ten moderns which had been added to the original collection, and which are scattered through the French and Dutch rooms: one by Rousseau; several by Corot, the man whom everyone thought crazy because he rubbed his pictures with his thumb to obtain his now famous blurred effect where leaves and sky meet; a wonderful cattle picture by a Dutch artist; and two sheep pictures, the latter showing the sheep wending their way homeward through the twilight. With this beautiful picture still before our eyes, we rose to go. All the girls declared that they had never heard a more enjoyable lecture and that they felt much pleasure at meeting some old friends and making new acquaintances.

MARJORIE POTTER.

THE MUSICALE.

February 18th—

This date marks one of the most delightful events of the winter term, the musicale. What matter if the rain came down in torrents out-of-doors? One forgot that as soon as one entered the front drawing room where the hostesses, Miss Parsons, Miss Mary Parsons, and Miss McMillan received. There were daffodils on the table and bookcase while the mantle was banked with violets.

The reception lasted until a quarter past eight, then the guests went into the schoolroom, the girls acting as ushers. The whole program was most delightful. The stringed quartet charmed us all, and it was with reluctance that we gave up clapping for an encore. As for Miss Glorvigen's part of the program no one familiar with Rogers Hall needs to be told how beautiful her playing was nor how we enjoyed every note she played. The vocal soloist of the evening was Mrs. Sundelius, a great favorite with all people connected with Rogers Hall, who won all the strangers' hearts with her first song.

The last number was "Ave Maria," sung by Mrs. Sundelius, with piano accompaniment by Miss Glorvigen and violin obligato by Mrs. Belcher. It was so beautiful that—well, it made you feel a lump in your throat.

After the program ices were served from the dining room, then someone played the piano and the young people danced. When finally everyone had congratulated Mrs. Sundelius, Miss Glorvigen, and Mrs. Belcher, and the last guest had gone, we reluctantly made our adieus to our hostesses and went to our various houses, humming "Ave Maria."

The program was as follows:

1. a. Interludium In Modo Antico
- b. Allegro

Glazounow
Dittersdorf

BELCHER STRING QUARTET

2. a. Ballade F Major, Op. 38
- b. Rhapsody, G Minor, Op. 79, No. 2

Chopin
Brahms

MISS GLORVIGEN

3. a. Loreley *Liszt*
 b. Botschaft *Brahms*
 c. Der Driver en Dug *Sjögren*
 d. Folksong

MRS. SUNDELIUS

4. a. Music of the Spheres *Rubinstein*
 b. Courante *Glazounow*
 c. The Butterfly *Razeks*
 d. Marchen *Komzak*

BELCHER STRING QUARTET

5. a. March of the Dwarfs *Grieg*
 b. Berceuse *Tschaikowsky*
 c. Norwegian Dance *Ole Olsen*

MISS GLORVIGEN

6. a. Slumbersong *Gretchaninow*
 b. "Oh Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad" *Old Scotch*
 c. Zuni Indian Lover's Wooing *Arranged by Troyer*
 d. The Bird of the Wilderness *Hornsman*

MRS. SUNDELIUS

7. Ave Maria *Bach-Gounod*

MRS. SUNDELIUS, MRS. BELCHER AND MISS GLORVIGEN

ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

February 21st—

At a meeting of the Woman's Club at Colonial Hall, Mr. Vachel Lindsay, sometimes called "The Troubadour of the West," read several of his poems. He is not an attractive man; neither his appearance, which reminded me of a farmer, nor his manner distinguished him as a genius. His clothes were loose-fitting, his shoulders stooped, and his eyes were almost colorless. If the troubadours of the Middle Ages were like Mr. Lindsay, they have lost their romance for me. He looked like almost anything but a poet, more like a fanatic in fact.

Mr. Lindsay's first few selections were negro poems, in which he showed the negro in the song and dance, in war, and in religious ceremonial. The first poem was "The Congo." He said that the

sound of the word Congo had inspired him to write the poem; although he had never been to Africa, the sound of that word told him the nature of the country and its inhabitants. He chanted nearly the entire poem, running from one side of the stage to the other, interpreting the sound of negro songs, and making such weird motions and grimaces that the audience was in gales of laughter. People were afraid to laugh at first, fearing that such emotion was not appropriate, but this reading was so different from anything they had ever heard before, that they looked at one another in amazement, not knowing how to take it, and they laughed, seeing no alternative. In another negro poem he described "Simon Legree," a colored preacher, who had gone "'down, down, to the debul,' " and was at present sharing the devil's throne.

He also read several very short poems, kindergarten verses, on such subjects as "The Big Mysterious Cat," all written in rhymed couplets. He chanted these in a sing-song way, making them sound like an Indian melody, and the effect of this was that several of the girls began to nod their heads sleepily.

In "The Santa Fé Trail" he interpreted spiritually the automobile horns on the road, as their sounds change according to the temperaments of their owners. Here again he recited with vehemence and great ardor, but the meaning and interpretation were so obscure that we could distinguish only the monotonous chant.

When Mr. Lindsay had finished reading his poems, I was no more convinced of his being a poet than I was at the beginning. This chanting was not my idea of poetry. Some of the verses could have been written by anybody, not necessarily a poet. He did not have one line of verse that gave to the hearer a beautiful thought; but each poem was so fantastic, and so absurdly recited, that it seemed ludicrous. In general, every one was doubtful about what to think of Mr. Lindsay, and criticisms were varied and vague.

MABEL RUGEE.

THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY THÉ DANSANT.

February 22nd—

Last year we were allowed to go home over Washington's Birthday, for the twenty-second came on a Sunday, which made it very convenient for a week-end visit. This year, however, the eventful day was on a Tuesday and we all knew, long before it really came, that it would be next to impossible to have a short vacation at this time. Therefore, you can imagine our delight and surprise when Miss Parsons gave us permission to have a thé dansant on the afternoon of the twenty-second.

Washington's Birthday truly was a gala day. To begin with, we didn't have breakfast until eight-thirty that morning, and we appreciated thoroughly the change from our usual early hour. Secondly, there was no school, and thirdly,—the wonderful tea dance.

That afternoon the gymnasium was entirely transformed. Girls' rooms had been raided the day before, and banners, sofa pillows, steamer rugs, etc., had been brought out to the gymnasium. By the time three-thirty arrived, one corner of the room had been fixed up so that it resembled a summer porch with a rug on the floor, green wicker furniture with chintz upholstery, and a small orange tree on the table. This "cozy-corner" was arranged especially for the faculty. There were several couches around the gymnasium, each covered with a steamer rug, as well as comfortable armchairs. Rogers Hall, Cae, Kava, Lehigh, Dartmouth, and Yale were well represented by huge banners and pillows which were all arranged very attractively.

An excellent orchestra from Boston furnished our music, and it soon struck up a merry one-step that set us all dancing around the gymnasium. We did not have programs at this dance, as we usually do, but each girl introduced her partner to another and, in this way, we kept everyone dancing; it was not long before we each knew the name of nearly everyone on the floor.

During the afternoon, we had delicious refreshments, which were as good as their name and truly did refresh us exceedingly.

We were all sorry to have seven o'clock arrive because it meant the end of our dance, which we had enjoyed so much. We felt very grateful to Miss Parsons for allowing us to celebrate Washington's Birthday in this way and we all extended to her our hearty thanks.

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EXERCISES.

February 21st—

On Monday, February twenty-first, we had exercises in honor of Washington's Birthday. These were also in honor of Lincoln, as we had had no exercises on his birthday. We all assembled in the schoolroom and formed a long line, standing two by two. Then we marched slowly into the drawing room, singing "America" as we went. Chairs had been arranged for us there, and a huge American flag had been hung up.

The first reading was selections from Lowell's "Under the Old Elm," by Elizabeth Johnston. Lowell wrote this ode on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army, July 3, 1775.

"Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;

High-poised example of great duties done."

Following this a quartette sang the verses of "The Star Spangled Banner," and the school joined in the chorus. Then Marjorie Potter read a selection from the "Outlook," entitled "Washington and Lincoln." This was a very interesting comparison of the characters of the two men, and anecdotes of their lives added to the interest of the reading.

Next Doris Jones read Lincoln's "Second Inaugural Address." This shows the serious state of affairs that Lincoln had to face in the Civil War, and reveals especially his great faith that all would be well since they were fighting for the right.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was then sung by the entire school and was followed by a reading, "Some Views of Washington and Lincoln on Modern Problems," by Hazel Coffin.

This essay explained what the policy of these men was in regard to the difficulties which this war has produced: Preparedness for National Defense, Our Relations with Foreign Countries, and the Situation with Mexico.

Lydia Langdon read the famous poem, "O Captain, My Captain," written by Walt Whitman at the death of Lincoln. This is a very beautiful poem comparing the Union to a ship and Lincoln to the steersman. The ship arrives at port safely after a hard voyage, but Lincoln dies after accomplishing his work.

We finished our exercises by singing the song "America," written by Katharine Lee Bates.

MISS HALL'S TALK.

February 28th—

Monday evening, February twenty-eighth, Miss Hall, a former student of this school, gave a lecture on suffrage. She had spent the past summer working for suffrage in Pennsylvania.

Miss Hall showed us a map of Pennsylvania, which showed the counties for and against suffrage, and many interesting photographs of the "Women's Liberty Bell." This bell, which is a replica of the old "Liberty Bell," was given to the suffrage cause by Mrs. Ruchenburger of Philadelphia.

This huge bell was mounted on an automobile truck, and with a group of speakers, started on a tour of the entire state. The bell was to stand for the freedom of the women, if they should get the vote. A line of campaign was planned, with stops en route at scheduled places. Towns of considerable size were canvassed thoroughly and lectures given; in smaller towns the bell merely stopped and a short speech was made. The suffrage leaders of the various towns at which the bell was to stop were notified and they advertised its coming. When the bell did arrive, it invariably found the entire town decorated in its honor. At one place the bell was flagged, and it was discovered that some children had made a miniature bell: it was a cow bell

mounted upon an express wagon with "Ford" written upon the front. This, the people with the bell, called the "Liberty Bell, Jr." Many times the bell was escorted by bands, and many times, even in the rain, a group of automobiles accompanied it from one county to another.

Miss Hall told many interesting stories of incidents that happened en route. In many cases the farmers and country people thought this bell was the real "Liberty Bell," traveled great distances to see it, and were very much disappointed at finding it merely a reproduction.

Miss Hall told of some of her experiences near Philadelphia. She stood at the polls one voting day and saw the ward boss give each man a sample ballot to show him which way to vote. People often speak of the numbers of ignorant women who, if given the vote, would not know how to vote. They certainly could vote as well as, if not better than, the man who, for a small sum of money, will copy a sample ballot.

The talk was very entertaining and especially so to us Pennsylvania girls, several of whom had seen the bell when it passed through their towns. We were so enthusiastic that after the lecture we asked many questions. Indeed, we all found Miss Hall a very entertaining speaker.

ALMEDA HERMAN.

March 1st—

On the first day of March, which proved to be cold but beautiful, we all wished Miss Parsons a happy birthday. During the morning we girls presented her with a breakfast tray and service. Miss Parsons informed us that the only drawback to such a gift was the fact that she should wish to stay in bed all the time from now on in order to do justice to it.

At dinner we surprised her with some new birthday songs, something sadly needed, which we sang enthusiastically between courses. In a very clever little speech, Miss Parsons thanked us for our efforts to make her party so successful, but she was unaware then that there was still more entertaining to come.

for after enjoying a lovely dinner party, we amused our guest-of-honor and the other guests with "A Day at Rogers Hall," a pantomime in shadow pictures.

We hastened to the darkened "gym" where a sheet was drawn in front of the footlights. When the audience was seated, Katherine Wilson announced "poetically" that dreaded hour, 6.45 A. M. A light was flashed on behind the sheet and Mary Weiser gave a very realistic picture of the hardships of rising on a cold winter morning, and the dangers of late sleeping which enables us to spend only three minutes, at the outside, in dressing. Next we saw ourselves as others see us, going through the drawing room, "thinking we are dressed in the properest way." We next saw the Mandolin Club and its difficulties, Miss Hill's earnest endeavors to get all the girls into the schoolroom promptly at 8.30, and Miss McMillan's kindness in giving out the mail and particularly the "dailies." Following these events there arrived Dr. Jones, who was cleverly portrayed by Elizabeth McConkey. During this scene, Miss Harrison, with great skill, played first-aid-to-the-injured to Elizabeth McCalmont and Doris Jones, who hobbled in on crutches and went through the painful operation of having yards and yards of bandage taken off and casts removed from their sprained ankles; Marjorie Adams unwillingly had her arm attended to and proved to be an obstreperous patient. She was given "ye famous atomizer" and instructed to spray frequently. Hilda Morse learned that there was nothing wrong with her heart and that it was still in the right place; she was to use her newly acquired atomizer along with the other patients regardless of her ailment. These familiar scenes were greeted with roars of laughter. Next we were shown the afternoon sports; Margaret Wood taught us how to swim in spite of the fact that she did not have the pool to exhibit in. As a wave had struck our school known as the "knitting wave," we next were introduced to some of our familiar and steady knitters, Marcia Bartlett, Olga Moulton, Almeda Herman, and Elizabeth Johnston. After this we found ourselves at the close of the day. The girls were seen eating crackers and drinking milk as the 9:30 bell rang, and Cora Robertson, one of our conscientious councillors, performed her duty in escorting several girls to their rooms, but not,

however, before they had prepared for bed, after walking down the corridor, much laden with toilet preparations, tooth brushes, beauty creams, and soaps. This good-night scene closed the entertainment and with one last birthday song our party broke up. We indeed wish Miss Parsons many happy returns of the day and good luck in the years to come.

DORIS JONES.

THE FRENCH PLAY.

March 11th—

On Saturday, March eleventh, Miss Linthicum took a number of us girls to Boston to see the French play "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon." It was very funny, and we enjoyed it greatly. It is the story of a French family who have never travelled before. They are about to start on a trip to Switzerland, when they find themselves followed by two young men, Daniel and Armand, ardent admirers of Anita, M. Perrichon's daughter, who ask for her hand in marriage. They decide to be rivals on this trip, and to see which one will win at the end of the trip. Many funny incidents occur, and there are several complications, but at last the problem is solved, and Armand has the good fortune to gain the hand of Anita.

MARY GOODRICH.

THE TRIP TO JAFFREY.

March 10th—

The bells jingled brightly as the sleigh slipped over the creaking snow. We were on our way to the "Ark," and all thoughts of dirty trains and the mushy snow of the cities vanished in this clear, cold air, as we watched the fiery sun droop behind the snow-covered mountain and leave its brilliant pink glow to fade into the gray and lavender evening sky. Six of us had come from school to spend the week-end snowshoeing around Mt. Monadnock, and starting with this ride from the station we knew we couldn't help enjoying every minute of our precious time.

The "Ark," true to its name, was a long, plainly built house, but warm and cheerful within, even possessing such luxuries as a fireplace in each bedroom, and we spent two evenings sitting around the roaring fire and writing letters or reading aloud, just lazy enough to appreciate it after a long day's snowshoeing.

There was about three feet of snow on the level and Saturday we took a beautiful tramp through the woods. Every pine and fir tree was laden with heavy, freshly fallen snow, while the bluest sky imaginable showed through the dark green tops of the trees. The snow was too deep for tobogganing or skiing, so that afternoon we snowshoed to the little village of Jaffrey and bought some marshmallows to roast by the fire that night.

Sunday was, to my mind, the glorious, eventful day of all. It was a clear, bright day with the thermometer almost at zero. Miss Hill and I started up Mt. Monadnock with some people who were planning to climb to the top. We thought we would go as far as we had time to, never dreaming that we could keep up to their pace. After we had walked for about half an hour the trail ended and then the real sport began. One man, who is an expert at climbing, broke a trail, following the blazes on the trees, and using his own sense of direction. He said that Mt. Monadnock furnished all the difficulties of, and was almost as dangerous as, Mt. Washington. We certainly found the difficulties before going very far.

Some places were so steep that we had to hang on to every little bush or obliging branch and haul ourselves up, and in places where there was no bush we simply had to crawl on our hands and knees. These were the only really discouraging places, as for each step that we took forward we seemed to slip back two. These places made it easy coming down though, and fun too, as we could sit on the tail of our snowshoes and slide down, generally crashing into some little pine tree at the bottom. Coming out of an opening in the trees, we saw a huge, red fox run right across the summit along the sky line, but this was the only sign of life we saw, besides a few rabbits. When we reached the first ridge and saw the summit, the thought of dinner or any thing else couldn't have dragged us back. Up here, all the trees were covered with an ice frost, each little branch and leaf being cased

in ice. The ledges were also covered with ice, which made it very hard to climb, in fact, near the top of the mountain we had to crawl on our hands and knees almost all the way. Down into the beautiful little valley, then up the steepest ledges of all, across ice-covered rocks, and we were at the top of Mt. Monadnock, over three thousand feet high. It was very cold on the barren ledges and the wind blew in icy blasts. Mr. Waite, the leader, pointed out all the mountains around, Wachuset, the Green Mountains, White Mountains, and the distant peaks of the Berkshires and the Adirondacks. It was too cold to stay long, and after fifteen minutes' rest we started down again, slipping and sliding almost all the way. About half way down we camped in the snow and ate a few sandwiches, some cake, nuts, and sweet chocolate that the men had brought and generously shared with us. It gives you a wonderful feeling to spend a day like that out on a wild, snow-covered mountain, and thrills you with excitement to conquer the snares of nature. Sometimes a man may fall and sink so far into the snow, that it is impossible for him to pull himself out without assistance. Once I stepped out of my snowshoe and went in way up to my waist. Then you have to guard against the cold. My gloves, which became wringing wet from so many plunges into the snow, froze into stiff shapes of ice when I took them off for a few minutes to fasten a thong of my shoe. And this is all aside from the charms of nature in winter—there is nothing prettier than a wild, lonely mountain, white with snow, even the trees of which are covered with glistening ice and frost feathers.

At three o'clock we got back to the "Ark," ready to do justice to the hot dinner which was waiting for us. We had only ten minutes to pack and get dressed, for the sleigh jingled up to the door ready to drive us to the station at East Jaffrey. Loaded down with snowshoes, mocassins, sweaters, and suit cases, we climbed into the sleigh, called good-bye to the hospitable people we were leaving behind, and settled down with a sigh of content among the warm fur rugs, wanting to enjoy up to the very last minute our week-end, spent in the beautiful winter outdoors.

HAZEL A. COFFIN.

THE BIRD LECTURE.

March 20th—

Our second bird lecture was a most interesting one, both in substance and illustration. Mr. Oldys, National Representative of the Audubon Society, talked to us for an hour and a half on different birds, their habits and their songs; he described for us, Henry Ford's wonderful bird home, and many other places where birds are loved and taken care of.

I think the most interesting part of the lecture was his illustration of songs by whistling. It is amazing how accurately one can imitate the birds in their calls, and I do not think that any of us realized before, how really musical many bird songs are. Some even have a tune of perhaps two or four measures in perfect harmony. We all sat breathless and listened,—it seemed as if there must be birds in the room.

Throughout the talk Mr. Oldys brought in bits of humor, funny little stories illustrating his points, and one story especially, interested us all.

A little boy accidentally threw a stone and broke a robin's wing so that the bird was unable to fly up to her nest and feed her young. The parents of the boy, who were very much interested in birds, built a ladder reaching up to the nest and the faithful little mother hopped up, round after round, back and forth, to feed her hungry babies. The news of this wonderful little bird spread all around the country and hundreds of people came to watch her hop up and down. It is needless to say that the membership of the Audubon Society increased by the thousands that year.

We heard many other stories equally as interesting and soon came to the conclusion that the study of birds must be a fascinating occupation, one well worth trying. Who can think of a lovelier thing, as Mr. Oldys says, than a tiny bird, fearlessly perched on your shoulder, a pet that anyone would envy?

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

THE EXHIBITION.

The annual gymnasium exhibition of Rogers Hall was held on Wednesday, March fifteenth. Everybody took a great interest in it, and nearly all of the girls took part.

The floor work, which consisted of dumb bell and bar bell exercises, was done very well, and showed the result of much practice and hard work. The girls showed much skill and agility on the parallel bars, and particularly on the travelling rings. Marjorie Wilder did a quite remarkable and difficult feat on these rings, which won great applause from the audience. Games were mixed in with the regular work, which added to the interest and pleasure of the afternoon. A game of volley ball, between the Kava and Cae clubs, proved very interesting and exciting. A good deal of spirit and friendly rivalry was displayed, and both teams cheered lustily for themselves and for their opponents. The first year class in dancing gave several very pretty little folk dances, and the advanced class gave an interpretation of the ballet from Faust, and finished with The Moonlight Caprice. The last number on the program was the fencing of the beginners and the advanced class. The first class went through the simple manoeuvres at commands given in quick succession, and the advanced class ended the afternoon by a spirited and excellent contest.

The girls all worked hard and faithfully, but great credit is also due to Miss MacFarlane, who had to shoulder the greatest part of the work, and who helped to make the afternoon the success that it was.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF.

BASKET BALL.

“Cheer, cheer, here we are again
To cheer with all our might.
Cheer, cheer, here we are again
To cheer for the red and white.
Fight! Fight! Fight!
C. A. E.’s colors to defend,
Cae Club, victorious to the end.
We’ll hear the echo of our cheer,
Oh, here we are, oh, here we are again.”

That cheer from the gallery greeted the Cae team when they came on the floor! A minute later, the Kava team ran on, carrying their banner, and they were greeted with equal enthusiasm from the stage. Cheer after cheer followed, both Cae and Kava, until the exciting moment arrived, for the game to begin, then a silence settled over the crowd and the ball was tossed up. The silence was broken by a triumphant “Ah—h—” from the Kavas, when the ball was jumped to their side. It was caught by a forward, and the first basket was made!

“Ka—va
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Wood, Wood, Wood.”

wild and unrestrained broke out. Four successive times this happened, making the score 8—0. Then the luck changed. Cae got the ball and Mary Weiser made their first basket.

“What’s the matter with Weiser?
She’s all right.
Who’s all right?
Weiser!”

Close playing followed; first Cae, then Kava, would make a basket and the cheering sections were kept busy urging on their teams.

At the end of the first third, the score stood 15—11, in favor of Cae.

There was an intermission of four minutes during which time one admired the red and white, orange and blue decorations, and commented on the swiftness of the playing and the good team work.

The second third went almost faster than had the first. Margaret Wood's sure goals were as brilliant as Marjorie Wilder's quick playing. It seemed as though they had not been playing for more than a minute when time was called, and the score stood 21—19, this time in Kava's favor.

The last third was the most exciting of all! The score was tied almost continually, and often the ball would hit the rim of the basket and tantalizingly balance there before it fell, either through victoriously or down to the girls below, where it was picked up and a goal tried for again. The guards had the ball when the whistle blew, signalling that the game was over. No one knew the score, but when the referee announced, Kava 34, Cae 29, a regular riot ensued. The Kavas wildly grabbed the nearest person, and shouted, screamed, in their joy, and their cheer leader, Constance Miller, led them in many a hearty cheer. The Caes, with splendid spirit, cheered,

“Here we come, with fife and drum,
We are marching down the street;
Just hear the cry, to do or die,
We are the team that have been beat.
We are!
So give a cheer, a lusty cheer,
And let the echoes soar on high.
With a tramp, tramp, tramp,
And a stamp, stamp, stamp,
Of the guard of dear old Cae,”

and congratulated the Kavas on their victory.

In the evening a Basket Ball Dinner was given. At the lower end of the dining room was a long table at which both teams were seated. During the entire meal we were kept busy cheering the coach and all the members of the teams. Towards the end of the dinner Margaret Wood tapped on her glass for silence, and as President of the Kava club and Captain of the basket ball team, made a speech congratulating the Cae team for the splendid

fight they had put up, and thanking her team for their playing that won another silver loving cup for the honor of Kava. She presented this cup to Hazel Coffin, who rose to accept it, and suggested it be filled and passed around. It was, and Elizabeth McConkey, Captain of the Cae team, was the first to drink from it. It was then passed around to the members of the teams, and finally to everyone in the school. Then, this ceremony completed, we rose to sing.

"O Rogers Hall, our school we love,
For you we'll always stand,
Though parted far in future years
In many a happy land!"

The line up was as follows:

KAVA.		CAE.
M. Wood (Capt.)	Forward	M. Weiser
E. Kingsley	"	M. Wilder
H. Coffin	Jumping Centre	R. Allen
A. Herman	Side Centre	G. Pritzlaff
R. Brown	Guard	E. McConkey (Capt.)
L. Jennison	"	E. Stevens

M. Potter was substituted for E. Stevens. Out of a possible nine free throws M. Wood made two; Mary Weiser made two out of a possible eight; and M. Wilder made one from a possible five. M. Wood made 16 floor goals; M. Weiser made 9 floor goals; M. Wilder made 3 floor goals.

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

THE CAE-KAVA FENCING CONTEST.

It seemed to us as though the championship in every sport, with the exception of fencing, had been or was to be competed for between the two clubs. We all decided that this last sport must not be omitted, and on Friday morning, Miss MacFarlane made the announcement that there would be a fencing contest that afternoon.

Two-fifteen found six girls, three from each club, with masks on and foils in hand. Miss MacFarlane and Miss Harrison acted as referees and Miss Orcutt as time keeper. Each girl was to fence a two-minute half, which they thought rather short at first, but after they had tried it, they decided that it was plenty long enough and were thankful it was no longer. As the first two took their places and began the fight, everyone became intensely excited. The winner of two duels out of three was to be the victor, and it was with breathless anticipation and anxiety that we watched the contest.

Margaret Wood (Kava) and Ruth Allen (Cae) had the best form in the fencing, and Marjorie Wilder (Cae) was the most aggressive. She nearly pushed Margaret off the mat, but not quite. Mary Weiser (Cae) and Hazel Coffin (Kava) were very funny as each one was so eager to make "tougheés" that they forgot their form entirely. Lydia Langdon (Kava) did very good work also and all of the girls were remarkably quick, as indeed they had to be if they intended to make any progress whatever.

Round after round went by, each seeming more thrilling than the last, and when it was finally over and the score counted, it proved to have been a very close match, with the Caes in the lead. Miss MacFarlane and Miss Harrison both said that the fencing which took place that afternoon was the best that has ever been done here at school, so we feel that the girls who took part have a good right to be proud of their work, as the rest of us are.

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

NON-SENIORS VS. WILL-BE-SENIORS.

One day last week the girls noticed a sign on the board which read,

We, the Non-Seniors,
challenge the Would-Be Seniors to a game
of basket ball to be played on Monday,
March the twentieth.

Very soon afterwards another sign appeared on the opposite board,

We, the Will-Be-Seniors,
accept the terrifying challenge of the Non-Seniors
to a basket ball game to be played Monday,
March the twentieth.

Coming as it did, so soon after the big game, it might have been expected that there would not have been much excitement about this game. But there was a good deal of excitement, and much more amusement. The rooters for the Non-Seniors were on the stage, and those for the Seniors in the balcony, waiting for the game to begin. Suddenly a door was opened, and a giddy procession came on the floor and hopped, skipped, and jumped about the gymnasium. It was the Non-Senior team, and all the girls had on various colored stockings, cerise and green most of them, and around their ankles were tied ribbons or ties that clashed horribly with the stockings. Gaily colored scarfs were wound around their waists, and they had particularly loud ties round their collars. Even their heads were adorned with bright bands. A few of the girls went so far as to have their arms too, tied with ribbons. The different colors altogether swore at each other so that it almost made the spectators' heads swim to look at them. Then there were two mascots, who were just as gaily dressed as the team, if not more so. The team went round the floor once, leading the mascots, who rode in on broomsticks, and two of the girls proudly bore aloft a handsome towel with the words, "Non-Seniors," engraved upon it. When they had finished their parade, they gave a cheer for Non-Seniors in high, mincing tones, and then cheered for the Seniors in the same way. Soon afterward, the Seniors appeared upon the scene, and the game began.

The game from the start was a scream. Anyone who did not know the players certainly could not have mistaken any of them, as those blinding colors pointed out the Non-Seniors every moment. It was not a particularly brilliant game in regard to passing, team work, etc., but it was highly amusing, so many funny little things occurred, which set everyone, including the players, to laughing. At one time they became so convulsed with laughter

that the game had to be stopped until they recovered themselves. Margaret Wood, as usual, distinguished herself by making nearly all of the baskets, and, as her side had a score of forty-six, that is saying a good deal. The game was divided into thirds, and between the thirds there was quite a bit of cheering done. The mascots of the Non-Seniors led the cheering, and hopped up and down the stage in a most affected way. It was during the last third that there was the most excitement, for the positions of the Non-Seniors were changed around a little, and they seemed to be gaining some. But the time was too nearly up, and the game ended with the score of 46 to 24, in favor of the Seniors.

The line up was as follows:

SENIORS.		NON-SENIORS.	
Margaret Wood	Forward	Almeda Herman	
Rachel Brown	“	Marjorie Potter	
Hazel Coffin	Center	Marjorie Wilder	
Mary Weiser	“	Gertrude Pritzlaff	
Elizabeth McConkey	Guard	Ruth Allen	
Louise Jennison	“	Elizabeth Johnston	

Herman and Wilder changed positions in the last third.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

In December, a daughter, Elizabeth Adelaide, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ware (Emily Ludlam) in Amherst, N. H.

February 11th, a son, Everett Milton, was born to Mr. and Mrs. James B. Woodman (Ethel Everett, '02) at Franklin, N. H.

February 19th, Ethel Osgood was married to Mr. Laurence W. Watts in Washington, D. C., and after March 1st, they will be at home at 32 Schiller St., Binghampton, N. Y.

February 28th, Doris Newton was married to Mr. Malcolm R. Macdonald in Fitchburg. The wedding was a quiet one at home with Ruth Newton as the maid of honor, and several of the old girls were on for it. Doris and her husband went to Ormond Beach, Fla., for their wedding trip and after April 24th will be at home at 1926 Emerson Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

In February, Katharine Steen's engagement was announced to Mr. Sidney Larman of Omaha, Dartmouth, '14. Mr. Larman is spending the winter in London on business.

Beatrice Walker, '13, expects to be married sometime in May. Lydia Langdon is spending the spring vacation with her in Montpelier.

Kathrine Kidder, '14, writes that the day after Doris Newton's wedding, Grace Coleman Smith, '13, gave a luncheon for all the old girls at her home in Gardner, Mass.

Mary Lucas is very enthusiastic about her training for Library work and writes: "The course is four months long and you serve six weeks in three branch libraries.....At present I am in the Thompkins Square Library, which is down on the Lower East Side of New York. I am in the children's department, and find the children fascinating. The other day a little girl came up and asked me for a play to read. She had read almost all there were in the Library. She told me that she didn't like to read anything else, and I thought that was so unusual in a child. She was so disappointed when I told her that I didn't have any more plays for her to read, for she said that it was cold out-of-doors and her house was cold so that she did not like to leave the Library.....After I have served my four months, I shall decide whether I shall take the two years Library School Course or go on and serve as an Assistant."

In January, Margaret Bigelow, '15, visited Mary Lucas in Flatbush and met Ruth Greene one day in New York.

In February, Harriet Hasty, '13, wrote from Colon, where she and her mother were staying on their way to Buenos Ayres, going down the west coast and across the Andes. Harriet says, "It is quite probable that I shall remain in Buenos Ayres and continue my studies. You must tell all your girls to study their French and Spanish ever and ever so hard, as they will surely

find use for them if they ever travel to South America. All the South Americans whom I have met speak beautiful English, for, as one of them said to me, 'We must learn your language, you are too lazy to learn ours.' In the park at our hotel is a deer which stands on its hind legs and eats sugar and you can find me out there feeding him most of the time. (SPLINTERS regrets that it cannot print Harriet's highly suggestive sketch (in Cubist style) of herself feeding said deer!) Just before we left New York I saw Dorothy Scott who had been in Jamaica working for a moving picture company. She was hurt while acting in a picture and forced to return home."

Florida has claimed several of the old girls for visits this winter as Marjorie Minton, '10, was at St. Petersburg, Leslie Hylan, '14, at Daytona, and Jessie Ames Marshall, '99, at Ormond.

Sally Hobson, '10, is preparing herself for secretarial work by studying this winter at Miss Pierce's Secretarial School in Boston.

Gwendolen Perry, '11, has gone back to Chicago University, entering at the winter quarter, to complete her work for graduation which she interrupted to teach for two years.

Mary Sherburne has entered the training course at the Lowell Normal School.

Evelyn Pike and Rachel Jones, both '11, are studying dramatic expression at the Curry School in Boston.

Katharine Kessinger, '10, is secretary of the Red Cross Society in Vincennes and also an officer of the Fortnightly Club.

In March, Anthy Gorton, '05, was visiting in Manchester, N. H., where she saw Margaret Burns' mother, and then went on to Montreal where she was to stay for some time. She hoped to see Ruth Heath Cassils, '07, while she was there.

Helen Munroe, '11, had to give up her normal course in Muskegon and spent most of the winter with her sister in Chicago where she was under medical treatment.

Margaret McKindley Amundson has been living in the midst of real winter conditions and says she has never before known so much snow in Duluth. For two days there was a raging blizzard when their only way of reaching the street cars was on skis or snowshoes, and her husband had to shovel a path through drifts reaching to his shoulders. Ruth Ann is growing very rapidly and

walks now all around the house so that her mother is almost distracted by the mischief into which her small daughter can plunge. Margaret contributes several items about R. H. girls and an interesting letter from Cora Chase from which we quote below.

Helen Brown Evans has spent the winter with her family at Pinehurst, N. C.

Helen Gallup, '11, fell on the ice just after Christmas and had to be flat on her back for many weeks, but Margaret hopes to have her later for a visit.

Cora Chase writes that her address is Care of Thomas Cook and Son, Via Tornabuoni, Florence, Italy. "Mother and I are still in Europe, although we go back and forth, going to the United States for the summer. This year, however, we stayed over on account of the war and went for two months on the Riviera where I had a wonderful time. I am preparing for my debut in opera very soon, and last week sang for some of the managers of La Scala in Milan, and they hold out wonderful promises for me. I hope to sing for a few years over here and then go to New York to sing at the Metropolitan. If I invite you, Margaret, will you and your family come to hear me? Most of our winters, in fact, all of the winter months we have always spent in Rome, but this year we are here in Florence because the teacher that I wanted is here, a charming woman who studied with Melba's teacher and at the same time as Melba. I am so enthusiastic and I shall be so happy to perch upon the top rung of the ladder of success and smile at the people who have always told me that I was never ambitious enough to become an artist. A week before I left the Riviera last summer everyone wanted me to sing, so that after a while I consented. I was presented to the future queen of Roumania and she offered to play for me. She is the dearest person in the world, only about thirty, with a little daughter of six. I went to tea with her twice, and this Christmas she sent me a most beautiful string of small pearls, but very perfectly matched. That is the most exciting thing that has happened, but you can imagine why it thrilled me, not only to be presented and take tea but to have her remember me at Christmas, and because she liked my voice. Here in Florence things are very quiet, although one feels the war very little. The streets are often blocked by

marching soldiers, drilling and preparing to leave for the front, but, although they appear happy, it makes one sad at heart when you know that not more than a third will ever come back. Do write and tell me all the news about yourself and the other girls, for you don't know how welcome a word from home is. Europe, though, is the most fascinating place in the world, for there is so much going on, and in all of the cities there is a large colony of Americans and English. There is always something going on amongst them, box parties at the opera, dinners and entertainments for the benefit of the Red Cross. I have offered my services for a nurse, and expect now to be called any day. So many of my friends are nursing, but I have waited until they really needed more on account of my music, but now am ready for the service."

In March, while Miss Parsons was visiting in Atlantic City, she saw Elise Gardner Hume who is making her home there for awhile.

Early in the spring, Carol Heath is to have an exhibit of her Interior Decorating work in Middlesex Hall in Lowell. She has been very successful with the contracts she has undertaken since opening an office of her own in Lowell.

Mrs. Underhill and Dorothy have had a most interesting and unusual trip to Guatemala City and the heart of Central America. While in Jamaica they drove a great deal about the island, and met Belle Shedd and Helen Foster, '06.

Madeline White Kennard has an apartment in town this winter, and her address is 1203 Beacon Street, Brookline, Mass.

Gladys Brown Hartford has recently moved into her new home at 94 Barnard Street, Watertown, Mass.

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GRADUATING CLASS



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A HISTORY OF ROGERS HALL.

Two hundred and forty-seven years ago, Wannalancet and the Indians of Concord, N. H., fearing an attack from the Mohawks, came down the Merrimack in canoes, took up their abode in Wamesit, and, in what is now Belvidere, on a hill which they surrounded with palisades, they built a fort. The site of this primitive stronghold has ever since been known as Fort Hill.

This land, formerly a grant from the British crown to the wife of Governor Winthrop, was taken by the Province of Massachusetts Bay and reserved for the Christian or Praying Indians. A portion of the hill was, for a long time, used as a burying ground, and it was in this vicinity that John Eliot preached to the Indians.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century this grant was known as the Boland Farm, and thirty years later it was purchased by Mr. Zadock Rogers, from whom it acquired the name of Rogers Farm. As advertised in the "New England Palladium," the farm comprised "247 acres and had upon it a House, out-houses, cider mill, pump, etc.," (the Rogers pump was famous, even at that date), "about 70 acres woodland, 100 acres pasturage, and the remainder in mowing." Zadock Rogers married Jemima Cummings, and it was Elizabeth, one of their five children, who presented to the City of Lowell thirty-five acres of the farm to be used as a park, now known as the Rogers Fort Hill Park.

In 1880, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Emily Rogers were living alone in the Rogers House, a fine, old mansion of Colonial type. They had never married, for, it is said, that the five children of Zadock Rogers had taken a vow never to do so, and when one of the brothers married secretly, the others were greatly offended.

This was a strange agreement, as their parents had lived a very happy married life and their home had always been a pleasant one. And it was not because they had no opportunity of marriage. Not long ago, there was found an old letter of Miss Elizabeth Rogers, in which she rejected the proposal of an ardent suitor because—"he lived so far away." He lived in Tewksbury, barely three miles from her home!

The Misses Rogers were very progressive in their ideas, and Miss Emily had even gone away to a school in Ipswich, a school of Miss Mary Lyon's, who afterwards founded Mount Holyoke College. It was, possibly, because of her influence that the idea came to the Miss Rogers to bequeath their home as a school for girls. In 1891, Mrs. Underhill came to Lowell and opened the Belvidere school on Nesmith Street. It soon became evident that Lowell was not large enough for two private schools for girls and so Miss Rogers decided to call on Mrs. Underhill and propose that she establish her school on the Rogers estate. Mrs. Underhill wisely agreed to this plan. She appreciated that the Rogers Farm would be a much more attractive location, and so brought her pupils with her and established the Rogers Hall School.

In planning for this school and heartily approving of the scheme, Dr. John M. Greene, Miss Rogers' pastor, the President of the Board of Trustees of Smith College and the advisor and friend of Sophia Smith, played a very important part. Dr. Greene is still the President of our Board of Trustees, and his portrait hangs in our drawing room as a token of our appreciation of the work Dr. Greene has done for Rogers Hall, and for the education of girls.

Mrs. Underhill, the first principal of Rogers Hall, had great executive ability, and understood the needs of girls of the younger generation better than Miss Rogers did, although the dear old lady loved them deeply and meant to do her best by them. Perhaps none of us who are still young can ever really appreciate the sacrifice it must have been for her to move out of her old home where she had lived for sixty years to the new house that she built on the grounds. Here she lived by herself, and often sorrowfully watched the "tomboys" of the younger generation ride bicycles, play basket ball and tag in her beloved garden; but she was greatly pleased when they called upon her properly and had afternoon tea with her. Miss Rogers always kept her horse and cow, and every evening they were led over to be watered at the old pump in front of the school, as she believed the city water was not fit for them.

When Miss Rogers died, in 1898, her house was made over into a dormitory, and is now known as the "House."

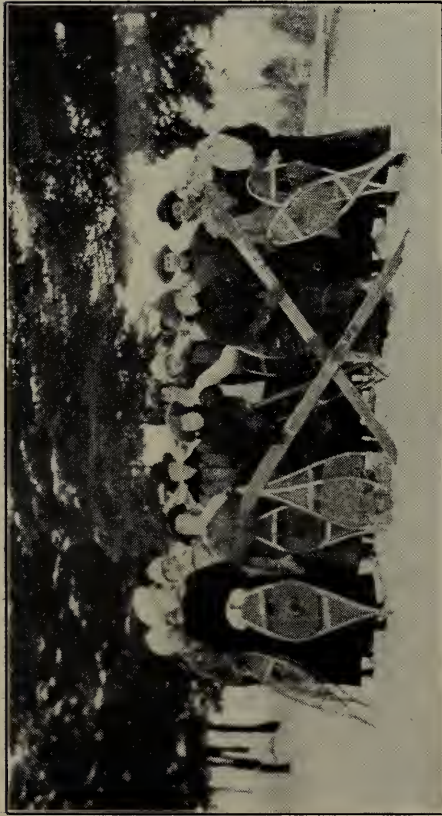
With this additional space and Mrs. Underhill's courage and enthusiasm, the school grew rapidly and additions became necessary. The third floor of the Hall, which had been at first used as a "play" room, was now turned into classrooms, and the barn became the gymnasium. In 1912, a very handsome gymnasium was built, complete in every detail, with all kinds of apparatus, a stage with full equipment of drop curtains, lights and scenery; and, best of all, the fine swimming tank, which is the joy of the whole school. How Miss Rogers would gasp if she could see her school now!

In the near future a new recitation building is to be built. Miss Parsons, who succeeded Mrs. Underhill, says that our continued development will rest largely with the Alumnæ, that their help and interest are needed in many ways, but that the best proof of the value of their life at Rogers Hall must depend on their daily life after graduation. There are many among our Alumnæ who are doing useful work in the world; there are some who are achieving reputation and successes of a distinguished character; all of these are doing the best kind of service for the school because they are constantly proving the value of its education and ideals.

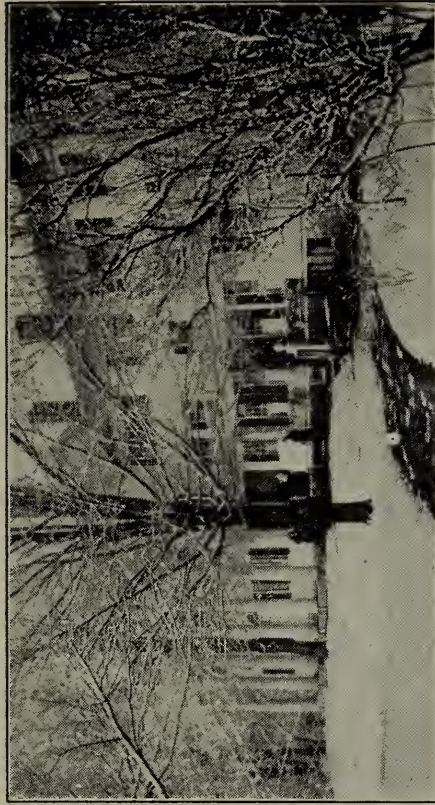
HAZEL COFFIN.

A TRANSLATION FROM HORACE—BOOK I, ODE XI.

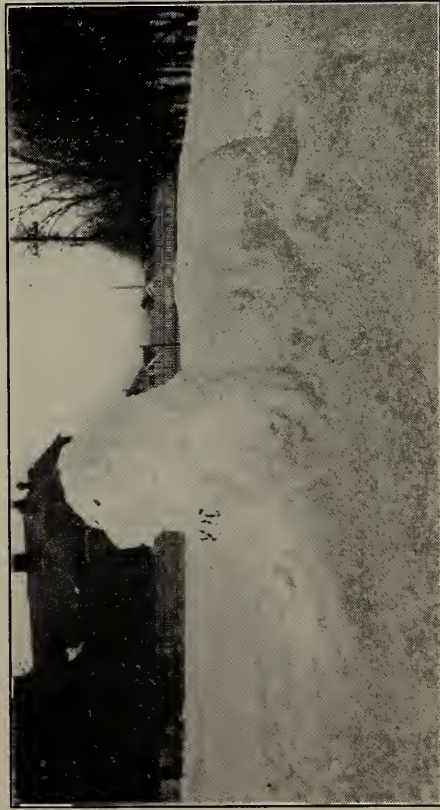
Thou must not ask—'tis willed thou shouldst not know
The span of days allotted thee below;
Nor seek the future in the books of seers.
Quiescent rather wait the coming years
To know how many winters thou shalt see,
Or if, perchance, this thy last shalt be
Which even now doth wear itself away.
In futile battle 'twixt the rocks and Tyrian bay
Spin not thy thread of hope too long,
For life is short to spend in love and song,
But seize it in its present wealth, lest Fate
Should cut the thread—the morrow be too late.



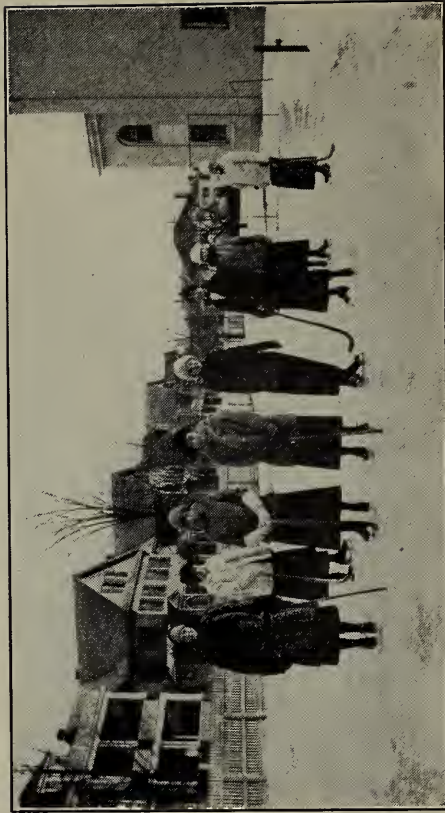
A SNOWSHOEING TRIP



THE HALL IN WINTER



THE KAVA MASCOT, VICTORY, MOULDED IN SNOW



SKATING ON THE TENNIS COURT

LONELY LAND.

Lonely? Ah, yes, but to me, you know,
 True loneliness brings delight;
 Life and its sorrows fade and die,
 Lost in the fathomless night.
 Drifting away in sweet content
 To that far-away Lonely Land,
 I eagerly search for my trusty friends
 Awaiting me on the strand.

Truth is there with his flaming sword,
 Love in her chaste white stoles,
 Peace with her olive branch held high,
 Faith, the redeemer of souls.
 From each, I receive a word or two,
 From each gain infinite power;
 Then Hope appears to accompany me
 Through many a darksome hour.

Away from this Land of Loneliness
 Back to the world of strife
 I come with a heart content and glad,
 Strengthened for daily life.

KATHRYN REDWAY,
 R. H., '13, Smith College, '18.

SECRETARY-ING.

When anyone asks you what you are going to do "after school," and you answer "Secretarial work," have you any idea what you mean?

In my undergraduate days—It's three years since, and æons since Boarding School!—I used to picture myself in a spacious office nonchalantly asking the office boy to go out and get me a sundae while I, in a neat and most becoming "business-dress," awaited the ring of the President of the company whose private secretary I should be. Now that picture was drawn for me by a most exceptionally successful Business Girl; but business life is not all as restful as that sounds! Perhaps it would be interesting to know how nearly the average girl who goes in for Secretary-ing, which I think my experience shows, fits that picture.

Item one: My office is not spacious. It is the fair average, about the size of a "single" at school, and is occupied by two large desks, two filing cabinets, a chair, a telephone, a hat-tree, an umbrella rack, a table, another stenographer and a picture of a far-away mountain. Also, since I am a suburbanite, my desk bears a green vase with the daily results of my rifling of the garden. Item two: I have an office boy, but his business is not (primarily) fetching me sundaes. When I have a sundae, it is likely to be my noon dessert. Item three: I know I am neat, and I hope that I am becoming. Item four: My "High Chief" is not the President of a fabulously wealthy Company, but he is a splendid chief executive of a world-wide plant, the Y. M. C. A. He is an extremely busy, accomplishing person, and there is nothing nonchalant about either his buzzer or my response to it.

What is the road to what little glory I have? What are the chances for a like position? These might be the average questions of the average girl.

Well, to answer with my personal experience: I was one of the lucky girls who had a job assured before my red Senior roses were faded. That job was in an office to begin as "handy-man." I might as well state frankly that I was a perfect failure at sharpen-

ing pencils and filling ink-wells, my chief duties, and after three months I left with mutual congratulations. The Job liked me no better than I liked the Job. But it was splendid training, and taught me two big things: The value of accuracy in the smallest details; and how not to treat those under you.

This first position I had undertaken without a knowledge of stenography, and, realizing what a great asset that would be, I took a course. The head of the school was rather accustomed to bullying working girls into taking several months at the work, but, by the simple method of stating that I already spoke good English, and would not "take" it further, I finished a course in typewriting and stenography by using the mornings only for a few weeks.

I really had splendid luck, for my College Club took me on as secretary in the afternoons, and I got that most valuable of all things, "Experience," while I was still at school. When that Job was over, it being a "seasonable occupation," so to speak with a summer vacation, I found, through an advertisement, a technical paper willing to pay me \$7.50 per for three days a week. The technical vocabulary was that of the editorial writer for an anti-liquor paper. I soon grew tired of it. They did treat me well, however, and offered me a permanent position.

That I refused, and did temporary work in two philanthropic institutions and a College before a telegram from the Inter-Collegiate Bureau of Occupation summoned me to interview a surgeon who wanted someone to do some special work. That surgeon's work led into social service, and here let me state my very firm conviction that no girl who is even remotely attractive should go into social service unless her work is very closely supervised. I ran a Relief Bureau, an off-shoot of a dispensary for something over six months before I became thoroughly convinced that it was not only too hard on myself, but too easy for the "hoboes" who reeled down my steps with their tales of woe. Then a good friend in the Y. M. C. A. vouched for my ability and I have been trying now for six months to demonstrate his truthfulness.

These little sketches of the road I have traveled, each indicate the possibility of work entirely outside the commercial life. (I

have sometimes thought that I should like a glimpse of that.) They show, also, that people in interesting professional and social work are looking for assistants who have more than the Business College education. There are many interesting opportunities, and in taking them, I should suggest only one thing: Never say that you can't do a thing. If you are not able to, your employer will find it out (and possibly fire you!). But if you "lay low an' ain't say nuffin'," you will be surprised to see all that you can somehow accomplish.

As mere incidentals to these jobs I have described, I have been asked to write an article on fractures (I knew not one bone from another when I began) for which the reference work had to be done in Dutch (which is not German); to get up appeals for money for two charitable institutions (to which appeals I received gratifying responses); to call upon people both in, strictly speaking, palaces and in garrets, where my welcome was having a cat kicked downstairs at me; to get confidential information from people who were running a rival enterprise; to attend luncheons with tables of men, etc., etc. It is very interesting, this "secretary-ing" life. Come on in!

KATHERINE CARR, '09.

THE GERM.

"So at the birth of a Soul, Sahib, is the germ of its life instilled—molded into its primal form, and who may dispute the judgment of the great Spirit's work? The Soul may live one life or a thousand; the germ groweth through the ages and dieth only with the extinction of the Soul. And thou, Sahib, after this life, what wilt thou be?"

The low murmur of the scribe's voice ceased to bring meaning to Hayden's dulled senses. The thick smell of the floating incense stifled him, and objects in the room became vague, confused, shut out by the mist that seemed to envelop his brain. Then the scene of the night before came to him vividly—each detail presenting itself with startling distinctness. The blows—



A SNOWSHOE RACE

the cry in the darkness—the exultation in his heart! Then the instinct for self-preservation—the flight from the thing he had done, through the maze of by-streets and dim alleys of the Hindoo village, and at last the refuge found with the ancient globe-gazer. And still the persistent never-answered question—why? Tomorrow the cry would sound, and half India would be upon his trail. Why had he done this thing? He had thrown away his position—“Sahib Ramsay Hayden in His Majesty’s service in India”—his honor, perhaps his life—and the cause was not worth it. One day, good will toward his fellows, content and peace; the next—treachery of someone trusted, the wild burning, tearing feeling in his brain—the blood red mist before his eyes—the blow in the dark—and he stood an outcast from mankind! Surely not he, but some power beyond his knowledge, had thrust the knife. There might, after all, be some meaning in the old man’s words—perhaps—

“Ay, Sahib, turn thine eyes now to the speaker-of-truth and thou shalt see.”

The words penetrated through the cloud to Hayden’s ears; he turned slowly. His eyes fell upon the crystal globe, and his sight seemed to plunge into its clear center, deeper, deeper, until gradually its scintillating lights took form and —

* * * * *

A sandy beach stretched out before him. He heard the wild surf beating upon it and felt the burning rays of the sun. From out the sand sprang a scrubby, tangled growth of some unknown or long-forgotten species—for it was centuries ago when the world was young.

He felt himself to be slimy and covered with scales, and he travelled with a scrabbling motion, his eight strong claws clutching the sand swiftly. He made for the undergrowth and a certain spot among its tangles of slippery roots, where he knew his nest to be—and a shiny blue-green egg—his treasure. He crawled to the spot. A scarlet creature with fangs was devouring the egg before his very eyes! He waited. The creature finished its devastation and crept forth upon the sand to lie in the sun. A fierce fire raged beneath his scales, and he sprang upon the crimson thing, buried his claws and his teeth in it, and, despite its writhings and

the stinging of its fangs, he left it, dead, and, filled with triumph and savage glee, crawled away to the bushes—and died of the stings.

* * * * *

Fumes of vapor filled the globe, and Hayden felt that a great time passed. Finally it cleared, and the cool depths of a primeval forest surrounded him. Above him, huge trunks stretched upward, extending massive boughs in all directions. Far below him rank fern-growth and moss struggled up over fallen branches and rotting logs. He felt the strength in his hairy arms and legs as he swung from a branch and chattered the joy of life to his mate in his shrieking ape language. Then came another hairy form, swinging and leaping through the branches. It paused above him, circling round his mate. It chattered in a different tongue from his. He watched it—puzzled. Then it made off slowly, looking back at every leap—and 'after it, his mate! He watched them bound up higher and farther off into the distance. Then a fierce, hot wave of passion swept over him—he pursued them—a wild fight ensued, till he gripped with both sinewy hands the throat of the other, and wreaked all the feeling in him upon the strangling, dying thing. Then he swung back to his favorite haunt to gloat upon the deed with mad joy.—And there he died of a wound in his hairy breast.

* * * * *

Again a mist filled the globe, and Hayden felt the passing of ages. When all cleared, he stood upon a rugged mountain top. Great boulders towered about him; above him, the deep, cloudless, blue sky, and an eagle soaring. The wind tossed his long, unkempt hair across his face, and he sang a rude song for joy. About his waist was tied the skin of some beast, and through it were stuck crude arrows. As his eyes wandered down the mountainside, a great stag sprang into view upon a rocky prominence. Seizing his bow, he made off in pursuit, the joy of the hunt in his veins. Over hill and valley he followed, when suddenly from the thicket sprang another hunter, larger than he, stronger and swifter of foot, who made after the stag, overtook it, killed it, and, throwing it across broad shoulders, bore it to the caves of his tribe, and was received with praise and acclamations. Then a swift wave

of burning rage swept over him, and, springing upon the hero he bit and tore and strangled him to death. A wild, unholy exultation seized him, and he howled for joy—until they put him to death for his murder.

* * * * *

The globe clouded. Again time passed. Then—again the blood-red mist before his eyes—the cruel, hot hunger in his heart—the knife blow, the scream—satisfaction!—fulfilment!—revenge! Revenge—the keynote of his existence. Hidden perhaps for years by the mask of civilization, but (strange terror seized him) ruling in the end! Again the low droning voice came to his ears—“So at the birth of a Soul, Sahib, is the germ of its life instilled; the Soul may live one life—or a thousand—but this dieth only with the Soul’s extinction.”

A TRIP TO LES-AVANTS.

We were staying at Lausanne, on beautiful Lake Geneva. One lovely May day my father proposed a trip to Les-Avants, a small resort above the lake, to the fields of wild narcissus. We were delighted with the plan, and were soon on our way to Montreux, where we left the train and took the “Funiculaire” up the steep mountain side. Higher and higher the car climbed, while we grew dizzy, as we looked back at the almost perpendicular tracks behind us. It was not a long ride, and we soon stepped from the funny little train, glad to get a breath of the pure mountain air. Across the valley rose the roofs of Caux, the famous winter resort, and all around us towered rocky peaks. We strolled up to the one hotel which the village afforded and had our customary afternoon tea. Then we started for the fields and meadows which lay outside the village. On our way we met flocks of English girls, evidently some school on an excursion. Their arms were loaded with flowers, and we had some idea of what we should find farther on.

Never shall I forget the wonderful sight that greeted us. As far as the eye could see stretched meadows white with narcissus, looking almost like snow. They were so thick that we all but trampled on them when we walked. The air was filled with their fragrance, as they bent and rippled like waves in the breeze. We stood looking at the picture before us, the snow-white fields beyond the green valley and still farther on, the rugged mountains against the blue sky. It was truly wonderful, but we did not stand gazing long. The temptation to pick the flowers grew too great. They were wild and we might have all we could carry away. We picked and picked till our arms were full and our backs ached. Then we took one last, long look at the scene before us, and started homeward, laden with our fragrant burdens.

ELEANOR B. GOODRICH.

THE PACIFIST.

It was on a Sunday evening that I first saw him. He was among the villagers of the quaint English coast-town, hurrying along to church, in answer to the persistent cling-clang of the cracked little bell. It was his large, dark eyes that attracted me, for they had a dreamy, far-away look in them, unlike those of the other villagers. His face wore a contented and peaceful look, until one of the old men went up and spoke to him.

"Eh, yeou'm not gone yit, lad?" I heard him say, his eyes twinkling maliciously.

The boy's face grew red, and his eyes, losing their far-away look, flashed, as he answered hotly:

"Gone! yeou know I'll niver go!"

"Yiss. Coward that yeou be!" sneered the old man.

The boy clenched his fists.

"Coward do yeou say? I bain't no coward! I don't believe i' th' war."

"Yiss," chuckled the other, "yeou've said that before," and he hobbled into the church, rubbing his hands and smiling gleefully.



THE MANDOLIN CLUB—Hazel Coffin, Leader



THE GLEE CLUB—Elizabeth McCalmont, President

Later I learned that the boy lived alone with his mother, in a tiny cottage by the sea. He earned a scanty living for both by fishing and selling what he caught. At the beginning of the war nearly all of his friends had enlisted, and his mother had urged him to go, but he had shaken his head and declared that he thought war was wicked and that she would starve if he left her. In spite of this fact, however, he worked less hard than usual, and he often sat alone in the doorway of his boathouse, in the evening, gazing out at the open sea. His mother, noticing this, begged him to go, for she thought he was lonesome, but he would not listen to her, declaring that war was not right, and that he had no wish or desire to kill people.

So the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, and at evening the boy still sat in the doorway of the boathouse, whistling, or staring at the sea. And when the curfew tolled he would make his way slowly back to the cottage, and his eyes were always very bright.

I found him sitting in the boathouse one evening, as I was walking along the sands. I came quite close to him before he saw me, and then he jumped up quickly. By his side was a sheet of paper, and he held a pencil in his fist.

"Good evening," I said. "Nice weather we're having, isn't it?"

"Yiss, sir," said the boy absently.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Abel Simly," he answered.

"I hear you come here often," I continued, full of curiosity and trying not to show it. "Nearly every pleasant evening, they tell me in the village."

"Yis," said Abel, "I do."

"What do you do here all alone? Do you mend your nets? Perhaps you watch for submarines?"

Abel shook his head.

"Neu, 'tees not them," he said slowly.

"Mermaids, then," I suggested.

He started.

"Mermaids, do yeou say?"

"Yes, have you ever seen any?"

He shook his head.

"Not yit."

"Perhaps they have all been killed by—the German submarines."

"Neu," said Abel, "when they see they comin', they do hide themsel's 'neath th' seaweed an' th' moss an' th' shells."

I had evidently struck the right note. He was very fanciful, this sturdy, Yorkshire lad, so I made a suggestion, hoping to lead him on.

"Perhaps they swim back to their palace and King Neptune?"

"King Neptune?"

"Have you never heard of him? He is the king of the sea."

"Oah, yiss, I mind now. He carries a—a—what yeou'm call th' thing wi' three points on the end of a stick?"

"Trident."

"Oah, yiss."

He was silent for a minute.

"Where did you learn all about mermaids and King Neptune?" I asked.

"A man gie I 'a book come Christmas. He bided here a summer. He'm a writer. Oah, if I was laike 'im!"

"So you want to be a writer?"

"I've told 'ee!" gasped Abel. "Yeou won't niver tell?"

"No," I said, "if you'd rather not."

Just then the curfew rang warningly, and we parted.

That evening, however, was only one of many that we spent together. He was trying to write a story, he said, that he had been thinking of for a long time. Parts of it he read to me, but I never looked at it myself. This manuscript was his greatest treasure and he hid it every night under a loose board in the boathouse floor.

One day I had to go down to London on business, and while I was gone the village was shelled by the Germans, so I decided not to go back, and buckled down to work instead. But a few months later I had a tempting invitation from a friend to take a motor trip with him, and I yielded to the temptation and accepted.

We stopped one day at the little village and picnicked on the beach. We were very near the spot where the boathouse had once stood, but the boathouse was now only a heap of ruins. After luncheon, we walked through the half-deserted streets, pausing now and then to look at the ruin of a house, and wonder why such a quaint, harmless village should have been shelled.

I looked everywhere for Abel, but I could not find him, and I wondered what had become of him. Happening to pass down a side street I came across an old man, the very one who had so taunted my friend in the church yard. I asked him what had become of the lad.

"Oah, he'm enleested!" cackled the old man.

"Enlisted! but I thought he didn't believe in war."

"He'm fighting naow," continued my informer. "Enleested he did when th' Gairmuns shelled th' town an' keelled hees mither. He gied us th' alaarm. 'Twas just afore curfew. Said he saw a beast come aout o' th' sea, he did. Thought hees mither was tu th' neighbors, an' she'm abed an' asleep. Went clair thru th' haouse, it did. Keelled hees mither tu. He'm enleested, Simly."

"What regiment did he enlist in?"

"'Twas Highlander, I forgit th' name. 'T ees in naow," and he turned away and hobbled off, chuckling.

So my friend had enlisted! I wondered what kind of a soldier he'd make. It was rather difficult to imagine this easy-going lad as a rough and ready soldier. Had he changed much, I wondered.

Wandering along the streets toward the sea, I came to the remains of his little cottage, and I stood gazing at it, thinking of him, when a voice aroused me from my reveries.

"I say, old man, don't stand gaping at those ruins. We're going to start in about ten minutes. Come along and help pack up."

I turned and followed my host.

Soon we were on the road again, joking and laughing, and I forgot all about my friend.

Back in London six months later and hard at work, I happened to pick up a newspaper one morning, and, turning to the war news, scanned the list of "casualties." There was no one I knew on it. I drew a long breath of relief, then my eye caught a small notice below.

"Corporal Abel Simly of the 1st—— Highlanders has been awarded the V. C. Under heavy fire he rescued his captain, who was wounded in a charge against the Germans. Corporal Simly has also been mentioned in dispatches."

" 'Simly,' " I mused. " 'Abel Simly.' That name sounds very familiar. 'Abel Simly.' Oh, I remember now! He was that Yorkshire boy!"

ELLEN BURKE.

VINETA.

In the northeastern part of Germany, there lies an island called Wöllin, at the mouth of the Oder River. On this island there was once a city called Vineta. What its origin was has never been found out, but it was a beautiful little city, and the people in it were happy and prosperous. Some attributed this happiness and prosperity to the fact that God himself had blessed the city, and promised it protection; and for this reason it was often called "God's city."

For a long time the city flourished, and its inhabitants thrived, but gradually there came a change. The people had always been a very religious and God-fearing race, which was very natural and right for those living in a city that had been blessed by God. The Sabbath day had always been very strictly observed, and no frivolities of any kind ever permitted. But when the old people died, and their children grew up, and their children's children grew up, the change came about. The people who once had been so industrious and hard working, became careless and indolent. Work was neglected while they sought amusement and made merry. God was very much displeased with his people, but hoped that they would repent of their evil deeds, and would return to their former ways. This, however, did not happen, and things went on from bad to worse, until finally even the Sabbath day was abused.



THE CAE CLUB—Mary Weiser, President



THE KAVA CLUB—Margaret Wood, President

One Saturday night the people went to a feast, which lasted way into Sunday morning. Wine was served profusely at this banquet, and the men drank freely of it. Everybody was in an uproarious condition, and no thought was given to anything save jollity. People danced wildly until exhausted, and then sat down to banquet again, keeping this up all night and the next morning.

When it was time for church, the bells tolled long and loudly, but nobody came. Everyone was still at the banquet, some of them dancing, some feasting, and some lying about in a drunken stupor.

God's patience was finally exhausted, and he was very angry. He had given the people many chances to redeem themselves, but they had not done so, and now they would have to be punished. So he caused a terrible storm to come up, which swept over and around the city furiously. The sea began to rise higher and higher, until very shortly the entire city was submerged, and nothing has been heard of it since.

But it is said, if one goes to the island of Wöllin, and on a still, clear day, looks over into the sea, one can see the steeple of the church way, way down, and if listening intently, one can hear the church bells faintly tolling, still waiting for the people to come.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF.

THE MIRAGE.

"I'll find those L X horses and be back here at the ranch by Thursday or I'll buy you a new pair of boots when we go to town," said Jerry, as he rode away.

"Remember, I wear high-priced boots," warned Slim.

It was Monday when Jerry left the ranch, and by Tuesday he was well into the Hanging Woman country. Late that evening he saw a bunch of horses grazing in the valley below. Jerry's cowhorse wound his way cautiously down the steep cowtrail

to the horses so that he would not scare them. The pack horse followed slowly. L X was branded on the left hip of all of them. Jerry built a fire, made coffee and cooked some bacon. After he had eaten supper he unrolled his roundup bed and went to sleep.

Early the next morning, he roped a sorrel horse from the bunch because his own horse was pretty tired. His new horse acted very well, and only pitched once or twice, so Jerry started to drive the bunch to the ranch. He had gone about fifteen miles and was in the midst of a lonely stretch of country when a bunch of grouse frightened his sorrel, and he began to buck. He pitched straight ahead, then sideways, and finally finished with corkscrew bucking. Jerry landed in a heap among the sage brush. For several minutes he lay still, then he opened his eyes, but he could not remember what had happened. His leg began to pain him, and when he tried to rise, it would not bear his weight, and he realized it was broken. He looked around, there was not a horse in sight. Red hills rolled away on every side. He was at least forty or fifty miles from any ranch; how he was to get help, he did not know, for the cowboys rarely came that way. To drag himself forty miles would be an utter impossibility. Toward noon the sun beat down in all its fury on the barren hills. He got into the shadow of a tall sage brush, and went to sleep for a few hours. Suddenly he was awakened by the howl of a grey wolf. Instantly his hand was on his revolver; a second later the beast was dead. Wolves appeared from all directions to devour the dead one. Jerry realized he was surrounded. It took some time for them to eat the dead animal, but when they had finished they came nearer and nearer to Jerry. A shot rang out, and another wolf fell. Just as soon as the pack had finished with one wolf, he killed another. This he kept up all day long.

Late in the afternoon, Slim was riding over the hills looking for stray cattle and wondering if Jerry had found the L X horses, when he glanced at the clouds just above the western horizon. He looked again, but still he could not believe his eyes. There, mirrored in the sky, was his friend, Jerry, in the most desolate country, lying among the sage brush, surrounded by grey wolves. The red buttes loomed up in the background. It was a mirage. Slim had never believed in mirages, but he recognized every hill

and gulch of the country. It could not be a freak of his imagination, because the picture hung among the clouds, perfect in every detail.

"How long can he keep those wolves at bay?" gasped Slim, as he turned his horse in the opposite direction and headed for Hanging Woman Creek at a brisk trot.

It was nearly dusk, and still the wolves stood round their victim, watching every move he made. Their leader began a mournful howl, and the pack took up his cry. The hills rang with their howling. The noise pierced Jerry's very soul, terror gripped him when he thought what the end would be when his cartridges gave out. When it was almost dark, he scraped some sage brush together and built a fire. He knew this would keep the wolves at a distance until morning. All night long they yelped and howled. At frequent intervals Jerry replenished the fire.

At midnight Slim came to a homesteader's cabin, where he changed horses. On and on he galloped with the terrible torture gnawing at his heart that perhaps his friend's bullets might not last until he got there.

As dawn crept over the red buttes in a crimson streak, the wolves came closer to Jerry, as their fear of the fire lessened. Again he had to begin killing them. His supply of cartridges was growing small. The sun came out with all its fierceness, but even that could not slacken the vigil of the tireless wolves. By eleven o'clock he had only three cartridges. He intended to use two of them to keep the beasts at bay as long as he could but the third he would use to carry himself over the Great Divide. After the pack had gnawed the last bit of meat off the carcass, they came nearer and Jerry had to pick off another. Only two cartridges remained. It seemed to him as if they ate that wolf more ravenously and more quickly than they had the first one. They pressed closer around their victim and he was forced to shoot another wolf. He knew the end was near. Just as they were picking the bones of the last wolf, a rider appeared over the hill. Jerry began to call frantically for help. He recognized Slim as he rode down the hill. The wolves scattered in all directions.

"Thank God, Slim, you came before I had to use that last cartridge."

DOROTHY McMURRAY BURNS. R. H. 1915.

SCHOOL NEWS.

OUR OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES.

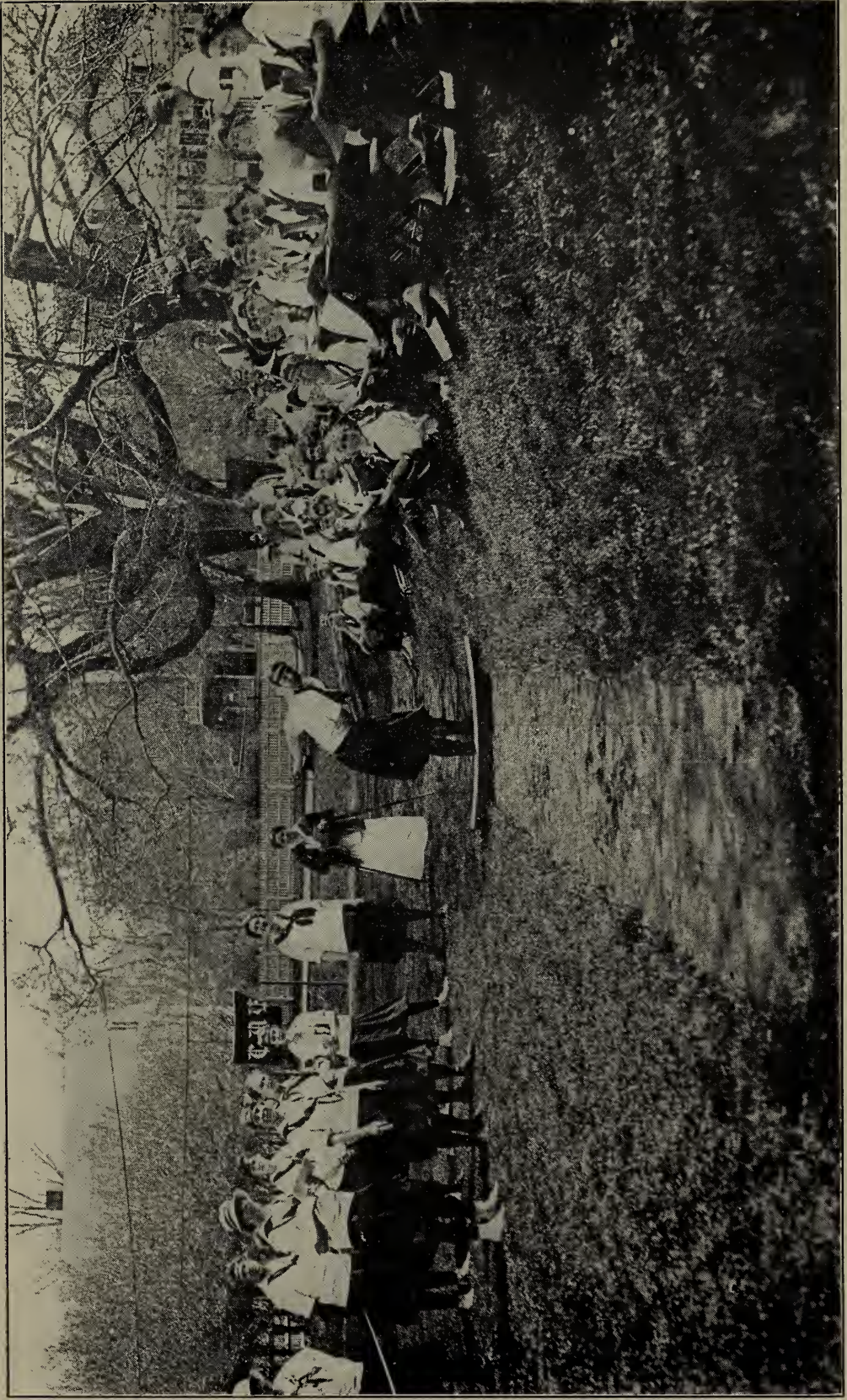
Within the past few years Rogers Hall has joined various National Associations in order that we may show our interest in the social work done by them. One happy result has been that the Societies have sent their speakers to us, and in this way we have kept in touch with their work.

Last year Rogers Hall joined the National Red Cross Society, thereby being the first girls' school to have a sub-chapter. During the year we have had several talks about the work of the society, as well as meetings of our own, when some of the girls read various articles on the work of the American Red Cross in Europe. We receive all the pamphlets and bulletins put out by the headquarters in Washington, so we keep in touch with the work done in all parts of the United States.

This year we have turned our attention to bandage rolling, and our total number of bandages is about 400. Besides this we have given aid to needy families in Lowell.

April 23rd—

This evening we had a most interesting talk on settlement work. Miss Shayne, who has spent the winter visiting the various sub-chapters in the eastern states, came to tell us, since Rogers Hall belongs to the College Settlements' Association, just exactly what sort of work it was we were helping to carry on. She took up each one of the College Settlement Houses in detail, beginning with the one in New York. This house is in a very crowded district on the east side, and the figures Miss Shayne gave us were appalling. She said that in three square blocks there are thirteen hundred children—children who have no chance for existence, and whose little lives know only the ugliness of the crowded, dirty streets. She told how this Settlement House had been founded,



MARGARET WOOD WINS THE SHOT PUT, MAKING A NEW RECORD OF 33 FT. 5 IN.

had flourished, and had been enlarged, yet even now there was scarcely room enough for the crowds of east-enders of all ages who came there.

The conditions are practically the same in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, for the Settlement Houses are crowded in all these places. To show what splendid work the Association is doing, and how closely it touches the individual, Miss Shayne told us the following story:

"One day I was talking to a lad—let us call him Jim—a leader of one of the numerous 'gangs' of boys. I had not seen any of his 'gang' for quite a while, so I inquired about them. He told me that one was in a reformatory, two in prison, one had been killed in a drunken row—and so on through the line. Finally Jim gravely said, 'Miss Shayne, the Settlement got me in time, or I'd be with 'em.' "

Not only is the Association helping the children, but there are classes of all sorts for the mothers. Miss Shayne told us that while she was in Philadelphia she hated to miss the Wednesday night meetings of the Irish Club. These women, many of whom had worked hard all day, never missed a meeting, but one by one they came painfully up the stairs, and sank groaning into chairs. They continued to groan and tell their troubles, until someone began to play the piano. Then the honest faces brightened, soon heads and feet kept time to the music, and finally they were on the floor, dancing a jig, as merrily as though there were no such things as aches and pains.

All through her talk Miss Shayne kept inserting amusing anecdotes. It seemed that the girls of one of the Houses had formed Clubs, and called them by most peculiar names. Imagine Miss Shayne's surprise when a little girl appeared one evening and demanded, "Where's my club?" Upon being asked who she was, the child gravely replied, "Why, I'm a Bud of Promise."

Miss Shayne's vivid description and intimate little touches helped us to realize more fully what a noble work the College Settlement Association is doing.

Tonight the Alliance Française met here for the last time this year. There has been organized in Lowell this year a branch of the Alliance to the monthly meetings of which the girls have been invited.

The programmes have been varied and interesting. We have had talks on the French theatre, Literature, Alsace and Lorraine, and one most interesting one on the present war given by a Captain of the French army who was badly wounded during the retreat to Paris.

This last meeting was an informal reception, at which a brief musical programmes was given and some charming poetry read. Refreshments were served, and the members of the Alliance had an opportunity to become better acquainted.

Sunday, May —

We have had another chance to hear Miss Haywood, who spoke to us last year about the Girls' College in Spain, which Rogers Hall has been interested in for several years. The talk was illustrated by very interesting lantern slides showing views of the college, and scenes in a Spanish girl's life. She told us what a daring and difficult thing it was to start a college for women in Spain, because in that country the old-fashioned idea still exists that there is no life open to the woman, except marriage or the convent. This difficulty was overcome by an American woman, who, with several American girls fresh from college, opened a school in Madrid where girls were prepared to take the examinations given by the government. Since that time the college has sent girls every year to take the examinations with the men, and not one girl has failed. Miss Haywood amused us immensely when she said that Spanish girls do not speak of passing or flunking, they suffer or do not suffer an examination, as the case may be.

By degrees the old idea is giving way to the new one that women have a right to self-development, and with it comes the broadening of the Spanish girl's life.

May 19th—

Every girl in school has heard, at one time or another, vague rumors of the Indian fort from which Fort Hill took its name, but it was not until Mrs. Griffin told us today about the Indian

history connected with Lowell that we learned the historical facts concerning the Indians who used to be found in this part of New England.

She told us how the Indians had come down the Merrimack river and had encamped in what is now Lowell, using Fort Hill as their place of defense. Many streets and towns in this vicinity still bear the names of the leaders of the tribes.

Mrs. Griffin ended her talk with the sad though sweet story of Weetamoo, a little Indian maid, the daughter of a chief, who conquered her pride and had started down the river, alone in her canoe, to return to her warrior husband. When she came to the falls she was hurled to her death on the rocks, and now, if one stands by the falls on a spring evening, one can see a phantom canoe, guided by a beautiful maid, sailing in the mist.

May 21st—

I've never stopped to think just how important it is that our clothes, in fact that everything we buy, should bear the label of the Consumers' League. Miss Wiggin told us tonight that that little label attached to articles meant that the men or girls who made those articles were working in comfortable workrooms, under sanitary and safe conditions. She urged us to help the League by going only to those stores and restaurants that answer the conditions required by the League. She said nothing can be accomplished by sentiment—business men want facts; they want to know how many people are backing the Consumers' League, how their business can be helped by improving the conditions of their employees, in fact, they must have proof of everything.

Miss Wiggin told us that wherever she had talked she had always been enthusiastically received by school girls. Once she had orders to start west on business for the League, but she had no money. She spoke in a Boston school, and the girls were so interested that they gave thirty dollars, which took her as far as Washington. There she visited four schools and got enough money to go as far as St. Louis. That was the way it was during her whole trip, and she reached Boston with a dollar and fifty cents, after having her entire trip paid for by school girls.

ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

MUSICAL OPPORTUNITIES.

Just before our spring vacation, we heard with much interest that the Metropolitan Opera Company was coming to Boston, in April, for a short season. Then there was posted on the bulletin a list of the Operas from which we might choose, "Carmen," "Madam Butterfly," "Hänsel and Gretel," "Pagliacci" and "Die Meistersinger." I could hardly believe that at last I was to have a chance to see and more especially to hear Caruso, Amato, Farrar, Scotti, all of those famous singers whom I had heard, up to that time, merely on the Victrola.

Carmen was wonderful, and for the first time I saw Geraldine Farrar in real life. In our European Literature class during the winter, I read Mérimée's "Carmen," and, therefore, expected the opera to be similar, but it was not at all. Mérimée's "Carmen" was a hot-blooded, impulsive woman, fearless, bold and fascinating. Farrar presented a coarse, vulgar type, flaunting herself in everyone's face. Needless to say, the book was much more pleasing. The stars of the opera, in my opinion, were Amato as Escamillo and Edith Mason as Micaela, a part which showed off her exceedingly lovely soprano voice. Then came "Madam Butterfly," the best of them all, to me. Never have I heard such music, or seen such marvelous effects of light and darkness, and the acting was superb. I could not get over it for days, the beauty, the pathos of it.

In "Pagliacci" I heard Caruso at last, but somehow his voice did not sound the way I had expected. I had imagined a powerful voice that would ring through the whole house, but Amato, in his prologue, was much more impressive. "Hänsel and Gretel" came that same afternoon, and was perfectly delightful. It is an altogether charming fairy story, and the music gave just the right touch. Louise Homer made a hideous witch with a beautiful voice. The ladder of angels was the loveliest picture I have ever seen.

"Die Meistersinger" ended our trips. I know some people do not care for Wagnerian music, but why they don't, I can't understand. No one in the world has ever written such harmonies, such exquisite chords, slipping from one mood to another, carrying



THE CAE BASKET BALL TEAM—Elizabeth McConkey, Captain



THE CAE HOCKEY TEAM—Mary Weiser, Captain

you along until you forget where you are. The opera meant nothing to me, it was only the music, now tremendous, now only a breath, that held me spellbound.

So our opera season ended, and in the next musical opportunity was the annual spring concert given by the Lowell Choral Society. Their programme was rich, and those of us who were able to go felt greatly repaid. Who wouldn't jump at the chance to hear Mrs. Sundelius sing her quaint, old folk songs? The Boston Festival Orchestra played the Suite, *Casse Noisette* by Tschai-kowsky, which was altogether fascinating. Then the presentation of "The Highwayman" was most interesting. Everyone knows the poem of Alfred Noyes:

"The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door."

But no one can imagine the music unless she has heard it before. It is a perfect accompaniment to the horror of the story, and Reinald Werrenrath as baritone gave the finishing touch. Besides this, the chorus sang "Gallia," with Mrs. Sundelius as soloist. It was especially appropriate that Gounod's "Gallia" should be the feature of the evening's programme. That beautiful tribute to the spirit of France, which was written in 1871 to commemorate her desolation at the hands of the Prussians, has a new meaning for us in this year of 1916, when France once more is ravaged by the Germans. Mrs. Sundelius' voice is peculiarly fitted to this sort of work, and never has it been lovelier than in the grand finale when it soared high and clear above the chorus in that wonderful, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! O turn thee unto the Lord thy God."

When I think it over, this spring term seems to have been very full of delightful opportunities, and whoever loves music cannot fail to envy the advantages we have here, for there is something all the year round, either symphony, recital or concert.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

THE PAGEANT.

May 6th—

If you had been at Rogers Hall on the night of the Shakespeare Pageant, you would have imagined yourself a few centuries back in the midst of the

“* * * Pomp and feast and revelry,
And mask and antique pageantry,”

of Elizabeth's court. The Gymnasium was decorated with greens and a throne had been made before the fireplace.

The Queen entered the hall, followed by her courtiers (the faculty), a blaze of brilliant colors, who grouped themselves around her on the steps of the throne.

The three “Weird Sisters” from Macbeth entered, and, going slowly round and round a caldron, muttered mystic rhymes, and so opened the pageant that was to follow. Then the crimson-clad pages held aside the curtains opposite the throne, and the players, led by a forester playing a violin entered, singing “Under the Greenwood Tree.” There were proud lords and ladies, judges, country boys and girls, shepherds, shepherdesses, and they stood or sat in picturesque groups around the hall. As the song ended, there was a short silence, followed by the loud clapping of the enthusiastic onlookers.

The pages then brought forward a small platform, on which was a high-backed chair, and placed it before the drawn curtains. One of the groups stepped forward, took their places, and all was ready for the “Merchant of Venice.” The merchant's case was stated, and then Portia (Edith Stevens), stepping forward, made her famous speech about “the quality of mercy,” to the judges and anxious witnesses. The Jew (Gertrude Pritzlaff) deprived of his pound of flesh, the actors went back to their places, and the pages removed the platform.

“Oranges and Lemons,” a sixteenth century dance, followed, the dancers being four country boys and girls. A very good time they seemed to be having, as they merrily skipped and whirled around before the throne.

Next came a scene from the "Taming of the Shrew," and Petruchio (Ruth Allen), clad in velvet and fine laces, started out with Katharine (Rosamond Norris) to her father's house. Katharine ventured a remark about the sun, only to be contradicted by Petruchio, and told it is the moon. An argument followed, ending by the subduing of Katharine.

Five picked singers, accompanied by mandolins, then sang "Sigh No More, Ladies," a song taken from "Much Ado About Nothing." Amid the applause that followed the ending of the song, a group came forward, and the speech from "As You Like It," beginning "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women, merely players," was made by Jacques (Marjorie Wilder). Very different from the court scene in the "Merchant of Venice," was this simple out-of-doors picture, where most of the actors were sturdy foresters, who listened to the speaker with amused faces instead of the solemn and grave looks that were worn in the former scene.

The next scene was an amusing one from "Twelfth Night," for the Countess Olivia (Edith Kingsley) was wooed by her absurd steward, Malvolio (Elizabeth McConkey). He, with his yellow-stockinged legs, "cross-gartered" to the knees, caused much amusement on the part of Maria (Nancy Sibley), Sir Toby (Lydia Langdon) and Sir Andrew (Virginia Willson), who hid behind a small bush and watched him read the forged letter. The Maypole Dance followed this laughable scene, and the shepherds and shepherdesses skipped in and out, braiding and unbraiding the gay streamers around the pole.

The next scene had a touch of the serious in it, for it was the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." While Romeo (Marcia Bartlett) paced beneath the balcony of his lady love (Elizabeth Johnston), she appeared, the white of her gown and skin sharply outlined against the dark background. The two lovers talked until the voice of Juliet's nurse was heard. Then they parted—and the scene ended.

Again the five singers came forward, and this time the song was "Who is Silvia?" from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." High and clear sounded their voices, and it was with regret that we heard the song end.

Next came "Merry Conceit," an old English country dance, in which all the players took part, mingling and intermingling with each other. At the end of the dance, they crowded around the throne and sang "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" from "Cymbeline." As the song ended, the Queen bade my Lord Leicester find Master Shakespeare that a wreath of laurel might be given him in appreciation of the pageant he had presented before her. Master Shakespeare (Mrs. Corwin) came forward and, receiving the wreath, accepted it with a speech. Then, as Her Majesty descended from the throne and walked across the hall, followed by her court, the pageant ended.

ELLEN BURKE.

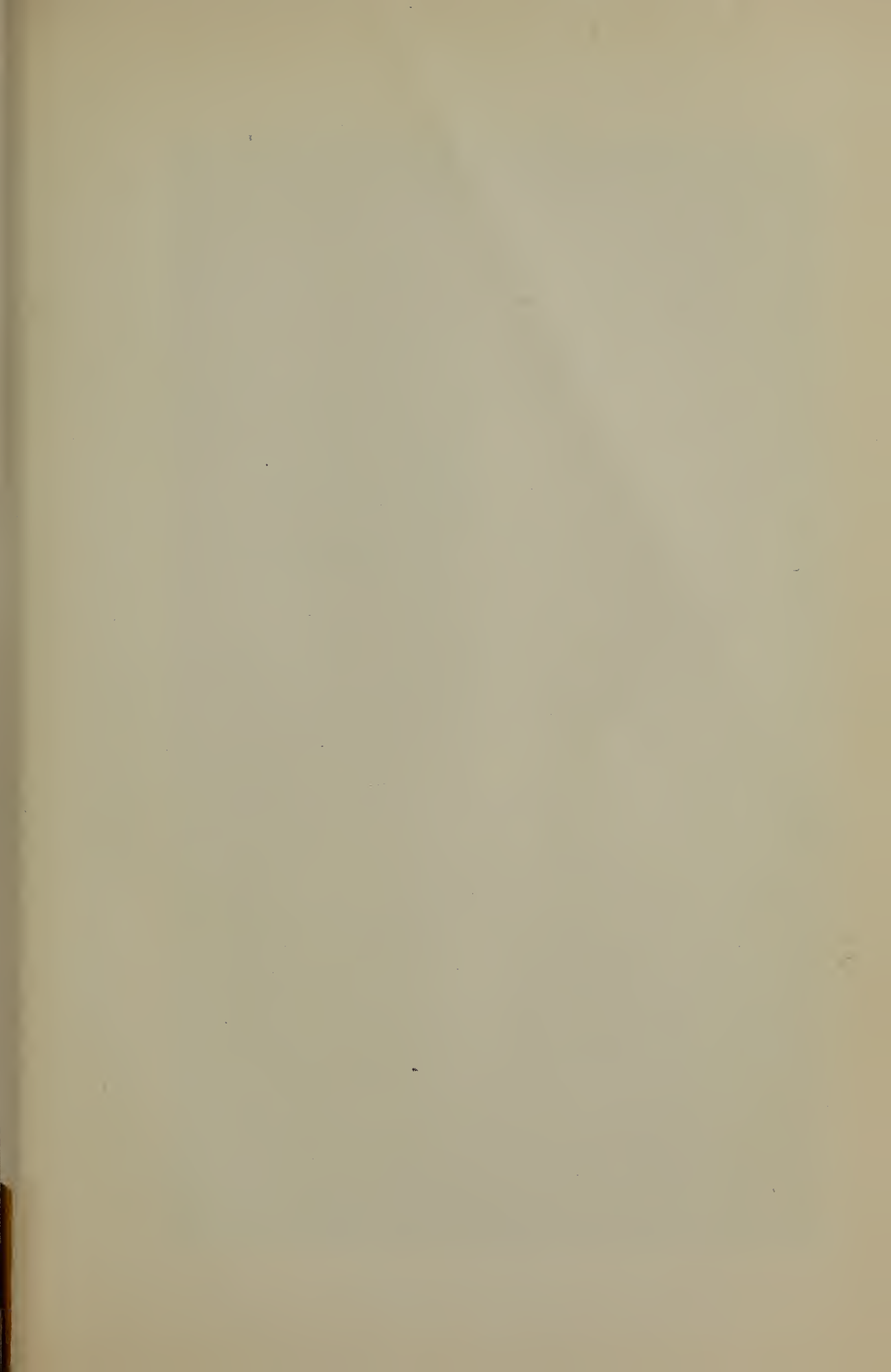
THE PICNIC AT CANOBIE LAKE.

The picnic was great fun! Everyone said so, even the girls who said they didn't care for such parties admitted it.

Miss Parsons had a special car for us, and at three minutes, of eleven, Saturday morning, we were all ready—bag and baggage. There was a grand rush for the front seat, and, although the car was an open one, the seat by the motorman seemed to be preferable.

The ride was lovely. The trees were all in bloom, and the open country was delightful. At times, when the track was clear some distance ahead, the motorman sped the car along, the telephone poles fairly flew by, and we had the exhilarating sensation of going—it seemed to us—sixty miles an hour.

In a little more than an hour we reached Canobie Lake. How pretty it was! On one side of the track, we saw many pines through which we caught glimpses of the blue water. On the other side was the amusement park. We were a week too early for that, however, and, finding it impossible to ride on the Merry-Go-Round or to Chute-the-Chutes, we decided to explore. The lake was very high, and it was quite thrilling to jump from one large stone to another in order to reach a dry place. The cottages looked deserted, and, although some appeared rather explorable, we turned our attention to an old rickety hotel, that looked too demolished to ever be of any use. Instead of being interesting,





SOME OF THE OFFICERS OF THE CLUBS

Margaret Wood, President of Kava; Mary Weiser, President of Cae; Gertrude Pritzlaff, Baseball Captain, Cae;
Hazel Coffin, Hockey and Tennis Captain, Kava; Ruth Allen, Executive Committee, Cae.

however, we found it exceedingly dirty and musty. Our exit was speedy, if not graceful.

Some of the girls thought the lunch was the best part of all, but I thought it was only one of the best parts.

After lunch we took our turn in touring the lake. A stray motor-boat had found its way to us, and for ten cents apiece the owner of the boat took us around the lake.

Perhaps an hour or so after lunch we went back to the car, and, although a trifle tired after our day's fun, declared we had never had a better time.

EDITH KINGSLEY.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

FIELD DAY, MAY 8, 1916.

"Hi, Mary, sign my programme?" called a figure arrayed in white middie and green bloomers. With a bang, Mary dropped the hurdle that she was lugging down to the athletic field and turned to sign the Field Day programme, a ceremony that she had to repeat many times in the next fifteen minutes, for on Founder's Day everybody aims to get her programme of the events scribbled over with the names of everybody else. Once the programmes had taken on the nature of a crazy quilt, we gathered in the schoolroom to hear Miss Parsons give a brief history of the school from the time when it was known as the Rogers Farm to the day when the school proper was established through the generosity of Miss Emily Rogers, in whose honor Founder's Day is held.

After that the real excitement began. We all rushed down to the field and gave our Kava and Cae cheers, for on Field Day, too, the clubs fought for a victory, the Kavas for another victory and another cup, and the Caes for a victory and a cup. The banners were placed at each end of the field, and Vic and Caemo, the mascots, on a judge's stand on one side of the field. Poor Caemo was nearly hit in the nose in the event for throwing the baseball for distance, and then in truth could we say, "Caemo, hear him roar."

The whistle blew. "Fifty yard dash first," announced Miss Macfarlane, and, with trembling knees and hearts thumping violently, eighteen of us trotted up to the starting line. Words of encouragement were hurled after us—"You've got the first heat by a mile, Kay." "Go to it, Pritzie," but all was a jumble in the excitement. All that the runners saw was a stretch of green grass that looked miles long, and a white tape, oh, so far away! Then came Miss Macfarlane's voice in a faint echo, "Get ready, get set, get on your mark, go!" and we went. But we didn't all go fast enough. Almeda Herman reached the tape first, and the Kavas won the first event, but not by much, as the Caes won the second and third places.

The three-legged race was very interesting and exciting, as a large number tried it. Marjorie Wilder and Olga Moulton seemed to have the best team work, however, as they surged ahead of the other hopping, joggling contestants, and came in an easy first.

The most comical events were the sack race and the catch the train race. Olga Moulton won both of these. We knew that Olga had had actual practice in catching the train at our Spring vacation, although at that time she hadn't succeeded as well as she did on Field Day. She afterward confessed that she had lain awake half the night before, planning a costume easy to slip into, such as a gym skirt unbuttoned all the way down the front, and a huge pair of gloves belonging to Thomas.

And so it went. First the Kavas won an event, and then the Caes, and the score of points on the board piled up, first to one's advantage and then to the other's. The girls winning first, second, or third places were cheered heartily by their clubs after each event. Margaret Wood got one rousing cheer when she put the shot 33.5 ft., breaking the record of 29 ft. that she had established last year. But never was anyone cheered so heartily as Louise Jennison, when she won the high jump. This event was especially dramatic, because just before it the Caes were in the lead by one point, and the events to follow, the potato race and the obstacle race, are generally mad scrambles won by chance. In the high jump, the Caes had three contestants, the Kavas only one, Louise Jennison. All of the other three had jumped several

inches higher than Louise's best, and the Kavas expected to see nine points rolled up against them. But Louise was bound to win, and win she did. First Betty Meigs dropped out, and then "Husky" Allen, and Marjorie Wilder and Louise were the only ones left. Marjorie had won the high jump last year, but she didn't this year. The Kavas went wild, and gave, "A regular cheer for Jennison. Ready—one, two, three!" It was well for Louise that she was strong, or she would have sunk down under the rain of blows with which the girls wildly tried to show their appreciation.

After the obstacle race, we all crowded around Miss Macfarlane while she presented the little individual cup to Almeda Herman, the winner of the highest number of points. Margaret Wood won second place, and Marjorie Wilder and Ruth Allen were tied for third. Miss Macfarlane then presented the large cup to Margaret Wood, who received it in the name of the Kava Club, for they had won,—yes, Field Day, too, by a score of 84-60.

"Time the Kavas bought a cabinet for their cups!" someone suggested in fun.

Soon we were all sitting in groups in the schoolroom, on the porch and on the steps, eating lobster salad, our Field Day treat, and ice cream with strawberries. It seemed good to sit down, and after luncheon we waited an hour before the baseball game, so that the old girls could talk over old times, visit the familiar places round school, and go to see the deer in the park.

In spite of the fact that we lent the Alumnæ one of our pitchers, we defeated them by a score of 15-13. But still that wasn't a score to be especially elated over, when we consider how long it has been since some of the Alumnæ team had handled a baseball,—for some of them, we hate to say how long! They had a good battery, however, with Ruth Allen pitching and Mary Holden catching.

The line up for the two teams was as follows:

SCHOOL TEAM.	A.	B.	H.	R.	Av'g
Margaret Wood, P.	4	3	2		750
Hazel Coffin, C.	4	2	2		500
Almeda Herman, 1st B.	4	0	0		000
Olga Moulton, 2nd B.	4	3	1		750
Mary Weiser, 3rd B.	4	0	0		000
Gertrude Pritzlaff, S.	4	3	3		750
Elizabeth Whittier, R. F.	3	3	3		1,000
Marjorie Adams, L. F.	3	3	2		1,000
Katharine Jennison, C. F.	3	2	3		666

ALUMNÆ TEAM.	A.	B.	H.	R.	Av'g
Ruth Allen, P.	4	2	2		500
Mary Holden, C.	4	4	2		1,000
Eugenia Meigs, 1st B.	4	0	0		000
Gertrude Parker, 2nd B.	4	3	3		750
Barbara Brown, 3rd B.	4	2	1		500
Marjorie Wilder, S.	3	1	1		333
Helen Nesmith, R. F.	3	3	2		1,000
Leslie Hylan, L. F.	3	2	1		666
Josephine Morse, C. F.	3	1	1		333

Base on balls off—Allen, 4; Wood, 3. Struck out—Allen, 12; Wood, 12. Two base hits—Pritzlaff, Whittier, Nesmith. Three base hits—Allen. Score—15-13.

Then we went to the swimming pool for a cool plunge. My, it did seem good, for the day was warm and the sun frightfully hot. Some of the Alumnæ borrowed suits, wanting to enjoy every bit of the old life that was offered on Field Day.

Soon good-byes were being said to mothers, friends and Alumnæ, and I heard one girl declaring enthusiastically that it was the "best Field Day that ever had been and ever could be."

HAZEL A. COFFIN.



THE KAVA HOCKEY TEAM—Hazel Coffin, Captain



THE KAVA BASKET BALL TEAM—Margaret Wood, Captain

The individual points of the first three winners were:

		50 yd. Dash	Baseball Throw	Broad Jump	Shot Put	Hurdles	High Jump	Hop, Step and Jump	75 yd. Dash
A. Herman	1st	5		3	3			5	5
M. Wood	2nd		5	1	5	1		3	
R. Allen	} tie for		3		1	5			
M. Wilder		3rd		5			3	1	

THE CAE-KAVA BASEBALL GAME.

On May 26, 1916, the Kavas annexed their fourth championship, winning the baseball game with the score of 26-9.

We had hoped for a hotly contested match, but our expectations were disappointed. When the list of candidates for the teams was sent into the office to make sure that all were in good standing in their studies, each team lost one girl, the Caes, their star pitcher! This, practically, assured a Kava victory.

In spite of this handicap and a constantly increasing score against them, the Caes fought gamely, their pitcher, Gertrude Pritzlaff, working hard against odds, and Mary Weiser hitting viciously every time she came to bat. In one inning, at least, the Caes successfully bunched their hits and got five runs, but, during the others, though hit frequently and giving five passes, Margaret Wood kept control of her game. The catching of both Hazel Coffin and Marjory Wilder was sure and steady. The batting of Elizabeth Whittier, Almeda Herman and Hazel Coffin had much to do with the Kava victory. The score was as follows:

KAVA.	A.	B.	H.	R.	Av'g
Adams, M., S.	5	1	2		200
Whittier, E., 1st	5	5	5		1,000
Coffin, H., C.	5	4	3		800
Wood, M., P.	5	3	3		600
Herman, A., 3rd	5	5	5		1,000
Jennison, K., 2nd	5	2	1		400
Brown, R., L. F.	5	1	2		200
Kingsley, E., R. F.	5	1	1		200
Jennison, L., C. F.	5	4	4		800

CAE.	A.	B.	H.	R.	Av'g.
Moulton, O., L. F.	4	1	1		250
Wilder, M., C.	4	2	0		500
McConkey, E., 2nd	4	0	0		000
Pritzlaff, G., P.	3	2	1		666
Carpenter, E., 3rd	3	2	2		666
Wilson, K., S.	3	0	1		000
Weiser, M., 1st	3	3	2		1,000
Kelly, M., C. F.	3	0	1		000
McCalmont, E., R. F.	3	0	1		000

Base on balls off—Pritzlaff, 5; Wood, 5. Three base hits—Whittier, Wood, Coffin. Two base hits—Pritzlaff, Weiser. Left on bases—Kava, 4; Cae, 5.

THE SWIMMING CONTEST.

The swimming meet was held on Tuesday, May 30th. Both the Kava and Cae Clubs were ably represented, and both were hopeful of winning the cup offered by Anne Keith. There were eight girls on each team, and in each event eight points were awarded, five to the winner and three to the girl getting second place.

The first two events were short races, one lap of the tank; the first race, open to the four fastest swimmers on each team, the second to the slowest. In the first race, Kava Club won both places, Margaret Wood coming in an easy winner, and Hazel Coffin second. In the second race, Cae won both places, so the clubs started with eight points each.

Then came the diving—the straight, running, side, sailor, and hoop dive. Every girl was privileged to try each of the dives, and the total number of points scored was added to determine the winner. This contest was the most interesting of the day, and was won by the Kavas by half a point. The system of scoring is rather interesting. Each perfect dive counts three, bent legs or arms out of position each lose one point, a poor finish one point, etc. Margaret Wood made every possible point, and Elizabeth McConkey (Cae) and Marjorie Adams (Kava) each made twelve and a half points.

After the diving came the swimming under water, in which event Hazel Coffin took the honors and furnished the sensation of the day as she swam one lap of the pool, turned around and completed the second lap before coming to the surface—a distance of eighty-one feet. Constance Miller and Marjorie Adams, both Kavas, tied for second place, and eight points were added to the Kava score.

Following this event was the plunge for distance. Only the first two places counted, Margaret Wood taking first and Elizabeth McConkey (Cae) the second.

The closest contest of the day was the two-lap race. In the first heat, Mary Kelly lost to Hazel Coffin by a few inches, and in the second, Margaret Wood made her place. The final heat was contested by the two Kava stars, and Margaret Wood won, leaving Hazel some distance behind.

The final event of the day was the relay race, in which the entire teams took part. The Kavas led throughout the race, and so completed their victory by a score of forty-five to eleven points. The individual honors of the day went to Margaret Wood, who won both races, the plunge for distance, and made a perfect score in diving. The teams were as follows:

Cae: M. Wilder, Captain, Mary Weiser, M. Kelly, Elizabeth McConkey, Gertrude Pritzlaff, K. Wilson, M. Potter, and E. Gleason.

Kava: Hazel Coffin, Margaret Wood, Captain, Constance Miller, M. Adams, A. Herman, Lucy Clark, R. Brown, Elizabeth Whittier.

THE CAE-KAVA TENNIS MATCH.

The Kava Club made a clean sweep of the tennis match, taking every contest and losing only two sets. They have, as a result, the pleasure of seeing their name on the cup, presented by Mr. Johnston, which, however, must be won for two consecutive

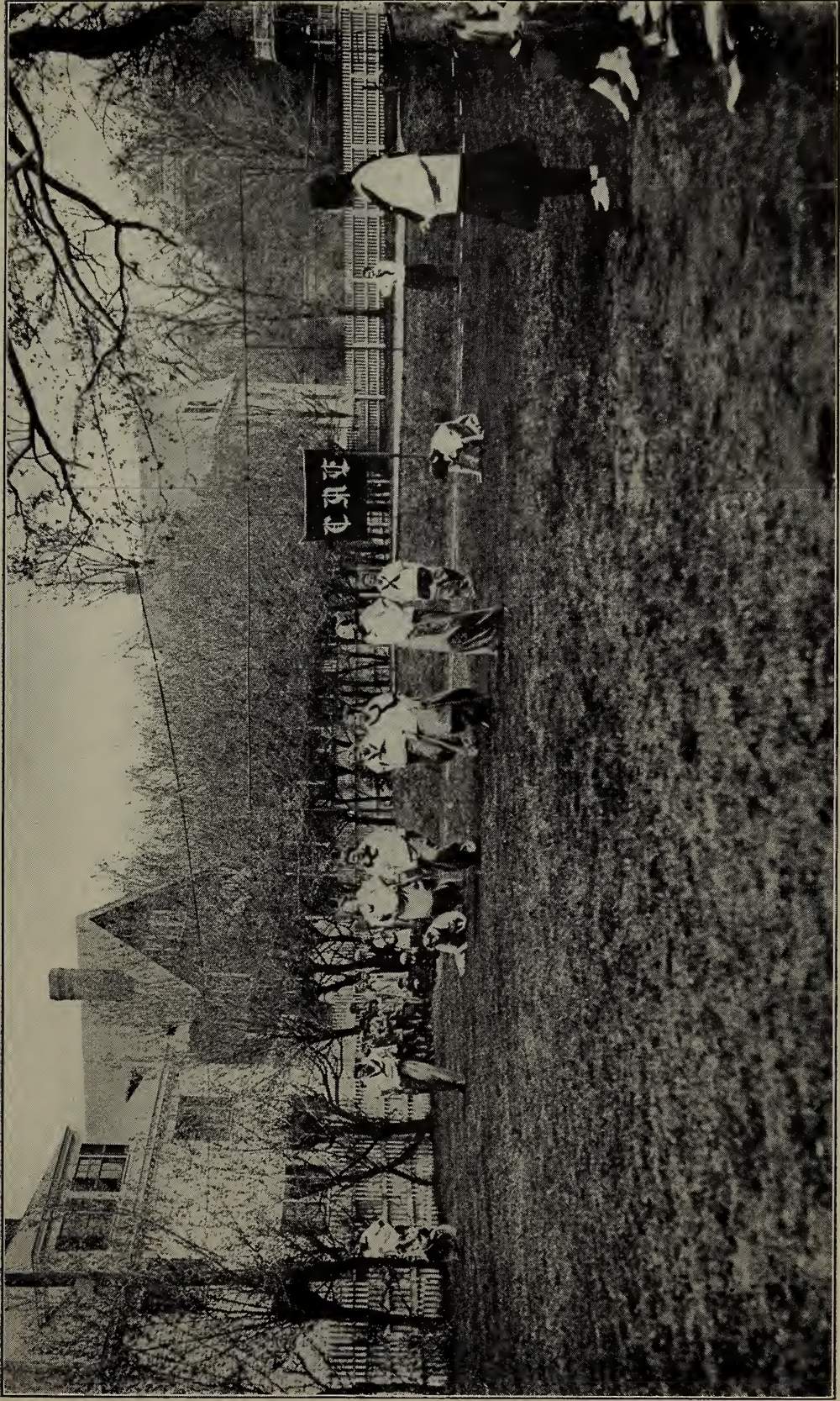
years in order to be owned. Margaret Wood, who played number one, on the Kava team, became school champion.

1. M. Wood vs. M. Weiser—3-6, 6-3, 6-4.
 2. H. Coffin vs. G. Pritzlaff—6-2, 6-1.
 3. E. Whittier vs. M. Potter—6-0, 6-0.
 4. A. Herman vs. K. Wilson—6-2, 6-1.
 5. K. Jennison vs. M. Wilder—6-0, 6-0.
 6. L. Jennison vs. E. McConkey—6-2, 6-3.
 7. A. Keith vs. E. McCalmont—4-6, 6-2, 6-4.
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THE WINNERS OF THE R. H.

To win an R. H., a girl must win forty-eight out of a possible fifty-four regular and three honorary points. Each of the five teams counts five points; gymnasium work, ten; carriage, five; sportsmanship, seven; fencing, two; dancing, two; Field Day, three. As no one is eligible for a team whose work is below grade, it is obvious that an R. H. means much, and is an emblem that commands our respect; for consistent, hard work is necessary, as well as natural ability, if one is to win this coveted honor.

This year, six R. H.'s were presented. Margaret Wood, President of Kava, school champion in swimming and tennis, had the highest number of points ever won by a girl at Rogers Hall. She had all the possible regular points, and three additional honorary points as president of her club and captain of the basket ball and swimming teams. Hazel Coffin, Kava Club, won her R. H. on a score of fifty-five points, which included two honorary points as captain of the hockey and tennis teams. Mary Weiser, Cae Club, scored fifty-three points, including three honorary points as President of Cae Club, captain of the tennis and hockey teams. Almeda Herman of Kava, who scored forty-nine, was captain of the baseball team, and Marjorie Wilder and Elizabeth McConkey, Caes, each scored forty-eight and one-half points. Marjorie was swimming captain, and Elizabeth McConkey, basket ball.



THE START OF THE SACK RACE

Last year, only three R. H.'s were given. This year, under more difficult conditions, six were presented. Under the new regulations governing the award of the R. H., swimming and tennis count equally with basket ball, hockey, and baseball. This is to encourage proficiency in two sports which a girl will enjoy long after her basket ball and baseball days are over. It is the opinion of those in charge of the athletics at Rogers Hall that it is a mistake to lay too exclusive an emphasis on games that have so little relation to the usual conditions of a girl's life, as baseball, for example. We want the girls who wear the R. H. to be good athletes in every sense of the word, to walk well, to swim, play golf, and tennis and to love a healthy, normal out-of-doors life. While horseback riding does not as yet count for points, it is interesting to know, that all of the girls who won their R. H.'s this year ride; that they are among those who are most fond of this sport, and that at least half of them would qualify among the most skilful horsewomen in the school. So we feel that our R. H. girls are really good athletes and worthy of the honor they wear.

THE CAE-KAVA ELECTIONS.

On the day before Commencement, the clubs elected their presidents for the coming year. Almeda Herman was elected in the Kava Club, and Elizabeth McConkey, in the Cae.

Almeda Herman has played on all the teams, and won Field Day. She is also the only girl who is returning next fall who has an R. H.

Elizabeth McCalmont played on the hockey, tennis, and swimming teams, and was unfortunate enough to have been kept out of athletics for a good part of the winter because of a sprained ankle. Both girls are good athletes, get along well with other girls, and will, we are sure, make good leaders.

COMMENCEMENT.

CLASS POEM, 1916.

Oh, Rogers Hall, dear Rogers Hall,
To thee we'll say adieu;
There's a world outside that's calling,
And it's calling us from you.

The world is marching onward,
Our country calls her youth,
Oh, may we help to point the way
To honor and to truth.

For it should seem to all of us
The aim of education,
To join the marching multitude
And build a finer nation.

Yet as our path now takes a turn,
And life seems strange and new,
We'll hold thee fast in memory,
Tho' many miles from you.

And we shall see as in a dream
The details of each day,
The joys, regrets, and little things
We used to do and say.

So short, too short now seem the years
That once did seem so long;
And yet, in spite of parting tears,
We'll bravely sing our song.

So now to thee we pledge our faith,
But, oh, our hearts are yearning,
To keep a tryst with Rogers Hall
And soon to be returning.

MARGARET G. WOOD.

SENIOR PARTIES.

Miss Parsons' dinner for the Seniors was the first of our Senior festivities. The long table for us Seniors had been set in the schoolroom so that we were separated just a little from the rest of the school and felt really and truly like the "Graduating Class"; yet, we were near enough to the other girls to get the benefit of the clever songs that they had planned for us. Our table looked altogether attractive with its centre-piece of pink roses—our class flower—in a tall silver vase, a long-stemmed rose at each girl's place, and the same flower repeated in the dainty place cards. It was a lively dinner, indeed, for the victrola stood nearby, and we hopped up to dance between courses. Then, at very frequent intervals, the girls in the main dining room felt moved to sing, and there came to us such jovial greetings as—

Seniors, congratulations,

We sing to you!

We wish you happiness,

We surely do;

We bring our love to you,

Truest of true.

S—e—n—i—o—r—s

Here's to you!

Just before we left the table, some one called, "Engaged girls, run around the table!" and everyone of the eighteen Seniors ran. Weren't we all engaged at that moment—in enjoying ourselves?

After dinner, Miss Parsons filled one of the Kava loving cups and passed it to the Seniors, the Faculty, and then the rest of the school. Before we knew what had happened, the desks in the schoolroom had been pushed aside so that we could dance, and of course not a girl left until after the last bell had rung, and then very reluctantly.

The next evening, we had our Senior supper in the House. The Domestic Science girls—assisted by Margaret Wood, chief spaghetti cook—prepared the dinner. Between courses, we had the class poem by Margaret Wood, the history by Constance Miller, and a glimpse into the future by Hazel Coffin. The poem was very cleverly written, and the history and prophecy kept us

laughing most of the time. Can you imagine our little Eloise a two-hundred-pound opera singer, and Ray Brown on the stage with an Italian troupe?

Of course, before we left the House, we gave the engaged girls a chance to run around the table. Did anyone run? We leave that to your imagination—the Seniors know, but they won't tell, no matter how much you tease. Surprising as it may seem, our supper was a success, such a success, in fact, that no one balked at washing dishes!

On Friday night came the Senior dance, which the "non-Seniors" gave for us, and we certainly appreciated and enjoyed their efforts. The reception was held in the drawing-room, where Miss Parsons, Miss Mary Parsons, Miss McMillan and the Seniors received. The dance was in the gym, and between dances we walked on the lawn. The girls had hung Japanese lanterns from the trees, and, as it was a wonderful clear night, the effect was charming.

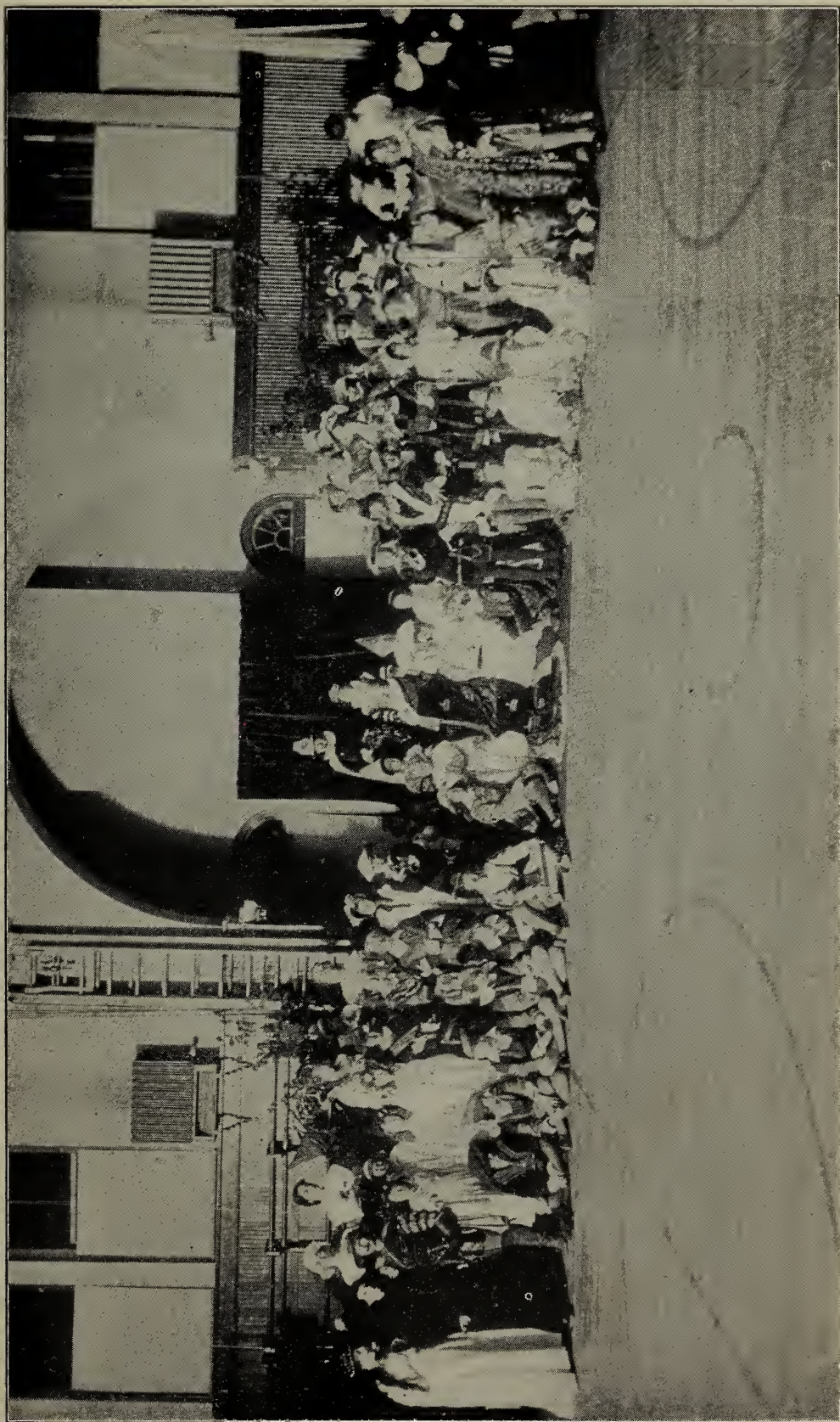
We danced until half past twelve, and we Seniors agreed that it was the prettiest and nicest dance we've attended.

ELIZABETH McCONKEY.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

This year the play selected for our Commencement presentation was *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, that strange phantasy of Shakespeare which lends itself so naturally to color, music, and extravagance. With the memory of the lovely shadows of the trees and the stars, which added so much to our "*As You Like It*," we hopefully visualized the dancing of the fairies under the old trees and lilac bushes of our natural open-air stage.

On the night of the dress rehearsal, our Puck turned somersaults on a real lawn, but when Saturday night came, it poured rain. Monday was no better, and the play had to be moved inside. It would be unfair to all connected with the play not to admit that the final performance suffered much by this eleventh



THE SHAKESPEAREAN PAGEANT

hour change, but it is greatly to the credit of the actors and to the training that they had received that the play went through in its strange setting without a hitch in the business, and without any apparent nervousness on the part of the actors.

The fairies curtailed their dances to the much narrower limits of our gymnasium stage, but so naturally and easily did they make the change that only those who saw the dress rehearsal could have been conscious of the difference. Their costumes were delightful. Our guest of honor, Mrs. Putman, contrasted the color and beauty of our fairy scenes with the more pretentious ones of the Granville Barker production, and said that, while the golden costumes of his fairies seemed heavy and out of keeping, ours were real fairies, and the Nocturne dance a real joy.

The artisans were particularly good; Bottom (Mary Weiser) and Wall (Constance Miller) giving two of the cleverest bits of interpretation work of the play. Constance Miller, who graduated this June, will leave a vacancy difficult to fill, as all who saw her "Touchstone" of last year's play, her "Ophelia" of the Pageant, and last night's delightful bit of comedy work will readily acknowledge.

It is difficult to pick out particular parts for criticism, but perhaps it would be permissible to quote Mrs. Putman again, and one of our old girls who was here and who has had considerable experience in amateur acting and coaching. They mentioned the dignity and clear ringing voice of the Duke (Elizabeth McConkey), the assurance and stage presence of Demetrius (Marjorie Wilder), who gave such a satisfactory interpretation of Jacques last year; the beauty and grace of Helena, a true Shakespearean maiden; and the abandonment of Hermia, who handled the difficult quarrel scene with much skill.

The Mendelssohn music was used throughout the play for the dances, songs, and as an obligato. The musical feature was one of the most enjoyable of the evening, and we owe much of its success to Gertrude Parker who worked on it for days before the play, and who played the piano that night. The Glee Club sang the lovely songs of the play very sweetly and sympathetically, and no feature of the play was more charming than when the fairies sang their queen to sleep. The dancing of the fairies in

that and all the other fairy scenes was the work of Mary Kellogg (R. H., 1900), who has of late years achieved a distinguished reputation as a coach of interpretive dancing.

The director of the play was Mrs. Harry Corwin of the Faculty, whose enthusiasm and hard work has made our Elocution department one of the most interesting and successful in the school.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

As if to make up for our disappointment of the night before, Commencement Day was perfectly beautiful, all fresh and green from the recent rains.

The Seniors, very much excited, were up almost as early as the decorating committee, who, arising at six, banked the stage in greens and long, drooping branches of purple wisteria. Directly after breakfast, a delightfully informal affair, during which we wandered about, a cup of coffee in one hand and a dish of big, juicy strawberries in the other, visiting with all our friends and meeting their mothers, we rushed out to the gymnasium to see the results and to approve them most heartily. Then the Seniors had their pictures taken, eighteen of them, looking very sweet and lovely in their white gowns, holding their big bunches of roses.

And then the reception began. A long line of friends, mothers, fathers, brothers, and, yes, one or two fiancés, marched down the line to wish the class of 1916 a very happy and profitable life. The Alumnæ came back in surprisingly large numbers, considering that this was not a reunion year, to welcome their new sisters. Many, I think, felt that in this mere ceremony of a reception there was much that was significant, for it recalled to them the day when they, too, stood in the back drawing-room, laden with flowers and filled with the same hopes and the same fears.

The ceremonies of the day were held in the gymnasium. The undergraduates came in singing "Under the Greenwood Tree," followed by the faculty, and last of all came the graduates, looking rather serious, for there is sadness as well as happiness in graduating.

The opening prayer was delivered by the Reverend George H. Ward, D. D., Ex-President of Wells College, and was followed by the address on "Orestes" and "Hamlet," by Mrs. George Haven Putman of New York.

Mrs. Putman's theme was the theatre as an art, and the necessity of our developing ideals in relation to it. We should go to the theatre, seriously. We should know why we go, and what we should demand. "Here is a specimen of a very ancient art," we should say to ourselves, "perhaps it is the oldest of all arts. What do we understand or demand of it." She confessed to her own love of acting, but admitted that, "as age advances, theatre going becomes a triumph of hope over experience." Her talk was pointed with many such witty sentences.

After Mrs. Putman's talk, Miss Glorvigen played three short selections, a "Pastorale," by Scarlatti, "Erotic," by Grieg, and a "Mazurki," by Chopin, and then Mr. Ferrin, the vice president of the board of trustees, conferred the diplomas, congratulating the graduates on the honor they had earned, and promising them the continued interest of the trustees.

Then followed the presentation of the gift to the school by the president of the class, Mary Elizabeth McConkey, who struck a keynote of high aspiration in her address. "We deny," she said, "that Rogers Hall is a finishing school. It is rather a preparatory school. It prepares not only for college, but for a life work. The aim is to teach us to use material, and to use experience. Our various activities, the Red Cross, the Consumers' League, college settlement associations, have built for us an ideal which we hope to carry away with us, the ideal of service."

"The plan for a new recitation building is nearer realization than ever before, and when this plan is realized, our gift may be used, with the gifts of the following class, to finish the senior room." She handed to Mr. Ferrin, from the Senior class, a box containing \$90, for the purpose named.

Miss Parsons then announced the honors to be awarded. For the first time, a medal was given to the girl who won the highest honors in athletics. Miss Parsons explained that no girl is allowed to take part in athletic competitions, who does not do good work in her studies. To Margaret Goodwin Wood, of

Boston, was awarded the medal, for the best all-round athletic work. Mentioning her many successes, Miss Parsons added that she had always shown a fair and generous spirit toward her opponents, and has been a "big sister" to the younger girls.

"Rogers Hall believes," Miss Parsons continued, "that girls should be taught to lay a foundation of health, and also, as President Wilson once said, they should be taught to realize what fun it is to use their minds. Three years ago, the school conferred academic honors for the first time. They were called the Underhill honors, in honor of Mrs. Underhill. The first is awarded to the girl who has done the best work in the college preparatory department. This award was to Edith Stevens of Lowell, who expects to enter Bryn Mawr next year.

The second honor was awarded to Cora Robertson of Paducah Ky., who has maintained a very high standard in her studies, and also has shown a great deal of executive ability in various directions.

The third honor, conferred upon Mary Elizabeth McConkey, the class president, Miss Parsons designated as the highest of all. It stands for excellent academic work, and also for character and general ability.

The ringing applause that greeted Miss Parsons' announcements indicated the popular nature of the awards. This is the first time that the honors have been given at Commencement, and the emphasis placed upon them by so doing added greatly to the interest of the day, and will be an added incentive to hard work.

At the conclusion of the exercises, luncheon was served on the lawn; Alumnæ, guests and girls having an opportunity for one last chat together, and to congratulate the honor girls. Then the rush of farewells, the rows of taxies waiting for the one-forty-five, and a last glimpse of Rogers Hall through the trees as we drive away. Commencement is over, but many reunions are to come.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

In April, a son, Robert Cooper, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barr (Helen Edlefson, '10) in Winchester, Mass.

April 24th, a daughter, Marjorie, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Smith (Grace Coleman, '13), in Gardner, Mass.

May 1st, a daughter, Anne, was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Lyman Martin (Edith Richards).

May 11th, a son, Spencer Parry, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Kennard (Madeline White) at their home in Brookline.

May 17th, Beatrice Walker, '13, was married to Mr. Richard Hyde Cutler in Christ Church, Montpelier, Vt. Following the wedding there was a reception at her home and later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Cutler started off for parts unknown, the wedding journey to end in Baltimore, Md., where Beatrice will be at home after June 15th. Lydia Langdon, Kathrine Kidder, and Dorothy Kessinger were bridesmaids for Beatrice and were house guests for the various parties preceding the wedding.

Rachel Jones, '11, has been spending some months at Damascus, Va., among the mountains, and greatly enjoyed her rest in the quiet little town. On her return in May, she is to visit Helen Brown Evans at her home in Hudson, N. Y., then meet Hilda Baxter about June 1st, who is to visit Rachel and will be with her over Commencement.

Gladys Lawrence, '08, has been completing her training by a four months' course at the Wesson Maternity Hospital in Springfield, Mass. She expects to graduate from the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston in September.

Ethel Merriam Van Horn regretted not being able to return to school for Field Day owing to a friend's wedding on the same date. She reports seeing Alma Shepard Taft and Marion Elliott Baker and her attractive small son. Ethel is expecting a visit from Lois Fonda Willson in June, "whom it is very hard to separate from her cunning Betty Jane, even for a short time!"

Amy Condit, '11, could not return for Field Day this year since she was to be in Vermont over that week-end. She and Carlotta Heath have been taking the Red Cross course in First Aid and she wrote, on the day they finished the course, "Charlie and I feel quite capable now but that state of mind will probably desert us when we face the examination."

The Alumnæ baseball team was hoping for a strong addition this year in the person of Lucy Pond, '10; instead came the following explanatory letter to Miss Parsons. "* * * Yes, I have something the matter with me again! (explaining the hospital stationery). But it is nothing more nor less than appendicitis this time and I shall soon be about again. * * * Mother and I have had a fine winter here in Palo Alto and have enjoyed it so much. We brought our car with us this winter and had a little bungalow, which we have enjoyed so much more than the hotel life of previous winters. This is a wonderful country for motoring and we have taken every advantage of it. * * * My friend, Miss White, is a second Miss Macfarlane here in a girls' boarding school so that I am quite in the business too, and have been coaching baseball and tennis all winter. * * * Miss White and I leave here the last of May for an overland trip home in the car, taking from three to four weeks. The direct route by the Lincoln Highway from San Francisco is not open until the middle of June because of the snow in the Sierra Nevadas so that we are going to take a route through Arizona and New Mexico up to Kansas City, where we shall strike north to Omaha and from there on the Lincoln Highway."

Marion Sibley, who has been studying at Drexel in Philadelphia, writes, "Very often this winter Betty Huston and I have talked over our whole year at R. H. and each gives the other this or that piece of news about the girls. * * * The work at Drexel is very hard, for we have twenty-six hours a week besides gym. At last I've satisfied my desire for Psychology, that is, the desire to study it, for I should love to have another year of it; without exception, it is the most interesting subject I've ever carried. * * * We have had many opportunities to hear good music, artists and opera of which I am thankful that we have availed ourselves. All in all it makes a very interesting and

varied life and we enjoy our good times the more because we work so hard when we work. Even now I must stop writing to work on a hat which we are making for the millinery course."

Emily Ordway Weymouth, '13, writes, "Every time that I send my regrets for the coming event, I hope that the next time will see me able to accept. * * * I do enjoy SPLINTERS so much and I would not think of trying to get along without it. The Alumnæ department is my first interest, of course, but as I read every page of the remainder, my interest does not vary much. Even the advertisements bring back pleasant memories."

Charlotte Allen Fenner writes that Kathrine Kidder visited her during the spring and in May she expected to have Harriet Jacobs with her.

Joanna Carr, '08, wrote Miss Parsons in regretting for the Pageant and Field Day. "I suppose the expression, 'the happiest girl in the world,' must have rather a familiar sound to you, but I am, really, just that and sometime I hope that you will meet my fiancé and then you'll see for yourself. Our plans are indefinite except that we probably shall not be married until next year as Mr. Swain is at present in Bridgeport but expects to be transferred to New York early next year. * * * We had a little reunion here last month, Helen Huffman, Rachel Morehead, Ruth Sprague, Ruth McCracken, Margaret Blanchard and myself all talking Rogers at once. It started to be a bridge party but we had too much to talk over and only played eight hands in the entire afternoon."

Helen Easton Baker writes that they have moved to Glens Falls, N. Y., 307 Glen St. Her husband came from there and has always wished to return to practice his profession. "The country is lovely with the hills almost in my little garden," writes Helen. "I know that I shall love it when we make some friends. Just at present we are trying to hurry the workmen out and find it a slow process."

Doratheia Holland, '12, is living this spring at "Felsmere," in Pottersville, Mass., where she has charge of a small girl of four and a half, and is enjoying many good times with her "great adventure in the life of a working girl." Next winter she has a

good position offered her as an assistant in a dancing class just outside Boston and expects to accept it if she can be spared at home.

Cynthia Byington Head, is living in her new home at 28 Auburn Ave., Utica, N. Y., which she proudly exhibited to Dorathea Holland when she visited her during the winter. Cynthia writes, "You would not know me for I can do all my own work now, finding our recipes from Domestic Science most convenient, and I have gained thirty pounds in weight." (Those of us who remember Cynthia are not yet alarmed as to her need of a reducing machine!)

Prudence Robinson, '10, regretted that as she is her father's secretary and May is a busy season, she could not come for the Field Day events. She writes "My work is interesting and I am there only mornings. During the summer, father seldom needs me so that it is a particularly nice arrangement for I really do prefer an out-of-door life when summer comes. * * * Another year I certainly intend to be there for the celebration and some of us girls are already planning for it as it does take so long to reach one's friends and arrange anything through letters when we are so scattered about."

Ruth Dutcher Kellogg, '01, is living in Iowa City, where her husband teaches Greek and manages athletics. They are planning to build a home this summer. Ruth regrets that the distance between Iowa and Massachusetts is so great that she cannot return to show us her little girl.

Lillis Towle, '13, wrote after her visit over Field Day that she returned home to find gathered in her dining room Prudence Robinson, '10, Dorothy Tobey, Ruth Newton and Helen Towle so that she was just in time to give them a full account of the festivities and to urge upon them their responsibilities towards the Alumnæ Building Fund and SPLINTERS.

Agnes Kile, '14, has announced her engagement to Delman Albrecht, a Dartmouth man, and they plan to be married this fall and will live in the far west. Agnes feels that she is to be congratulated for Doris Newton's marriage, since she and Mr. Albrecht were the first to introduce Doris to her future husband at a Dartmouth Prom.

While Anthy Gorton, '05, was visiting in Montreal she had tea with Ruth Heath Cassils, '07, and later was entertained by Ruth at her apartment at the Grosvenor. Grace Heath is living with her mother in Richmond, Va.

Early in March, Mrs. Bigelow gave a coming out tea and dance for Margaret at their home in Worcester. Margaret has assisted in rolling bandages for Red Cross relief work and at present is very busy on a campaign committee of the church, raising funds for a Parish House.

Ten of the old girls were guests at the school for the week-end of the Pageant and Field Day and assisted Mary Holden and others of the Day Alumnæ in ushering at the Pageant. Marion Needham Torrey, '01, Alice Cone, '09, Leslie Brown, '11, Lillis Towle, '13, Julia Edwards, '12, Margaret Bigelow and Polly Piper, '15, Marion Billings and Gertrude Lowell. Gladys Lawrence, '08, stayed with Nan Newhall Ellison and Helen Smith with Mary Holden.

For Field Day there were fifty-five of the Alumnæ back, most of whom were present at the Alumnæ meeting: Nellie Pickering Trull, Harriet Coburn, '95; Marion Stott, Julia Stevens, '97; Helen Hill, '99; Marion Needham Torrey, '01; Florence Harrison, '02; Anthy Gorton, Isabel Nesmith, '05; Josephine Morse, '07; Nathalie Conant, Marjorie Fox Pitcher, '08; Mildred Moses Harris, '09; Helen Edlefson Barr, Helen Nesmith, Alice McEvoy Goodwin, Sally Hobson, '10; Bonny Lilley, Alice Billings, Julia Burke Mahoney, Natalie Kemp, Leslie Brown, Marjorie Wadleigh Proctor, '11; Elizabeth Talbot, Gertrude Parker, '12; Lillis Towle, Lydia Langdon, Elizabeth Eastman, Barbara Brown, '13; Eleanor Bell, Hilda Smith, Helen Smith, Ellen Lombard, Mary Holden, Leslie Hylan, Ruth Bill, '14; Dorothy Burns, Margaret Bigelow, Marjorie Wilder, Edith Stevens, Rosamond Norris, Helen Eveleth, '15; Nan Newhall Ellison, Meta Jefferson, Eugenia Meigs, Eva French, Bernice Frisbie, Helen Tyler, Harriet Gage, Frances Redway, Dorothy Bramhall, Gertrude Lowell, Marion Billings, Margaret Clarke, Blanche Thompson.

The Alumnæ meeting was held directly after luncheon in the Drawing Room with the President in the chair. As it was not the regular biennial meeting, the reading of the minutes

was omitted, the Secretary and Treasurer merely giving extracts from their reports. The Treasurer stated that one hundred and sixty-five members of the Alumnae Association have paid their dues, one of whom has become a life member in accordance with the change in the Constitution.

The President reported that in accordance with the vote of last June she had appointed Julia Stevens, '97, and Harriet Nesmith, '05, to serve with her as a committee to represent the Alumnae Association in a request to the Board of Trustees for a more direct representation of the Alumnae on the Board. Such a request with the reasons therefore was formally drawn up and presented at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees in April. The answer was received a few weeks later to the effect that the Board had considered our request favorably but that no action could be taken at the time as there was no vacancy upon the Board.

The Chair then introduced Miss Parsons to the meeting, stating that she had certain important facts to bring to its consideration in regard to the school, its aims, needs, and present improvements to the plant. Miss Parsons briefly traced the growth of the school under Mrs. Underhill, its beginnings on Nesmith Street, the removal to Rogers Hall in the following year, the addition of the House, the Cottage and the new gymnasium, that gives the school the last word in equipment for physical work. She then outlined the opportunities for the growth of the academic plant in giving us by a new recitation building larger and better planned classrooms, a larger physical laboratory that shall also be equipped for courses in chemistry and biology, and office rooms for the Faculty.

At the same time to meet a possible objection, Miss Parsons stated that it was the firm conviction of herself, the Trustees and the Faculty that Rogers Hall should never become a large school but remain at practically its present size, only giving the girls who are students here greater opportunities and advantages. Incidentally she showed how in the day school the advantages are offered to girls who have completed a high school course both of enjoying broader and more cultural courses, and of meeting and knowing girls from all parts of the country while they themselves can still be living at home.

Miss Parsons said that the Trustees were alive to the needs of the school and were generously using the income of the school to meet these and to provide for the future. The Hall and the House are to be wholly lighted by electricity another year just as the Cottage and gymnasium are. Just because they are so deeply interested in Rogers Hall, the Trustees would respond with renewed efforts to secure more capital for a new recitation building if they were assured by a prompt and large subscription to the Alumnæ building fund that the girls who have gone forth from the school are behind them in their efforts and do feel that they owe something to Rogers Hall.

After Miss Parsons withdrew, there was a brief discussion of the points that she had made. It was the feeling of the meeting that a large central committee should be appointed to assist the executive committee in raising the money for the Building Fund and especially to secure pledges before October when the next annual meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held.

In view of the vacancy that has occurred on the Board of Trustees, it was felt that some definite action might be taken by the Alumnæ Association towards suggesting a candidate. Harriet Coburn described the plan that is in use in the Smith College Alumnæ Association, which is essentially the same as that in the other women's colleges, to have a ballot prepared by a nominating Committee with the names of two candidates and their qualifications for the office. This is sent to every member of the Alumnæ Association and the ballot is returned before a certain date when the candidate having the majority of votes is declared nominated and her name is presented to the Board of Trustees for their favorable consideration and election for a term of four years to directly represent the Alumnæ Association upon the Board. After a brief discussion of the plan, it was voted that the President be empowered to appoint a nominating committee of three members of the Association to prepare such a ballot for an Alumnæ trustee. The meeting was then adjourned as the hour for the Alumnæ-School base ball game had arrived.

During April, Bernice Everett, '02, spent one afternoon at the school, her first visit in many years.

In Lowell, as elsewhere, many of the old girls have been taking the Red Cross First Aid Courses, and Helen Tyler received the mark of one hundred upon her whole examination, a record of which to be truly proud.

The week following Beatrice Walker's wedding, Dorothy Kessinger, '13, spent at school, and she was to visit Grace Coleman Smith before returning home.

In April, Beatrice Walker made a flying visit to Rogers while in Boston for shopping for her trousseau, and Lydia Langdon had an informal tea in her honor for the Faculty, Seniors, and a few of the old girls in town..

Kathrine Kidder was a much sought-for attendant at weddings this spring, for not only was she a bridesmaid for Beatrice Walker, but also is to be the maid of honor at Katherine Steen's wedding, whom she will visit for some weeks before the wedding.

Cornelia Cooke, '08, has been appointed Vice-Chairman of the Rose Carnival to be held in Portland, Ore., this spring.

Margaret Sherman visited Helen Smith and Eileen Patterson during the early spring, and stopped at Agnes Kile's on her way home. While with Helen, she came out to school for a brief stay.

Anna Kuttner's new address is 567 West 113th St., New York City. Anna is official health inspector in the sanitation department of the city government, and this represents a distinct promotion in her work.

May 20th, a daughter, Rosemary, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ruel Pope (Ruth Griffin, '09).

Elizabeth Huston is spending the spring and summer with her sister in Butte, Mont. She met Doris Nissler at a dance, and Doris has ridden in to see her. She had just returned to Butte after spending the winter in California.

Susan McEvoy, '12, is graduating from Vassar this June, with a high rank for scholarship throughout her college course.

Helen Sands came out to school in May for a call when we learned that she is now Mrs. Chapin C. Linn. Her address is 1878 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton. Helen visited Marian Aley at Smith, on her way to Boston.

Florence Harrison, '02, is on the Reunion Committee for her Decennial at Smith this June, so that she will be at Northampton for Commencement. On her way home to Minneapolis, she will visit Genevra Whitmore, '15, in Ridgeway, Pa.

Louise Allen Hobbs has completed a memorial tablet for her sister, Mrs. George Logan, whom some of the old girls will remember as Miss Bertha Allen of the English department at school. This will be unveiled at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis during the exercises of June week, in recognition of Captain Logan's service there. Captain Logan died in the spring of 1915 while on active service with the Atlantic fleet in command of the battleship Delaware.

One morning late in May there was much interest aroused by a luncheon of one of the Domestic Science classes, at which Lydia Langdon, Dorothy Kessinger and eight of the Day Alumnæ were the guests. The interest proved justified when, during the luncheon, Lydia's engagement was announced to Mr. Clive E. Hockmeyer, brother of Ethel and Madge. Their plans are not completed, but the wedding will take place within the year, when Lydia will come to live permanently in Lowell.

During May, Edith Gates Syme and Nell Steel Plumley, '99, motored out to school one morning to see all the changes. Nell has moved with her family to West Newton, 93 Adella Ave., and Edith told us that she has moved to Dedham, where her address is 870 High St.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Johnson have sent out cards for the début of their daughter, Dorothy, of the present Senior class. The Thé Dansant will be given at the Brae Burn Country Club in Brookline on June 7th, the day after Commencement.

June 3rd, Blanche Thompson announced her engagement to Dr. George F. Worcester, a Boston University man, of Merrimac, Mass. They plan to be married in June, 1917.

Bonney Lilley, '11, has been elected Treasurer of the Lowell College Club for the ensuing club year.

In May, Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, served a week's time in the Women's Enlistment Camp at Chevy Chase, Md., where

she was on duty for twelve hours a day in work said to be trying for a man of great strength. Edith has taken the course in First Aid, and stood very high in the class.

During the spring, Josephine Morse, '07, has been giving lessons on Bee-Keeping, the course consisting of lectures and practical demonstrations at Josephine's own apiary in Lancaster. When the Bee Keepers were meeting at the Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst, this spring, Dorothy Wright, '06, was one of the lecturers. Her Linden Hill honey is gaining a very favorable name among epicures all through the state.

Edith Whittier, '14, has made the regular hockey team of the sophomore class at Smith. Last year she was a substitute on her team.

Jeannette Miller has had a very busy and happy year at Lewis Institute in Chicago, and regrets that their closing is too late in June to permit of her return for Commencement. She and Dorothy Castle on Field Day were at the University of Illinois at Champaign, and said only the festivities there prevented them from being very homesick for R. H.

Katharine Magee was visiting friends in New York for several weeks at the time of the Pageant.

June 14th, Katherine Steen, '14, is to be married to Mr. Sigurd S. Larmon in Allegan, Mich. The wedding will be a church one, followed by a reception at Katherine's home.

Charlotte Greene Blaney, '12, has had an interesting year in Bloomington, Ill., which is situated in the heart of the richest corn-producing country in the world. She and her husband plan to spend the summer East, coming on about the first of July.

On July 15th, Gertrude Hauxhurst, '13, enters the training school for nurses at St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago, Ill.

Anor Hall has recently returned from a long visit in Honolulu. While in Portland, Ore., she met Cornelia Cooke, '08. Cornelia is now very active in promoting the Preparedness Parade to be held in Portland on Flag Day.

The old girls in Lowell are strong for Preparedness, and most of them are to march, while Julia Stevens, '97, is head of one of the divisions.

Rita Talbot is secretary of the Ladies' Kennel Club of Massachusetts, and arranged for its first annual bench show to be held at the Vesper Country Club in Lowell. She and Louise exhibited dogs, and Belle Shedd, Bonney Lilley and Helen Nesmith each had an entry. Helen and Bonney came away the proud possessors of a ribbon apiece for their pets.

Eileen Patterson writes that her Domestic Science courses enabled her to successfully run the house during the winter while her family was in Cuba. Eileen leaves the end of June to spend the summer in Nebraska. She will visit Edna Krause in Grand Rapids and Margaret Sherman in Toldeo on her way west.

Ruth Sprague, following her interesting winter in New York, has returned to Vermont, and will spend the summer, as usual, at Thompson's Point on Lake Champlain.

Dorothy Woods spent six weeks with Dorothy Castle in Chicago this spring, and helped her in the fascinating pursuit of trousseau-shopping. Both Dorothies plan to return for Reunion next year.

Kathryn Jerger, '14, has had an exceedingly busy year at the Art School, so much so that she could not come out to school for either Field Day or Commencement. Kathryn has sold several pieces of work this year, and *SPLINTERS* offers her former editor every congratulation. Her one break in routine was Dartmouth Prom this spring, when she and Kathrine Kidder were together again.

Beatrice Walker Cutler has found her home in Baltimore, and writes that her new address is The Homewood.

Late in June, Dorothy Johnson, '16, announced her engagement to Mr. Henry Wood Salisbury of New York. Dorothy plans to be married early in the fall, and will live in New York.

Eight Rogers Hall girls will enter college this fall: Edith Stevens goes to Bryn Mawr, Louise Jennison to Radcliffe, Jessie Eleanor Knorr, Ruth Spearman and Katherine Jennison to Wellesley, Katharine Nesmith to Vassar, Elizabeth Caverno to Jackson, and Hilda Morse hopes to be strong enough to enter Smith.

1915 will feel proud of Edith Stevens, who won the Underhill Honor this June for the College Preparatory Course.

All old girls notice in the Main Department the articles by Katherine Carr, '09, Dorothy Burns, '15, and Kathryn Redway, '13. They will also be interested in the history of the school, written by Hazel Coffin, '16.

Mary Kellogg, '00, and Gertrude Parker, '12, are to be congratulated upon their work in helping to present A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Clara Frances Hobson, '03, has brought the baby on for a long visit to his Grandmother and Aunt Sallie, and was back for Commencement on her first visit to Rogers in some years.

Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02, is coming north to spend the summer with her mother at Norwell. In the fall, she goes to Chicago to live, as Mr. Hadley is going into business in that city.

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